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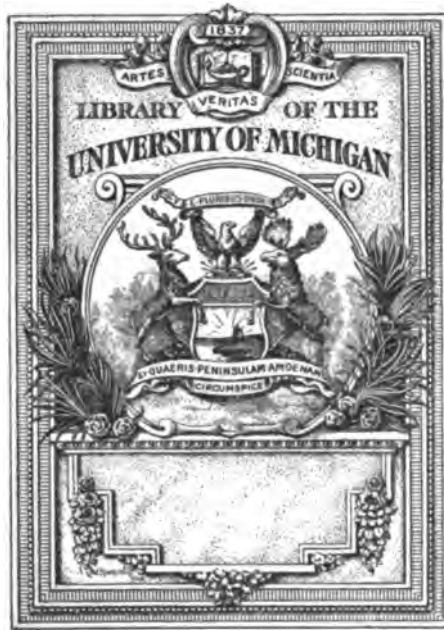
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They were an even match. Both had learned sword-play in the same school of rough experience.

SEE "MAN AND MONK." PAGE 10.

MAN AND MONK.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

WHEN Marco da Murate was laid to rest at Furvarola, and by grace of a lance-thrust in the throat gave his body that peace it had never known in his turbulent life, there were those who said that Marco the younger would have as bloody an ending, and fewer days to do violence in. His nine years of life had been, from the time he could consciously use his fist, years of strife and passionate self-assertion.

As for Cosimo, he was a pear off another tree, for all that he was twin with Marco. A weakling lath of a lad beside his sturdy brother, he had, said his father's ruffling spearmen, neither wit nor courage enough for aught else than a monk: but then to a spearsman there is but one form of courage.

The bearing of the boys struck the note of their character the day Marco the elder was borne home to Casamaldi. The fiery elder son first burst into a bitter lamentation that was as much wrath as sorrow; then, with a too apt adoption of the custom of the age, drew the child's dagger hanging by his side, and on its cross-handle swore to avenge on Nicolo Perenghi the blow which had struck down his father. Cosimo the younger grew but a shade paler, biting his lips and clenching his hands until the knuckles showed white; and for the thirty-six hours in which the coffin lay on the centre trestle in the great hall he knelt by its head.

"Soldier and monk," said the old squire who had brought home his master's

corpse; "soldier and monk, and by Our Lady, da Murate had need of both, though there is more blood to spill than a boy's hand can shed, and more prayers to say for that wild soul than a boy's brain can dream of."

Had there been any doubt as to their several vocations, the day after Furvarola settled it; and it was with a steadfast but varying expectation that each looked forward to the playing of his chosen part in the world. In a measure, too, each received the education best fitted to his purpose of life. Marco, hot-blooded and impatient of control, contemptuous of peace and the ways of peace, grew up steeped to the lips in the seething torrent of strife, which in his days raged from every mountain to every plain in Italy. There were a score of captains, past-masters in the practice and theory of war, to school him into knowledge and teach him the art not alone of command but of obedience. The lad of nine, with nothing but his hereditary instinct, had at sixteen become the experienced participant in half-a-dozen skirmishes. The dagger on which he had sworn his child's oath had grown with his growth, and from little better than a toy symbol of his rank had become a weapon of serious account, and one that had let blood more than once. From his left side it had slipped to his right, and in its place hung a short narrow-bladed sword which rested over-lightly in its scabbard.

If Marco was a soldier in all saving strength and stature, Cosimo was already

a monk in everything but the vows and the outer garb. As for the jeer at his wit, that was but the cheap gibe of that or any other age at a thing it does not understand; while later on, he was to show that for all his abhorrence of warfare and its ways he was own son to Marco da Murate.

It was still two years later before the brothers met, and more than ever these two years stamped upon them their differing characteristics, crystallising their ambitions and their purposes.

The division of the little property left by the dead Marco brought them together. Hitherto Casamaldi had remained under the control of Cosimo's monks, but now Marco the elder was claiming his own, and the time had come for taking an account.

From the monastery, hidden away in a far-off upper ravine, came Cosimo and the Carthusian prior whose special charge he was; while Marco swaggered up the winding road from Bologna, attended by half-a-dozen youths and squires, each as royster-ing as himself.

Of the two Cosimo arrived first, and as he crossed the threshold of the room where he had kept vigil, the years fell from him. He was no longer Cosimo the man, but the child facing his first great sorrow. It was as if his father lay where he had lain nine years before, stricken to death. As the child had done, so, under the compulsion of memory, likewise did the man, bowing himself by the empty settle and praying dumbly as the boy had prayed.

He was still on his knees by the settle-head when there came a clattering of horse-hoofs from the courtyard, the sound of voices raised in careless banter and the lively note of laughter.

"By my faith, Marco, hadst thou told us what a mouldered place thou hast of it up here, thou hadst swallowed the dust these two hours past by thyself. Why, man, the place smells of a cellar, all saving the wine. Ha, there's a good thought behind that. Those monkish friends of thine have many a time a shrewd taste for good liquor. Is there never a soul to bring a Christian the wherewithal to quench his

thirst? • The great hall lies this way, doth it? Well, shout thou for Pietro, Paolo, whom thou wilt, while we— Softly, now; a hall, sayest thou? A church, say I, and one must needs doff his bonnet."

Undisturbed by the approaching voices, Cosimo was still on his knees with the prior by his side when Marco and his party entered, halting in a knot by the doorway. Above the shoulders of those who had preceded him, the elder brother peered into the apartment.

"Ay, ay," he said. "There is the Murate blood. We do nothing by halves, we Murates. A monk is a monk from cowl to sandal, and a soldier a soldier from heart to gauntlet. I'll wager he would pray you out of purgatory as fast as I could send you there."

For a moment a silence fell upon the party. It was, as the other had said, as if they had of a sudden stepped from the heat and noise of the world into the quiet peace of a sanctuary, and the calm had shamed them into dumbness. Then Marco spoke again, softly, but with a note of bitterness in his voice.

"By St. Dominic, but the monk is more faithful than the soldier. Cosimo hath done his part, but I have failed. My nine years' vow hath had no deed to follow it."

Shouldering his way through the group at the doorway, he was by his brother's side when Cosimo rose from his knees, and the two faced one another for the first time in nine years. Here again the monk came to the surface.

"It was for our father, Marco, and for thee; both then and now."

"So," said Marco, with his hand on the other's shoulder, "for me; and why?"

"Because thou art Marco and our father over again in love and the need of prayer."

The hand slipped from the shoulder round the neck, and the elder brother, drawing the younger to him, turned facing the doorway.

"Right, Cosimo, there is and hath been need that thou shouldst pray, though there be few have the courage to say so. Hear now a vow to join the other. Who toucheth Cosimo even by a finger-point toucheth



On its cross-handle he swore to avenge on Nicolo Perenghi the blow which had struck down his father.

Marco, and by Saint Dominic he had best look to himself."

"Father, is there none to give these gentlemen meat and drink while we settle our affairs? They have ridden far, and are both hungry and thirsty. As for Casamaldi and its revenues, if I know

Cosimo as well as I do Marco, the matter will not be long in the doing."

Presently the three were left alone, and as the Carthusian produced from a satchel a voluminous bundle of papers, he said—

"In this matter, Messire, I speak for Cosimo, being to him in a fashion as a

father or guardian. Now, if it please you to attend."

But Marco stopped him. "Father, let us end this affair shortly. I am no clerk; but Cosimo, I doubt not, writes like an Archbishop. Let him take a paper and set down in what words he will: to Marco half, and to Cosimo half. Then——"

It was now the turn of the monk to interrupt.

"Not so, my son, in Cosimo's name I refuse."

"And rightly, Father, rightly!" cried out Marco in haste. "I had forgotten. To brother and brother share and share is well enough, but there are the nine years' care and thought. To Cosimo, then, three-fourths; to me one-fourth."

But again the monk shook his head. "A second time, I say not so, my son, but to Marco all. Cosimo is one of us, and hath need of nothing. Only, if thou thinkest that thou owest aught, then in the time to come, bear not too hardly upon us monks. We are but men, and where men are there is failure."

Marco laughed aloud. "The test is a good one," he answered, "but somewhat dangerous. What if I said, 'Ay,' and clinched the bargain?" Then seeing from his brother's looks that all was sober earnest, he cried—

"Wouldst have me branded cozeners and rogue, robber of my own flesh and blood? Wouldst have me send out a Murate of Casamaldi to live on charity and beg his bread, even from heaven? Wouldst have me——?"

This time it was Cosimo who stopped the outburst. "Brother, there is but one Murate, and he is Marco; the other will be God's priest. As for carping tongues, there are those at hand who will silence them, trust us for that." And thus, in spite of protestation, the matter ended.

It was when the brothers parted in the courtyard the next morning that the prior spoke out.

Marco had not been ashamed to weep as he bade Cosimo farewell, and now the party, somewhat sobered for their leader's sorrow, sat mounted waiting the word to spur and ride onward. What Fra Martino

said is beside the question, since this story is to show two men as they lived and fought out their lives in an age when to live rightly and fight out a life was even a harder matter than it is now. Nevertheless, as Fra Martino had not been made prior of his community for nothing, it is small wonder there was presently that in their hearts which had not been there since the name of monk had been the easy scoff of the camp.

As for Marco, when one of his fellows thought to pass a jest upon the scene, he had answered—

"Hold thy peace! It strikes home to me that there are times when there may be more of man in the monk than in the soldier. A sharp sword, strong arm, and keen eye are much, but which of us all would face his fellows and speak honest truth as yon monk spoke? Let him be."

After all, it was no great patrimony which had fallen to the lad. Marco the elder had nursed his prosperity with no careful hand, and so, after his death, years passed before the neglected vines and ill-tilled soil had recovered power and fertility, and borne sufficient fruit to lay aside even the profit of a few crowns. Now things were better, and Marco the younger carried away from Casamaldi not only a credit upon Luca Simeoni, the Jew banker in Bologna, but also the promise that year by year there were more crowns to follow.

Cosimo, who, for all his white face, had shed no tears at the parting, was silent for the larger part of the long journey to the Certosa; his lips moving as if in some conflict of the spirit, but without sound of speech; and with that sympathy which was his chief power, Fra Martino, too, had held his peace. At last, as the walls bounding the property of the brotherhood came into view upon the next cross-ridge of the hill, the lad laid his hand on the shoulder of the prior and said—

"The battle is won, Father; Marco will be mine at the last," and the pallor passed from his cheeks and the dullness from his eyes.

The next news that came from Bologna was that Marco, impatient of an inactivity which at the most was shortlived, had

gone to Modena and joined the Este of his day in an expedition eastward against Ravenna.

Thenceforward for many a month it was only through Simeoni that tidings of any sort reached the Certosa, and even these scant bruitings of the camp had better have been left without the telling for all the good they did to Marco's reputation.

Taken and patched together, the fragments told a story of riot and license which shamed even the lax notions of the age. The hard-earned crowns of Casamaldi were flung into a vortex of evil passions, squandered upon shameless feasts, and serving no purpose in the world but to hasten and make more assured Marco's destruction in soul and body. To all appearances, Cosimo's renunciation had been a fatal error.

When, however, Fra Martino cried out in that bitterness of spirit with which the toiler sees the wreck of his labour, even though the wreck be at another's cost, Cosimo but shook his head and answered back—

"The right is ever the right, Father, whatever evil may seem to come, nothing can overturn that; and as I told thee once, Marco is mine without a doubt, not now perhaps, nor next year, nor the next, but surely mine. Would God lie, and to a soul in trouble?"

Against such faith what could the prior do but keep silence, groaning none the less in his heart, since at times faith comes harder to the experience of the old.

Three years and more had gone on in this fashion when Simeoni himself appeared at the Certosa. His news was not long in the telling, and he minced no words.

"The tether is run out," he said; "and he would fain sell Casamaldi."

"Let him sell, then!" cried the prior. "Let him sell! So much less labour to us."

"Aye, that's very well," answered the Jew; "but a man must needs be cautious dealing—saving your presence—with such cattle as Messire Marco. I touch no stick of Casamaldi unless this friar of yours, his brother, joins in the deed."

"There is no need," said the priest, "since Cosimo hath no share in Casamaldi. That hath been resigned long ago. Why hurt the lad, as hurt him it will, to give his father's house to strangers though the act be but a form?"

"Resigned is well enough"—and Simeoni nodded his head with the grim smile of bitter experience—"but when I have paid good crowns to Messire Marco, what prevents Father Cosimo—no offence you understand—what prevents Father Cosimo saying, 'Resigned? Show me the papers'?"

"What, thou Jew, dost thou dare——"

Simeoni solemnly wagged his forefinger in the prior's face. "Men are men," he said, "and, with respect, not even a white frock can alter that," and was obdurate till at last the priest cried out—

"If you will have it so, ask him, and I pray the saints he says no, roundly, and so balks this ill-conditioned spendthrift."

Later, when Simeoni put the matter to Cosimo, the latter answered him neither yea nor nay, but simply, "Where, then, is Marco?" nor to any urging would he give any other answer.

And when it appeared that Marco waited down yonder in Bologna to know the result of the Jew's mission, Cosimo brushed all talk aside and said—

"If face to face Marco wills it, then we shall see; but as yet there is nought to be said," and set himself to return with Simeoni.

It was in vain that the prior sought to dissuade him. "Why borrow sorrow, my son, and what else but grief and shame have ever come of this hot-blooded brother of thine? Say aye, and have done with it, or better still, say nay; and let Marco shift for himself." For the prior was still sore over his wasted labour.

"Nay, but Marco is Marco still, and for what else is a brother but to cling to a brother? Who knows but the old tales they told grew in the telling, for that is the world's way."

"Small growth," said Simeoni, "saving downwards, for Marco is an ill man to cross, and a soft truth can save a hard blow."

"Then," cried Cosimo sharply, "hold thou thy peace lest he cross thee, if he deem, indeed, a Jew worth the crossing."

They were, therefore, an ill-assorted pair when, with Simeoni's hired guard, they presently turned valleywards. The Jew, fuming that a half-made priest should so have spoken to him, yet fearing to resent it, since the keeping of his temper meant money. Cosimo, on his part, wroth with Simeoni for his blunt contempt, and still more wroth with himself for being wroth.

In the end the nobler wrath got the upper hand, and, turning to his companion, he "prayed his pardon if he had said aught that was unseemly, but, indeed, Marco was his dear brother, and doubtless Master Simeoni would forgive a hot word repented of as soon as spoken." A speech which, being without precedent in his experience, coming as it did from one so near the intolerance of the priesthood, so affected the Jew that he actually put aside his own interest in the matter in hand.

"See you," he said, "I know this Casamaldi. The work of the Padres up yonder is bearing fruit, and rapidly, now. In three years the land will be worth double its price. Therefore, have nought to do with this sale by Messire Marco. Aye, aye, a brother's a brother, but three years are a short span in which to turn two crowns to four. Bid him wait. If he asks reasons, one reason is as good as ten. Say thou art under a vow, or what not: I never knew a good man yet but could frame a politic answer when a reservation of the truth was to his purpose."

For which advice Cosimo thanked him courteously enough, but would give no pledge.

It was three days later when the brothers met in Simeoni's inner room, the spider's den as some called it, where many a shrewd battle had been fought between the unequal forces of blustering necessity and obsequious but hard-held wealth.

"Let him hear nought of my coming," Cosimo had said; and now he waited by the Jew's table with his face turned three-parts from the door, for no other reason

but that he might by a shrewd guess learn to know his brother as the years had made him.

When Marco came it was in all his glory of fine clothing, silks, and laces. Cold steel and leather jackets were well enough for the camp, and there none wore them with a better grace; but here in Bologna he must ruffle it with the best, whether there were crowns or no crowns.

"Well, Israel-ben-Iscaiot," he cried, flinging his feathered cap on the table, "is that uneasy conscience of thine at rest? Hath that monk brother of mine put himself to his natural uses, for, by Saint Dominic, I know of naught—Saints, it is Cosimo himself? A pretty trick, by my faith, a very pretty trick, and well worthy the concoction of a Jew and a friar."

Cosimo had risen while the other was speaking.

"No friar as yet, Marco, but a brother in love and service. Where foundest thou the right to talk like that?" And leaning his hands on the other's broad shoulders, he shook him slightly.

Marco's face softened. "Why, it's the same Cosimo as of old."

"Aye," said Cosimo, "but not the same Marco."

Softly Luca Simeoni slipped to the door. "I think, Messires, there is that to be said which is better said alone," and shut himself without.

A discreet man, Simeoni, and one who spoke not all his mind; for as he clattered down the passage, making it echo with his tread, so that they who were left within might understand there was no listening at the door, he thought: "If I know aught of men, Casamaldi is mine for all my blunt speech, but the surer mine for my absence, since Marco hath a proud temper and would scorn benefits before a Jew."

What passed was never fully known, but later it was guessed that if Cosimo had not fought hard for the house of his father he had at the least let Marco see his abhorrence of the alienation, though in the end the power of brotherhood had conquered.



"Not so, my son, but to Marco all. Cosimo is one of us, and hath need of nothing."

SEE PAGE 4.

When Simeoni re-entered the room it was Marco who was by the table, his head sunk upon his arms, while Cosimo bent above him.

"If thou wert with me always it would not be as the past has been," the elder was saying.

"Aye," said Cosimo softly—his fingers

stole up from the shoulder into the curls about the neck—"I know. Satan hath desired thee that he might sift thee as wheat, and on some his desire is a thing of course; but I have prayed—" Then he stopped.

It was the Jew who broke the silence: "What then, Messires of Casamaldi?"

"What hast thou to do with Casamaldi?" answered Cosimo. "That is the care of Murate." But Simeoni knew there was a use for his crowns, and in this wisdom was justified of her child.

"The care of Murate," cried Marco, looking up; "aye, so it must be. Cosimo, I will borrow——"

"Um, a good thought, if a trifle late," said Simeoni; "but who will lend? Bargains are two-handed."

Again Cosimo's hand passed caressingly over the other's head.

"No more of it, Marco," he said. "Better sell than pledge with no hope of redemption, and so fret body and soul alike. Where are thy papers, Simeoni? Ready, I'll be bound, for all thy counsel at Casamaldi. Nay, never look aside, man; trade is trade, and honourable enough. Better thou shouldst profit than another."

As the Jew left the room Cosimo stooped and drew Marco to him with the tenderness of a woman.

"Marco, my brother Marco; the road seems long at times and faith far off; and yet, and yet——"

Marco looked up uncomprehendingly into the face bent over his.

"Come thou with me, then," he said. "With thee by me the road would be easy enough, and all go well."

"Nay, but I think it is thou who wilt come to me," answered Cosimo, "but when I know not. The papers, Master Simeoni? There, that is clerklly done. For thee, Marco, a dagger-hilt mark is more in keeping than a monkish scrawl. And now, my brother, is it farewell for another five years?"

Marco looked up from the parchment where he was laboriously tracing a sign manual.

"Not farewell?" He put out his hand to grip the other's sleeve. "Thou and I, Cosimo, must have many a day together."

"A pretty couple we would make," answered Cosimo, shaking his head; "thy gay silks and my sober stuffs. Within an hour thou wouldst be ashamed of my dinginess. Aye—a protest's a protest, but I am not such a fool of the world and its ways as

thou thinkest. Farewell, my Marco, but there is one thing on my conscience. Though no friar yet, I know there is that which brother should speak to brother without fear or shame, and yet my foolish tongue is tied. Who am I to cry out on folly?"

Marco, who had risen, put his hand on his brother's mouth for answer.

"Let the past be till thou art a monk, and then it will be the Church which speaks, and not Cosimo. And look you," he went on; "when a man hath his blood hot, either by fatherhood or wine, or—or—what your monkship knoweth little about, it is not he who plays the fool but——"

"The devil within him," broke in Cosimo sorrowfully.

"Aye, why so it is. Then put the curse on the devil and not on him."

"Never a curse on thee, Marco."

Marco laughed. His easy repentance was forgotten. "Thou art a good fellow," he said; "and a dash of fire would make thee as good a monk as I am a soldier. Fire never hurt a man yet. By Saint Dominic, with thee in the Church and me in the Camp, and a stroke of luck to one or other, we'll make the Murates heard of yet. Dost remember the oath at Casamaldi? Nicolo Perenghi hath a long tether. These four years past I have followed him hither and thither, but it hath been the hunting of a will-o'-the-wisp. Now he is at Modena, now at Ferrara, now south at Massa. Once I rode into Imola by the east gate as he rode out by the north. But the vow's a vow, aye, and the other oath, too, and both hold. See thou to me for the next world, Cosimo; and I'll see to thee for this for all my wanderings, though I trow thou hast the heavier end of the bargain to carry."

"The lad hath sound sense," quoth Marco to himself as he strode along to his inn ten minutes later. "His sober gown and monkish ways would ill assort with our lads yonder. A quiet corner once a day to keep civil tongues in their heads by ministration of a long sword would have been the least of it, and if I

got so much as a scratch Master Monk would have howled."

Six months later there was no longer a Cosimo da Murate: he was lost under the white Carthusian robe of Fra Ugo.

To follow the story of Marco da Murate for the next ten years would be to follow the story of a soldier of fortune living solely by a none too scrupulous sword.

The crowns gained by the sale of Casamaldi were soon swallowed, following with even greater speed the road taken by the minority accumulations. These gone, and the appetite having been but whetted by their use, needs must that the purse be filled.

In times of warfare—and these were mostly times of warfare—a man like da Murate was worth his price, and upon the hire of his sword he could ruffle it with the rest. At such times, too, there were pickings; loot, or a prisoner's ransom; and so provision might have been made for the rusting days of peace and inactivity. But Marco's purse was as large in the mesh as wide in the mouth, and gold pieces slipped out as quickly as in, so when the inevitable pinch came, necessity forced him into the more doubtful by-paths of the profession of arms, by-paths through which no man passed but some of the mud clogging the road went with him. Forays that were little better than brigandage on a large scale, though under the authority of noble patronage; a private

vengeance perilously near cold-blooded assassination; even the abduction of a none too willing bride—these and their kind filled up alike the days of peace and his purse.

Through all the chops and changes of the years, Nicolo Perenghi was never



"Men are men," he said, "and, with respect, not even a white frock can alter that."

SEE PAGE 5.

forgotten. No doubt the lapse of time dulled the keen edge of Marco's animosity, and besides, "a man must live," he told himself; and where there were crowns to fill his pockets, thither for very life's sake went Marco.

At length, after ten years had passed, their paths met; and, of all places fitted

to rekindle Marco's smouldering fires of vengeance, they met in the hills above Casamaldi.

It must be doubted whether it was pure brotherhood that drew Marco up the long windings to the Certosa, seeing that, on his side at least, pure brotherhood had slept comfortably for so many years, and never once stirred itself to the wakening.

He had tied up his horse beneath a group of great chestnuts fronting a small wine-house betwixt his wasted heritage and the monastery, and had seated himself in the shade of the porch with a flagon of what was most likely Casamaldi wine at his elbow.

With the sinking of the wine in the flagon rose the bitterness in his heart. It was the thought and realisation of his own past folly that influenced him rather than the liquor, though it was heady enough, and inflamed him so that he was ready to clutch at any excuse to turn his self-recrimination on another.

Under the same group of chestnuts was tethered another horse, and in Marco's wrathful mood it was no light injury that his beast—his, a da Murate of Casamaldi—was so much the inferior.

Presently the door of the inn was pulled open, and two men, the host and a stranger, came out.

"Ay," said the one, "it is good wine; and as you say, Messire Perenghi, none the worse for being of Simeoni the Jew's making. Now I remember—" It was Marco who broke into the landlord's recollections, thrusting him aside with a strong hand and an uncourteous strength while he fronted the stranger.

"Messire Perenghi?" he said. "Not Messire Nicolo Perenghi who fought at Furvarola better a score of years ago?"

There was that in Marco's face which made the other reach round towards his sword-hilt.

"Aye? Suppose so," he answered; "what then?"

"Then, Messire, we had best step aside a little, for the son of Marco da Murate hath somewhat to say."

Perenghi laughed. "By my faith, it hath kept five-and-twenty years or thereabouts

and lost nothing for the want of saying; let it keep five-and-twenty more." And he turned towards the chestnuts.

Marco's face reddened at the sneer. "A fox is slow to trace," he said; "but when we catch it we kill it."

Round on his heel swung Perenghi. "Have it so," he cried. "Let a second da Murate go the road of the first, though it ill becomes you and me to bicker thus like callow boys, who think themselves the braver for big words. Host, see to the horses, and then for thy peace' sake keep indoors."

As if by consent, the two turned up hill, where gleams of green seen between the tree-trunks gave promise of a stretch of level ground. It was a small clearing bordered at the further end by a short slope, above which rose a small—probably a votive—church, newly built since the days of Marco's childhood, and dedicated to Saint Dominic.

"Ha," he cried, as he read the inscription above the door: "My patron saint, and an omen for good. The very spot; good wine below there for him who shall have a thirst to quench, and the keeping of the saints for him who shall have none."

"Be it so," answered Perenghi, "but for me I say better a sure sword than a score of saints; and now one word which, being the man I am, I have no fear any shall call me a coward for the saying. If I struck Murate down, it was in the press of the *mêlée* and in fair fight. Is it for that you would cut my throat, or for the sake of the boy's hot and hasty oath?"

Marco flung his cap on the grass. "Must I smite you on the mouth?" was all his answer.

"Be it so," said Perenghi a second time, drawing; then, pointing his sword at the cross on the façade of the chapel, he added: "Bear witness this quarrel is not of my seeking."

They were an even match. Both had learned sword-play in the same school of rough experience, and Marco's rage, heated by the wine he had drunk, neutralised the advantage of his twenty years of youth. A good servant, passion was a

bad master and drove him into such a wild anger, such a reckless, Berserk fury of attack, as more than once almost to place the issue in the hand of his opponent.

In the end it was fortune and not skill that gave the younger man his opportunity. Perenghi had parried a thrust in tierce, and lunging back, slipped on a fallen chestnut burr, and for an instant staggered.

Backward he sprang beyond reach, but Marco's blade had caught his, and, by a trick of fence learned in the Ravennese wars, snapped it a few inches above the guard. The very force of the blow staggered Marco in his turn, but Nicolo Perenghi had time to read the murder in his eyes, and, wheeling, he sped across the glade and up the slope to the chapel, still grasping the broken sword.

With a howl that was both cry and curse Marco sped after him. Midway up the slope he came, as he thought, within striking distance, and slashed savagely at the flying man, but the blow failed in its purpose, inflicting only a slight flesh wound in the other's arm as he swung himself aside. Marco's effort was Nicolo Perenghi's safety, for in reaching forward he missed his footing on the dry grass and slipped backwards down the slope. As he recovered he saw the light curtain draping the chapel door flung aside and Perenghi disappear within.

"Neither hell nor Saint Dominic shall save thee," he cried, and, panting in his breath, again rushed onward, expecting each moment to have the doors thrust to

in his face. He was on the very steps with his hand outstretched to tear the curtain from its fastening when the rings rattled on the bar and the white robe of a Carthusian friar blocked the entrance.

In his mad rage, Marco lowered his sword-point to the level of the monk's breast, and drew back his arm to strike



"Nay, but I think it is thou who wilt come to me," answered Cosimo.

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"Stand aside," he cried, "or by all the saints there will be two— What? Cosimo? thou, thou?" and he paused, still holding his sword at the charge.

"Nay," cried the monk back, in a voice as full of menace as his own had been. "Not Cosimo, but God's priest. Stand thou aside. Thou art done with the brother, and as thou thyself hast said, thou hast the Church to face. I tell thee, as

priest of God, Marco da Murate, that hell gapes for thee, its smell is on thy garments. What? Was the measure of iniquity not yet full with rapine, lust, and slaughter that thou must needs add sacrilege to murder, and seek to steep God's own altar in the blood of God's own image?

"In bygone years the brother bore with the brother's spoliation of his house and the trampling on its honour; aye, the very uprooting of a father's name and the planting in of a stranger. That was brother to brother, Cosimo to Marco; but now the brother is dead, and it is the Church that speaketh. Another inch, and I pray with all the power of my soul that God strike thee. Aye, and He will strike thee, for the measure of iniquity is full to running over, and hell is but a hand's-breadth from thee.

"Begone, Marco da Murate, and give thyself to repentance, if, indeed, there is yet time, for God groweth impatient!" Leaving the curtain still drawn back, he turned, and in the dim light Marco saw him bend above Nicolo Perenghi as he knelt prostrate on the altar steps.

With a rage in his heart none the less bitter for its impotence and repression, Marco returned to the wine-house, and calling for his horse, paid his reckoning with scant thanks, mounted, and rode slowly down the path to the valley. The excitement was spent, and in its place was a sullen resentment. Brotherhood, the other had said. Brotherhood, forsooth! If there had been obligations of brotherhood, truly they were wiped out now, and his debt to Cosimo was acquitted in full!

"Cosimo? H'm, Cosimo? *Not* Cosimo," he said, "but God's priest—God's priest—God's curse—a plague upon the man's sharp tongue. Had he held to his saints, it had been a lighter matter"; Marco had cared little for the saints for hard upon a score of years, but this was another thing.

Plague take the horse, with its jerky stride down the hill! It seemed to pound in the words with its hoof-beats on the rocky path: God's priest—God's curse—

priest and curse—priest and curse. Was it the wine or the sun that had set his brain a-smouldering, for truly there was a strange fire in it. Not the leaping fire of the struggle in the glade, but a withering, smothering heat, so that his brain lay in his skull like hot brass. Or had Cosimo's curse struck home already? Hell but a hand's breadth off, he had said, God's priest—God's curse—God—God—God. Not the saints: they were but little and could be placated: but God, God Himself. This thing came newly home to Marco.

It was a dazed and broken man who an hour later rode into the little courtyard of the inn at the foot of the hill, and rolled out of his saddle more like some drunken lout than a spurred knight.

When Marco came to himself a week later he was but a wreck in strength, though the weight had gone from his head and the heat from his brain, and there was no longer fever in his blood. For another week he lay slowly regaining his lost powers of body and mind, piecing together the past and out of it building much that was ugly to think upon. Then he took a resolve and bade the woman of the inn send for Cosimo da Murate.

Cosimo da Murate? She shook her head, there was no da Murate in valley or hill that she knew of, nor had been these seven years.

"Cosimo da Murate," persisted Marco, "he who is priest of the little chapel below the Certosa."

"Ah! Fra Ugo: a spare, straight man with eyes that saw your soul, and thin lips that spoke so much of kindness to the poor? Fra Ugo, Messire?"

"Aye," said Marco grimly; "the eyes are right enough and you see your own soul in them. Send for Fra Ugo, and God grant the rest be true likewise."

As his strength had grown and the pulse of the blood beat fuller, there had been a return of the horror which had beset him on the hill-side, but born this time not of fever but of memory. With every hour the conviction was confirmed, needs must that he see Cosimo. Surely the power which had cursed could also bless, and the priest of God the Judge

was priest of God the Father also. Therefore, needs must that he see Cosimo.

When Fra Ugo came in haste, knowing nothing but that a sick knight sought his comfort, and saw Marco stretched upon the bed, white, and still gaunt with sickness, his first impulse was to turn away in wrath. There had been some fresh outrage, he thought, some new loosing of lawless passion bringing its own well-deserved vengeance in its train. But the monk's instinct of charity conquered the man's anger, and he paused.

From the bed Marco thrust out a shrunken, beckoning hand.

"Fra Ugo," he said, and stopped; the words or the thought which underlay them choking him.

Two words only, but enough to make the priest's heart leap and to bring a dimness to his eyes. It was the priest, then, that was wanted, and not the brother.

He caught firm hold of the shaking hand, and as he held it fast the uncertain voice came again.

"Fra Ugo, take me, and make me whatsoever thou and thy God will."

With a cry that was a groan, it so rent him in the outburst, the monk flung himself on his knees by the bed. "Thou hast come to me, Marco, my brother—thou hast come to me by a way that I dreamed not of, and at a time when I despaired. Sorrow for a night—aye, long was the night!—but joy in the morning." And he broke into a passion of tears such as he had not wept over the body of his father.

That night the two were brothers as they had not been since childhood.

"Thou wert ever the stronger soul," said Marco. "Remember how I said there was more man in the monk than in the soldier. And now thou wilt make me one of you, that these scorching fires may die out. Oh, the terror of them, Cosimo!—the terror of them!"

But Fra Ugo shook his head.

"Thou art sick," he said, "sick in mind as in body. Wait till both be strong and thou hast tried thyself, lest worse befall us both. The quenching of fires comes from without, and not from the putting on of a frock."

So for a week they waited, Marco growing in power every hour. Then came a day when he said—

"Bid them bring my horse that I may ride for the last time up to the Certosa. A second time, I say, make me one of you, Cosimo, that I may have peace."

But again the priest shook his head.

"God seeks not terror, but repentance," he said. "Love born of fear hath a short life and brings no willing service with it. Wait till thou art sure."

"Man, man!" cried Marco, "what knowest thou of the lures of the devil? Bid me *not* wait. Or, see now, give me but a cave on the hill-top and bid me wait there as a lay brother that there may be a hope before me. Dost thou fear my steadfastness? See, I will break my sword, and if thou knowest aught of man thou wilt know that he who breaks a sword as loved as I have loved mine will never look back."

The wistfulness of a keen heart-hunger was in the priest's eyes as he answered—

"Thou hast conquered, only break not the sword, but keep it and hang it in thy cell. If there comes the thought of turning back, it will remind thee of what thou hast been."

Through ten years' watchful love and unflinching faithfulness, Fra Ugo had won for himself a reverence in the hearts of rich and poor alike. No misery had been too wretched for his love, and there never was a time when misery was more wretched than then. But also, as no state, however arrogant, could awe him into silence when wrong-doing was to be rebuked, so no wretchedness palliated crime.

But what it had taken the monk ten years to win, Marco the hermit gained in as many months.

"No change of name for me," he had said: "Marco I was, Marco I will be to all the world, lest those who knew me of old cry out upon me for a coward seeking shelter under a disguise."

Where the ridge of the hill was roughest he had chosen an angle in the rocks, stretched two beams across it, and thatched it lightly with boughs, leaving the front

open towards the south. Against the wall of rock which first met his eyes on waking he had hung his naked sword to rest and rust. Here, with the earth as bed and a rolled-up cloak as pillow, Marco the hermit passed such of his nights as were not given up to the nursing of some of the many miserable among the vine-dressers of the hills.

His days were full enough. As has been said, what took Fra Ugo ten years to accomplish, Marco did in as many months. He was a man who knew men, and had no need of time to teach him their sins, their follies, and their wretchedness; for all these, in ten times deeper degree, sorrows, sufferings, frailties he had learnt in a score of years of soldiering, the most perfect of all schools in which to study the complexity of contradictions which goes to make up man.

Naturally, the transition from Marco the soldier to Marco the lay-friar had not passed unmarked. For a week it had been the jest of the circle he had quitted, the target for barbed gibes such as he himself would have uttered a month before, then the bruitings of an advance of the Florentines upon the city drowned the laughter. In six months Marco the soldier was forgotten, but in six more Marco the hermit was better remembered than had ever been Marco the soldier.

Two years passed, in which his influence grew daily, grew so, that, had it been the era of revolutions from below, he could have taken rank with Campanella and Bassi, or any of the many patriot priests who have given their lives for freedom in the last half-century. Two years, in which the brothers' lives grew the one into the other with a love that was something greater than that of brother and brother—a love that was as much kinship of soul and spirit as of heart and blood. Once Cosimo, for between the two it was Cosimo once more, and no longer Fra Ugo, touching the sword, seamed and brown with rust, said—

"Thy life began when its life ended." And it was with something like a sigh that Marco had answered—

"But an unworthy life for us both; it

in its time, I in mine, not but what it could strike a stout blow yet for all its rust, if only there were need."

"Then ye are a pair," Cosimo replied, "the heart sound for all the roughenings of the world"; but his face had darkened at the other's reply, and he added, "I was a fool to bid thee keep the thing. Break it across, lest the blade whisper thee to a sudden fury, as the North-men say the spirit of it doth at times."

Marco shook his head.

"That were cowardice, and, besides, the spirit is dead these two years past."

"Then promise," urged Cosimo, "that whatsoever cometh thou wilt never strike blow with it again." And Marco promised readily enough: what had he to do with sword-strokes?

It was a week later that, as Marco picked his way down the path built for himself from the upper ridge where lay his hermitage, he was met by a vine-dresser of Casamaldi. Breathless from the haste which he had made, the man was almost inarticulate—

"Messire Marco"—the title clung to him for all his lay brotherhood—"the Fra, Fra Ugo——" Where the tongue is dumb, the eyes and face are tell-tales, and a message of ill is no hard thing to read.

A light that was ugly to see shot into Marco's eyes as he gripped the man's shoulder with a pressure which left its print for many a day.

"What of the Fra, fool? Quick, and waste no speech!"

Still panting in his breathlessness, the man took Marco at his word, and gasped—

"The Fra—it is evil news—the Fra—is struck—dead."

Up swung Marco's other hand until he held the vine-dresser as in a twin vice.

"Dead!" It was the howl of a wild beast rather than the cry of a man. "Dead, Fra Ugo? Where gottest thou that fool's lie?" and all unconscious of his violence, he still tighter clenched his grip on the other's shoulders, shaking him the while.

"No fool's lie, Messire, but the truth."

"How? Where? How knowest thou the Fra is dead?"

"We three——"



"Nay," cried the monk, "not Cosimo, but God's priest."

SEE PAGE 11.

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold, crisp air. It felt like a fresh blanket after a long, hot summer. I took a deep breath, savoring the scent of pine and the distant sound of water. The landscape was breathtaking, a vast expanse of rolling hills and valleys, dotted with small towns and villages. The sun was just rising, painting the sky in shades of orange and pink. I felt a sense of peace and tranquility that I had never experienced before. The world seemed so small and so beautiful in that moment. I walked for hours, my feet finding their own path through the wilderness. The air grew cooler as the sun climbed higher, and the landscape transformed into a different world. The hills were now covered in dense forests, and the valleys were filled with wildflowers. I felt like I was discovering a hidden world, a world that had been waiting for me. The sun was now high in the sky, and the air was warm and inviting. I felt a sense of accomplishment and pride in my journey. I had made it, I had reached the top of the mountain. I looked down at the valley below, a small town nestled in the heart of the wilderness. I felt a sense of connection to the land, a sense of belonging. I had found my place, my home. I smiled and turned back, ready to embrace the journey ahead.

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A PLAGUE-STRICKEN CITY.

By HELEN C. GORDON.

Before the advent of the Kali-Yuga,* Brahma† made me [Devi], and calling me to his presence, commanded me as follows: "Oh, daughter, listen to my words and obey my commands. In the Kali-Yuga the rulers and the ruled will become sinful, and for this reason you should descend to the Earth and yourself personify 'Death,' and destroy those who usurp the property of others, violate the chastity of women, oppressors who steal the possession of God and the Brahmins, and commit other sinful acts."

After pervading the whole of the Universe, I [Devi] shall eventually return to my abode in the Heavens.

"O Goddess! You, who are so powerful, save me!"
[Prayer to Devi.]

(Extracts from the Devi Bhagvat Purana, translated by Mr. A. H. Stevens, Deputy Plague Commissioner of H.H. the Nizam's dominions.)

IN the centre of a vast undulating fertile plateau of Southern India, and at the highest point of its elevation, some three thousand feet above the level of the sea, stands a fortified town which for the last hundred and forty years has figured prominently in the military history of Mysore State, and which a century since was freed by British valour from the yoke of Moslem bigotry and oppression. To Bangalore City it was that the notorious Haider Ali had been wont to retire when engaged in treacherous schemes to usurp the masnad of his Hindoo master; and the fort and district of the same name, bestowed upon him originally for his services to the Raja of Mysore in repulsing the incursions of the Mahrattas, formed the nucleus of his extensive empire. "The dynasty which he founded was brief as it was brilliant," and by the defeat and death of his son Tippu Sultan at Seringapatam, the ancient royal house of Wodeyars regained the sceptre he had stolen. The city, rendered famous by its siege in 1799, had under its Mohammedan rulers been the recognised capital of Mysore State, and there the

British forces were first stationed. Owing, however, to the unhealthiness of Seringapatam, it was deemed advisable in 1811 to transfer the military headquarters to Bangalore, which place twenty years later became the seat of civil administration as well. The principal departments of Government, which were at first located in Tippu's palace in the Fort, now find accommodation in a fine range of buildings in cantonments overlooking what may be called the Rotten Row of Bangalore. The park, parade-ground, and race-course, as well as the bungalows of English residents, are bounded on either side by the new and old native quarters. Of these the former stretches away to the north-east, a typical Oriental bazaar, with its narrow, winding, dirty streets, lined by low one or two storeyed mud dwellings. Here live the many chattering vendors of the inevitable "moorghi,"‡ the meat, vegetables, and fish which fill the cook's market-basket, and supply the households of the Europeans in cantonments, and the families of pensioned soldiers, who, with their native or Eurasian wives, have settled in the outlying suburbs of St. John's Hill and Cleveland Town, forming a large colony of what are known in Anglo-Indian parlance as "second-class people."

In a directly opposite direction, in close proximity to the Fort, lies Bangalore City, familiarly styled the "Pettah," which in more troublous times was surrounded by a ditch and thick-set hedge. Within the area which it covers, of rather less than two and a quarter square miles, were herded together until the plague broke out in their midst, over 60,000 inhabitants, the

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majority of whom were Hindoos. The dwellers in the 12,000 or so of insanitary huts of which this native quarter is mainly composed are so destitute of the most ordinary Western ideas of cleanliness that it is by no means unusual for them to bathe, wash their filthy rags, and draw their drinking-water from the same stagnant pool or tank. For many years the Pettah presented the appearance of a prosperous Eastern city, but within the

fertile soil wherein to germinate, and for a time the death-rate in Pettah and cantonment rose higher, and the battle with the destroyer waxed fiercer than had ever been the case in the City by the Sea. The panic-stricken worshippers of Devi, obeying the behests of their dread deity as embodied in the words of the Bhagvat Purana, streamed out of the place in thousands, naturally carrying the germs of infection with them



Photo. by E. F. H. Wiele.

THE BAMBOO BAZAAR IN THE PETTAH.

last eighteen months, in the midst of both densely populated native quarters—putrid hives swarming with human beings—has made its appearance one of the most deadly scourges Nature wields in her anger when, through ignorance, depravity, or superstition, her unalterable laws have been outraged and set at naught. Brought thither doubtless by the refugees from Bombay, which has so justly been described as the “focus” from which the fell disease has been disseminated, at Bangalore the bubonic plague found

into the surrounding districts. Had not the goddess, in accordance with her promise, apprised them of their danger by manifestations of her coming? “The intelligent and the righteous will know the sign of my advent when they see rats falling down, circling, struggling, and then dying. When they see these signs they should at the very moment evacuate their houses, and with their family camp out in the jungle.” Woe to those who heeded not the warning, who, rather than leave their homes, disregarded these



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A PLAGUE-STRICKEN DWELLING.



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DISMANTLED HOUSES WHERE THERE HAVE BEEN CASES OF PLAGUE.

injunctions of their mythology, as well as the stringent regulations of the British authorities, who forbid residence in or return to an infected hut!

The Plague Commissioners in Bangalore, as elsewhere; were heavily handicapped in their struggle with the Black Death by grossest ignorance on the part of those they were endeavouring to rescue from its grip; by the spirit of conservatism which is so deeply rooted in every native, be he Mussulman or Hindoo, touching customs sacred to him by their antiquity, and by the sullen resentment met with at every turn at any attempted intrusion upon domestic privacy. The Mohammedans are especially troublesome in resisting rules which interfere with their personal liberty, and which they evade as much as possible.

it the fatal letter "P," with the date when the Destroyer crossed the threshold. It was found necessary in certain instances to raze dwellings to the ground, notably in one locality, where "forty-two houses were crowded into a space not more than forty yards square,"* and where eleven cases of plague were discovered in one day. To remove the roofs only and leave the walls standing would offer too many facilities for the concealment of corpses. This was frequently attempted, and often with better success than a dhobie † attained who was seen driving his donkey along the road at as smart a pace as the poor beast could manage. It was laden with the usual two bundles, presumably of clothes, but one was so suspiciously heavy that the man was stopped.



Photo. by E. F. H. Wiele.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE SEGREGATION CAMP IN MAGAHI ROAD.

Many a poor creature seized with the dread symptoms has been driven forth to die by the wayside, that the authorities might not make a raid upon the infected hut, seal and lock the door, chalking upon

On examination it was discovered that one bag contained the dead body of his wife, which he hoped to dispose of secretly as

* *Madras Weekly Mail*.

† Dhobie: washerman.

best he could, and thereby escape the troubles of segregation and disinfection.

It was no uncommon sight to see plague corpses along the streets. In one place,

fresh gangs were imported from other places. Though the contractors were paid three rupees for each burial, many a shallow grave contains two or more



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INTERIOR OF SEGREGATION CAMP.

perchance the body of a municipal sweeper struck down suddenly while at work ; in another, a mother seemingly asleep to the two tiny children who played happily beside her, but whose dreamless rest knew no waking. Many a rigid form was abandoned midway between the plague camp and the burial-ground by the coolies hired at a rupee a head to convey thither those who had succumbed to the disease. The money invested en route in arrak was found to immunise from infection, but too large a draught of the potent liquor was followed by forgetfulness, and the bodies lay for hours by the roadside. Daily the dead-cart wended its way through alley and court gathering its terrible load, and at the corner of Commercial Street, in the cantonment, the victims were sometimes piled up in a heap to await its arrival. The gravediggers went on strike for a time, and

bodies, and is closely packed to within a few inches of its surface. When the epidemic was at its height and the number of deaths increased to overwhelming proportions, huge pits were dug, into which the human freight carried to them in the dead-carts was emptied wholesale and pell-mell. To check the frightful mortality, and, as far as possible, to prevent the further dissemination of the disease, the Commissioners in Bangalore adopted the usual methods employed in Bombay and elsewhere of disinfecting and inoculating the people, and of segregating them in plague camps. The largest and principal of these was erected on the northern outskirts of the town, and is well situated on a wide tract of open ground. It is divided into three parts, and is capable of accommodating at least seven hundred patients, at an average

priest of God, Marco da Murate, that hell gapes for thee, its smell is on thy garments. What? Was the measure of iniquity not yet full with rapine, lust, and slaughter that thou must needs add sacrilege to murder, and seek to steep God's own altar in the blood of God's own image?

"In bygone years the brother bore with the brother's spoliation of his house and the trampling on its honour; aye, the very uprooting of a father's name and the planting in of a stranger. That was brother to brother, Cosimo to Marco; but now the brother is dead, and it is the Church that speaketh. Another inch, and I pray with all the power of my soul that God strike thee. Aye, and He will strike thee, for the measure of iniquity is full to running over, and hell is but a hand's-breadth from thee.

"Begone, Marco da Murate, and give thyself to repentance, if, indeed, there is yet time, for God groweth impatient!" Leaving the curtain still drawn back, he turned, and in the dim light Marco saw him bend above Nicolo Perenghi as he knelt prostrate on the altar steps.

With a rage in his heart none the less bitter for its impotence and repression, Marco returned to the wine-house, and calling for his horse, paid his reckoning with scant thanks, mounted, and rode slowly down the path to the valley. The excitement was spent, and in its place was a sullen resentment. Brotherhood, the other had said. Brotherhood, forsooth! If there had been obligations of brotherhood, truly they were wiped out now, and his debt to Cosimo was acquitted in full!

"Cosimo? H'm, Cosimo? Not Cosimo," he said, "but God's priest—God's priest—God's curse—a plague upon the man's sharp tongue. Had he held to his saints, it had been a lighter matter"; Marco had cared little for the saints for hard upon a score of years, but this was another thing.

Plague take the horse, with its jerky stride down the hill! It seemed to pound in the words with its hoof-beats on the rocky path: God's priest—God's curse—

priest and curse—priest and curse. Was it the wine or the sun that had set his brain a-smouldering, for truly there was a strange fire in it. Not the leaping fire of the struggle in the glade, but a withering, smothering heat, so that his brain lay in his skull like hot brass. Or had Cosimo's curse struck home already? Hell but a hand's breadth off, he had said, God's priest—God's curse—God—God—God. Not the saints: they were but little and could be placated: but God, God Himself. This thing came newly home to Marco.

It was a dazed and broken man who an hour later rode into the little courtyard of the inn at the foot of the hill, and rolled out of his saddle more like some drunken lout than a spurred knight.

When Marco came to himself a week later he was but a wreck in strength, though the weight had gone from his head and the heat from his brain, and there was no longer fever in his blood. For another week he lay slowly regaining his lost powers of body and mind, piecing together the past and out of it building much that was ugly to think upon. Then he took a resolve and bade the woman of the inn send for Cosimo da Murate.

Cosimo da Murate? She shook her head, there was no da Murate in valley or hill that she knew of, nor had been these seven years.

"Cosimo da Murate," persisted Marco, "he who is priest of the little chapel below the Certosa."

"Ah! Fra Ugo: a spare, straight man with eyes that saw your soul, and thin lips that spoke so much of kindness to the poor? Fra Ugo, Messire?"

"Aye," said Marco grimly; "the eyes are right enough and you see your own soul in them. Send for Fra Ugo, and God grant the rest be true likewise."

As his strength had grown and the pulse of the blood beat fuller, there had been a return of the horror which had beset him on the hill-side, but born this time not of fever but of memory. With every hour the conviction was confirmed, needs must that he see Cosimo. Surely the power which had cursed could also bless, and the priest of God the Judge

was priest of God the Father also. Therefore, needs must that he see Cosimo.

When Fra Ugo came in haste, knowing nothing but that a sick knight sought his comfort, and saw Marco stretched upon the bed, white, and still gaunt with sickness, his first impulse was to turn away in wrath. There had been some fresh outrage, he thought, some new loosening of lawless passion bringing its own well-deserved vengeance in its train. But the monk's instinct of charity conquered the man's anger, and he paused.

From the bed Marco thrust out a shrunk, beckoning hand.

"Fra Ugo," he said, and stopped; the words or the thought which underlay them choking him.

Two words only, but enough to make the priest's heart leap and to bring a dimness to his eyes. It was the priest, then, that was wanted, and not the brother.

He caught firm hold of the shaking hand, and as he held it fast the uncertain voice came again.

"Fra Ugo, take me, and make me whatsoever thou and thy God will."

With a cry that was a groan, it so rent him in the outburst, the monk flung himself on his knees by the bed. "Thou hast come to me, Marco, my brother—thou hast come to me by a way that I dreamed not of, and at a time when I despaired. Sorrow for a night—aye, long was the night!—but joy in the morning." And he broke into a passion of tears such as he had not wept over the body of his father.

That night the two were brothers as they had not been since childhood.

"Thou wert ever the stronger soul," said Marco. "Remember how I said there was more man in the monk than in the soldier. And now thou wilt make me one of you, that these scorching fires may die out. Oh, the terror of them, Cosimo!—the terror of them!"

But Fra Ugo shook his head.

"Thou art sick," he said, "sick in mind as in body. Wait till both be strong and thou hast tried thyself, lest worse befall us both. The quenching of fires comes from without, and not from the putting on of a frock."

So for a week they waited, Marco growing in power every hour. Then came a day when he said—

"Bid them bring my horse that I may ride for the last time up to the Certosa. A second time, I say, make me one of you, Cosimo, that I may have peace."

But again the priest shook his head.

"God seeks not terror, but repentance," he said. "Love born of fear hath a short life and brings no willing service with it. Wait till thou art sure."

"Man, man!" cried Marco, "what knowest thou of the lures of the devil? Bid me *not* wait. Or, see now, give me but a cave on the hill-top and bid me wait there as a lay brother that there may be a hope before me. Dost thou fear my steadfastness? See, I will break my sword, and if thou knowest aught of man thou wilt know that he who breaks a sword as loved as I have loved mine will never look back."

The wistfulness of a keen heart-hunger was in the priest's eyes as he answered—

"Thou hast conquered, only break not the sword, but keep it and hang it in thy cell. If there comes the thought of turning back, it will remind thee of what thou hast been."

Through ten years' watchful love and unflinching faithfulness, Fra Ugo had won for himself a reverence in the hearts of rich and poor alike. No misery had been too wretched for his love, and there never was a time when misery was more wretched than then. But also, as no state, however arrogant, could awe him into silence when wrong-doing was to be rebuked, so no wretchedness palliated crime.

But what it had taken the monk ten years to win, Marco the hermit gained in as many months.

"No change of name for me," he had said: "Marco I was, Marco I will be to all the world, lest those who knew me of old cry out upon me for a coward seeking shelter under a disguise."

Where the ridge of the hill was roughest he had chosen an angle in the rocks, stretched two beams across it, and thatched it lightly with boughs, leaving the front

open towards the south. Against the wall of rock which first met his eyes on waking he had hung his naked sword to rest and rust. Here, with the earth as bed and a rolled-up cloak as pillow, Marco the hermit passed such of his nights as were not given up to the nursing of some of the many miserable among the vine-dressers of the hills.

His days were full enough. As has been said, what took Fra Ugo ten years to accomplish, Marco did in as many months. He was a man who knew men, and had no need of time to teach him their sins, their follies, and their wretchedness; for all these, in ten times deeper degree, sorrows, sufferings, frailties he had learnt in a score of years of soldiering, the most perfect of all schools in which to study the complexity of contradictions which goes to make up man.

Naturally, the transition from Marco the soldier to Marco the lay-friar had not passed unmarked. For a week it had been the jest of the circle he had quitted, the target for barbed gibes such as he himself would have uttered a month before, then the bruitings of an advance of the Florentines upon the city drowned the laughter. In six months Marco the soldier was forgotten, but in six more Marco the hermit was better remembered than had ever been Marco the soldier.

Two years passed, in which his influence grew daily, grew so, that, had it been the era of revolutions from below, he could have taken rank with Campanella and Bassi, or any of the many patriot priests who have given their lives for freedom in the last half-century. Two years, in which the brothers' lives grew the one into the other with a love that was something greater than that of brother and brother—a love that was as much kinship of soul and spirit as of heart and blood. Once Cosimo, for between the two it was Cosimo once more, and no longer Fra Ugo, touching the sword, seamed and brown with rust, said—

"Thy life began when its life ended." And it was with something like a sigh that Marco had answered—

"But an unworthy life for us both; it

in its time, I in mine, not but what it could strike a stout blow yet for all its rust, if only there were need."

"Then ye are a pair," Cosimo replied, "the heart sound for all the roughenings of the world"; but his face had darkened at the other's reply, and he added, "I was a fool to bid thee keep the thing. Break it across, lest the blade whisper thee to a sudden fury, as the North-men say the spirit of it doth at times."

Marco shook his head.

"That were cowardice, and, besides, the spirit is dead these two years past."

"Then promise," urged Cosimo, "that whatsoever cometh thou wilt never strike blow with it again." And Marco promised readily enough: what had he to do with sword-strokes?

It was a week later that, as Marco picked his way down the path built for himself from the upper ridge where lay his hermitage, he was met by a vine-dresser of Casamaldi. Breathless from the haste which he had made, the man was almost inarticulate—

"Messire Marco"—the title clung to him for all his lay brotherhood—"the Fra, Fra Ugo—" Where the tongue is dumb, the eyes and face are tell-tales, and a message of ill is no hard thing to read.

A light that was ugly to see shot into Marco's eyes as he gripped the man's shoulder with a pressure which left its print for many a day.

"What of the Fra, fool? Quick, and waste no speech!"

Still panting in his breathlessness, the man took Marco at his word, and gasped—

"The Fra—it is evil news—the Fra—is struck—dead."

Up swung Marco's other hand until he held the vine-dresser as in a twin vice.

"Dead!" It was the howl of a wild beast rather than the cry of a man. "Dead, Fra Ugo? Where gottest thou that fool's lie?" and all unconscious of his violence, he still tighter clenched his grip on the other's shoulders, shaking him the while.

"No fool's lie, Messire, but the truth."

"How? Where? How knowest thou the Fra is dead?"

"We three——"



"Nay," cried the monk, "not Cosimo, but God's priest."

SEE PAGE 11.

"What three, man?"

"A stranger and I and the Fra, there by Saint Dominic's. These two on the steps, I below. The stranger thrust the Fra from him by the shoulder; why I know not, there had been words perchance. The Fra spun round and fell, and the Fra is dead."

"Dead? How knowest thou?"

"The Fra slipped, and the steps—his skull. Best ask no more, Messire, thou hast seen an axe-stroke in battle. Then the stranger——"

"Aye, what of him?"

"Nicolo Perenghi, as the Fra called him——"

"Nicolo Perenghi?" The howl rose to a true beast's cry now, sharp, shrill, and savage. "Nicolo Perenghi again? Art sure, man? Sure?"

"You are killing me, Messire; what have I done? It was so the Fra called him. I know no more."

With a spasm of the muscles rather than a conscious violence Marco tumbled the man in a heap by the pathway, then turned and ran at his full speed back to his hermitage, tore the rusted sword from its hanging-place, and was disappearing in the timber fringing the upper slopes before the fallen man could stagger to his feet.

His brain was already on fire with the same hell's lust for man's blood which had possessed him the day he crossed swords with Perenghi. The almost forgotten vows sworn at Casamaldi and renewed in Simeoni's banking-room were sounding in his ears, hounding him to a hotter fury. Woe to the slayer of his father, woe to him who touched Cosimo! And now the two woes were linked in one, centred on the one head. Death to Nicolo Perenghi! Death! And in his flight he kissed the rusted hilt of the sword with a fresh dedication.

That Cosimo was dead was now second in his thoughts, that Perenghi lived came first. Down the hill he sped, his robe looped to his knees and caught up in his left hand while the right held the sword aloft. Down the hill, down, down,

the heat of the thirst for blood glowing more furiously with every panting breath. round his head in his mad rage, he swept the sword till it whistled in its circuits. The spirit was awake and called him to slaughter. Then, chill upon the heat of his passion came the memory of the promise made to the dead.

The pledged word of a Murate! And for an instant he stopped in his course, choking with the conflict and revulsion of thought. The word of a Murate? Bah! Was not his oath, too, his word? Aye, and twice pledged. Word against word, oath against promise. The oath was the greater. And again on he sped.

There, at last, was the chancel end of St. Dominic's grey chapel through the tree-stems. What lay beyond? A double vengeance—God's justice and man's revenge—and he drew a deeper breath for all his haste. Round by the northern side he skirted, and on into the space fronting the west side of the chapel. On, with the sword heaved up and ready to strike. Below the steps lay Cosimo, outstretched as if in sleep, and by his head, bowed in prayer, was Nicolo Perenghi.

At the sound of the hurrying feet he raised his head.

"At last," he said; "I have been waiting for thee."

Panting from his haste, Marco stood above him with the sword still poised and looked from the sorrowful face of the living to the not more placid face of the dead.

Perenghi's cap had been flung aside as he bent in prayer.

"God above knows this was not meant," he said; "but strike and let blood wipe out blood."

From the dead Marco looked back to the living, then to the rusted sword heaved up above his head. For an instant the blade wavered in the air, then with all his power he flung it upon the steps, splintering it.

"He would have it so," he said, and when Michele the vine-dresser stole trembling round the church, there were two who knelt praying by Fra Ugo.

A PLAGUE-STRICKEN CITY.

By HELEN C. GORDON.

Before the advent of the Kali-Yuga,* Brahma† made me (Devi), and calling me to his presence, commanded me as follows: "Oh, daughter, listen to my words and obey my commands. In the Kali-Yuga the rulers and the ruled will become sinful, and for this reason you should descend to the Earth and yourself personify 'Death,' and destroy those who usurp the property of others, violate the chastity of women, oppressors who steal the possession of God and the Brahmans, and commit other sinful acts."

After pervading the whole of the Universe, I (Devi) shall eventually return to my abode in the Heavens.

"O Goddess! You, who are so powerful, save me!"
[Prayer to Devi.]

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IN the centre of a vast undulating fertile plateau of Southern India, and at the highest point of its elevation, some three thousand feet above the level of the sea, stands a fortified town which for the last hundred and forty years has figured prominently in the military history of Mysore State, and which a century since was freed by British valour from the yoke of Moslem bigotry and oppression. To Bangalore City it was that the notorious Haider Ali had been wont to retire when engaged in treacherous schemes to usurp the masnad of his Hindoo master; and the fort and district of the same name, bestowed upon him originally for his services to the Raja of Mysore in repulsing the incursions of the Mahrattas, formed the nucleus of his extensive empire. "The dynasty which he founded was brief as it was brilliant," and by the defeat and death of his son Tippu Sultan at Seringapatam, the ancient royal house of Wodeyars regained the sceptre he had stolen. The city, rendered famous by its siege in 1799, had under its Mohammedan rulers been the recognised capital of Mysore State, and there the

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injunctions of their mythology, as well as the stringent regulations of the British authorities, who forbid residence in or return to an infected hut!

The Plague Commissioners in Bangalore, as elsewhere; were heavily handicapped in their struggle with the Black Death by grossest ignorance on the part of those they were endeavouring to rescue from its grip; by the spirit of conservatism which is so deeply rooted in every native, be he Mussulman or Hindoo, touching customs sacred to him by their antiquity, and by the sullen resentment met with at every turn at any attempted intrusion upon domestic privacy. The Mohammedans are especially troublesome in resisting rules which interfere with their personal liberty, and which they evade as much as possible.

it the fatal letter "P," with the date when the Destroyer crossed the threshold. It was found necessary in certain instances to raze dwellings to the ground, notably in one locality, where "forty-two houses were crowded into a space not more than forty yards square,"* and where eleven cases of plague were discovered in one day. To remove the roofs only and leave the walls standing would offer too many facilities for the concealment of corpses. This was frequently attempted, and often with better success than a dhobie† attained who was seen driving his donkey along the road at as smart a pace as the poor beast could manage. It was laden with the usual two bundles, presumably of clothes, but one was so suspiciously heavy that the man was stopped.



Photo. by E. F. H. Wiele.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE SEGREGATION CAMP IN MAGAHDHI ROAD.

Many a poor creature seized with the dread symptoms has been driven forth to die by the wayside, that the authorities might not make a raid upon the infected hut, seal and lock the door, chalking upon

On examination it was discovered that one bag contained the dead body of his wife, which he hoped to dispose of secretly as

* *Madras Weekly Mail.*

† Dhobie: washerman.

best he could, and thereby escape the troubles of segregation and disinfection.

It was no uncommon sight to see plague corpses along the streets. In one place,

fresh gangs were imported from other places. Though the contractors were paid three rupees for each burial, many a shallow grave contains two or more



Photo. by E. F. H. Wiele.

INTERIOR OF SEGREGATION CAMP.

perchance the body of a municipal sweeper struck down suddenly while at work; in another, a mother seemingly asleep to the two tiny children who played happily beside her, but whose dreamless rest knew no waking. Many a rigid form was abandoned midway between the plague camp and the burial-ground by the coolies hired at a rupee a head to convey thither those who had succumbed to the disease. The money invested en route in arrak was found to immunise from infection, but too large a draught of the potent liquor was followed by forgetfulness, and the bodies lay for hours by the roadside. Daily the dead-cart wended its way through alley and court gathering its terrible load, and at the corner of Commercial Street, in the cantonment, the victims were sometimes piled up in a heap to await its arrival. The grave-diggers went on strike for a time, and

bodies, and is closely packed to within a few inches of its surface. When the epidemic was at its height and the number of deaths increased to overwhelming proportions, huge pits were dug, into which the human freight carried to them in the dead-carts was emptied wholesale and pell-mell. To check the frightful mortality, and, as far as possible, to prevent the further dissemination of the disease, the Commissioners in Bangalore adopted the usual methods employed in Bombay and elsewhere of disinfecting and inoculating the people, and of segregating them in plague camps. The largest and principal of these was erected on the northern outskirts of the town, and is well situated on a wide tract of open ground. It is divided into three parts, and is capable of accommodating at least seven hundred patients, at an average

cost to the Mysore Government of five hundred rupees per diem. That portion of it which lies nearest to the railway-station, at a distance from it of about a quarter of a mile only, is reserved for the detention of suspicious cases which either occur in the city or are brought in by train from outlying districts and from infected villages and towns. It is obligatory for passengers by rail to provide themselves

which borders on the Mysore frontier, was assaulted and stoned by the villagers at Kelamangalem, who were firmly impressed with the belief that he had been sent by Government to inject poison into them that the British authorities by the sacrifice of a "lakh of lives" might be enabled to avert some vague disaster which was impending. In Madras a report was current that the Queen had



Photo. by E. F. H. Wiele.

A PLAGUE PATIENT.

with inoculation certificates. Failing the production of exemption tickets, if they alight at the city station, their persons are liable to be subjected to a good tubbing, and their clothes disinfected in a steam-boiler, from which they emerge, like their owners, slightly hot and damp.

Inoculation still continues to be decidedly unpopular with the large majority of the people, and the most absurd rumours are afloat among them in Bangalore and elsewhere with reference to this most necessary preventive. A plague supervisor in the Salem district,

been foretold in a vision that the death of 3000 natives would prolong her life for another twenty years. Colonel L—, who was in command of a regiment of Sepoys, had received instructions to effect this wholesale slaughter, and had purchased a ton of arsenic for the purpose! Inoculation was the method chosen by her Majesty's Lord High Executioner, and a hole drilled into the bone of each victim's arm to receive the poison; the operation being invariably called "bone-poking" by the ignorant and terrified creatures who credited any such extraordinary rumours.

Some amongst them, possessed of a little more knowledge, have been quick to take advantage of the general misapprehensions; and a Nellore watchmaker thought to improve the occasion by representing himself as an agent of the collector, and boldly displaying the instruments of his pretended calling, threatened to inoculate unwilling subjects unless paid to desist.

In Bangalore the tailor caste manifested the greatest aversion to the operation, and hardly one would submit to it, though "theirs is by far the most overcrowded quarter of the city. . . . A dozen were found working in a room about 18 ft. by 12 ft. by 8 ft., half of this actual space being occupied by bundles of clothing.* This tenement had two small windows, each not 2 ft. square, and was situated in a lane two yards wide, with foul open drains on each side." Numerous inoculation dépôts have been established in the civil and military station, and nearly all the officials engaged on plague duty, as well as other Europeans, have been inoculated, partly for the sake of example and to create confidence. The symptoms usually induced are a high temperature, culminating occasionally in delirium and great depression, but naturally vary somewhat with the constitution. It is now generally acknowledged that the use of Professor Haffkine's curative serum has reduced the rate of mortality some eighty or ninety per cent., and that a second inoculation is necessary to immunise from infection absolutely.

* *Madras Weekly Mail.*

A most important discovery has been made recently by the Deputy Plague Commission at Hyderabad—that this frightful disease is disseminated through the medium of raw cotton. Mr. Stevens has brought forward most excellent reasons in support of his theory, which has been further confirmed by bacterioscopic examinations undertaken by Dr. Mullunah at the Laboratory.

As was the case in Bombay and other plague-infected districts, so also in Bangalore: with the advent of the hot weather the terrible scourge abated in its vehemence; the number of its victims gradually declined, until both city and cantonment could daily return clean bills of health. Shops were opened again, trade is brisk, and the terrified inhabitants who fled and have survived have flocked back again to the deserted Pettah. For three months Nature, breathless and athirst, has been overpowered by a lassitude which, it would seem, has stolen upon Devi, forcing her to stay her hand—to cease from the grim task assigned to her from the beginning of all Time by Brahma.

The horror of it who can forget? And now, when the monsoon is breaking, and the "thirsty earth soaks up the rain and drinks and gapes for rain again," and the air grows chill and humid, a terrible fear falls once more upon the rulers and the ruled lest the dread goddess "who possesseth power to destroy all" is still in their very midst, and is not yet returned unto her habitation in the heavens.



THE SPELL OF THE BIRD.

A STRANGE TALE OF BRITISH GUIANA.

By FRANK AUBREY,

Author of "The Devil Tree of El Dorado" and "A Queen of Atlantis."

"FASCINATION? Does anyone believe in fascination? Yes, I do, and I don't mind who hears me say it or who laughs at it. If you had had the experience I once went through, you would believe in it too!"

The speaker was one of a group at the Kaieteur Hotel, Georgetown, British Guiana. He was a tall, powerful-looking man, with a shrewd, intellectual face and a grave, reserved manner. He had been sitting silent and almost unnoticed in a corner while a long and, at times, animated discussion had been going on around him concerning forest life in the interior of our South American colony. His name was Crelton—George Crelton—and he was, as I afterwards heard, one of the best known and most respected of the planters in Demerara. He was looked upon, too, as an authority upon wild sports and forest travel, having formerly spent much of his time in hunting or prospecting trips in the interior.

To those who know Georgetown, it will be unnecessary to say that we were all indulging in the drink *par excellence* of the country, commonly called a "swizzle."

When the first feelings of surprise caused by Crelton's unexpected declaration had passed away, and the pronounced comments to which it gave rise had quieted down, we soon found ourselves ordering a further "swizzle" each as a fit and becoming preparation to listening to his story. It was as follows—

"When certain persons," Crelton began, looking round at some of us with a severe air of correction, "declare so

confidently that this or that 'cannot' be true, they would do well to remember that our knowledge of the great forests of Guiana and Brazil is in reality very limited indeed. There are vast tracts which are absolutely unexplored; have never, so far as we know, been traversed by either Indians or white men. And since the more shy of the animal creation ever shun or forsake those parts where man is to be met with, however seldom, therefore it is fair to assume that we do not yet know all the creatures that may exist in those impenetrable recesses.

"Mr. W. H. Hudson, a naturalist, who has lived for many years in South America, has lately in his book, 'The Naturalist in La Plata,' startled and indeed astonished the zoological world by making known many strange things that were before altogether unknown and unsuspected. He declares, among other matters, that he has just once seen, and then lost, creatures entirely new to naturalists; and this alone should teach us that the Indians may not always be wrong in their beliefs, or in the tales they tell of strange and wonderful animals or reptiles that still lurk in the forest depths. I am not, of course, maintaining that all their wild tales and fantastic beliefs are true; I only suggest that here and there, there may be a better foundation for them than many, perhaps, would think. I have myself seen strange creatures that are entirely unknown to zoologists, but they got away before I could shoot or catch them. What, however, I am about to relate is by far the strangest, the most extraordinary adventure that ever occurred to me. I can only tell it as it

happened ; and I do not suggest any explanation beyond reminding you that there are in nature already many known instances of creatures—the very ones most likely, one would think, to keep apart—combining or working together for mutual profit or protection. There are the birds that hop in and out of the open mouths of the crocodiles and pick their teeth and jaws clean for them, the great reptiles never taking advantage of the trustfulness of their feathered friends. Then there are the ‘pilot-fish’ that accompany the shark ; and in Guiana we have several very curious, almost incredible, examples. Thus we know that, as a rule, birds feed freely on ants and wasps among other insects ; yet in Guiana are frequently to be found settlements or colonies in which mocking-birds, ants, and wasps and wild bees are banded together for mutual protection. The birds leave the insects alone, and, in return, the latter protect the nests of the birds during their absence ; and woe betide any unlucky tiger-cat or monkey that ventures near the nests after the young ones or the eggs. The wasps and bees will attack it as ferociously as if it had tried to rob their own nests ; and the ants will attack snakes in the same way. Even plants and ants form protective alliances, as in the case of some of the ‘vetches,’ which encourage ants of one kind to live on them in order that they may fight off the ‘leaf-cutting’ ants, which destroy so many other plants and trees in the forests of South America. These are facts that have been noted and vouched for by such well-known authorities as Sir Robert Schomburgk, Mr. Bates, Mr. Barrington Brown, Mr. W. H. Hudson, and others.

“Now, amongst the Indians, in some places, is a deep-seated belief in the existence of a monstrous serpent of unusually terrifying aspect but of a sluggish nature, which is always accompanied by one or a pair of birds equally rare but of strikingly beautiful plumage. This serpent is called in some parts ‘Kragi,’ in others ‘Krao’ ; and in others, again, there is no particular name for it, and it is ranked as a kind of ‘Camoodi,’

which is the Indian term for the great boa-constrictor of Guiana. The bird is called the Kalon, or sometimes the Krao-Kalon, and is declared to entice victims into the neighbourhood of the serpent, so that the latter may seize them with very little trouble or exertion ; the bird being afterwards rewarded by being allowed to pick out the strangled creature’s eyes and other tit-bits before the dead body is swallowed by the reptile.

“So much by way of preliminary explanation. Now to my story—

“While at Rio one time—it was in my ‘restless’ days, when I wandered about pretty well all over South America—I became acquainted with a young fellow to whom I took a great fancy ; we quickly, in fact, became firm friends. He was an Englishman named Geoffrey Bingham, a fine, handsome, courageous chap as you need wish to meet with. He had hunted big game in Africa and India, and knew his way about a bit, I can tell you, for all he was not then twenty-five years of age. He had well-to-do parents in England, who allowed him enough to either live at home comfortably or wander about as pleased his fancy. He told me he was going up-country to join a man he knew who had discovered an ancient gold-mine, from which he was taking out a fair amount of dust, though he was only working it in a quiet way with a few friendly Indians ; and after some talk and some persuasion on his part I agreed to accompany him. There were no grand expectations of great wealth held out as likely to be our reward ; nor, on the other hand, was any premium asked for the privilege of joining in.

“‘It’s just this way,’ Bingham said. ‘Old Soltram—that’s the old boy who found the mine—doesn’t want the thing talked about, and a lot of tag-rag and bob-tail brought about his ears ; at the same time it’s pretty lonely out there, and he is not at all averse to one or two fellows of the right sort coming to help on the give-and-take principle. That is, if you work for the dust yourself, you must pay your own Indians and hand over to Soltram a percentage on what you find ; or, if you

don't care to bother about that sort of work, you can go out hunting for us and keep the larder supplied, and we will pay you a percentage on what *we* get.'

"He further told me that Soltram hadn't much faith in the mine proving a good one for long. He believed it had been about worked out when he found it, and that he had only pitched by chance on a drift that had been missed by the ancient workers; and this might come to an end at any moment. So I agreed to go, rather for the mere sake of the hunting and adventure than with any idea of making money.

"When all our arrangements were completed we started in canoes up the river routes, then across pampas and forest till we got into the corner, as it were, where Venezuela, Brazil, and British Guiana all meet. And we came to a halt in that wild and little-known region of mountain and primæval forest which forms part of the borderland that has been in dispute for a hundred years past between Great Britain and Venezuela. A terribly wild district it is, full, however, of savage grandeur, being situated only a few degrees from the equator, where nature is to be seen both at her best and her worst. Here are to be found the highest waterfalls, and, in some respects, the most wonderful mountains and table-lands in the world, and all sorts of climates, from that of the temperate zone on the table-lands to the seething swamps of equatorial South America in the valleys. And here, too, is to be seen the most wonderful vegetation of the whole continent; some tracts being absolutely carpeted with begonias, orchids, gloxinias, and other plants and flowers so rare and—in England—so costly, that to secure them would be enough to turn the head—and make the fortune—of any collector who should be the first to come among them.

"Here, in this strange, little-known region, we found Soltram established, with his primitive gold-extracting plant, his Indians, his dogs, and—his daughter! Yes, extraordinary as it seemed, he had actually a daughter living with him, and a very charming young girl I found her too. At first I thought that this must have been the real attraction that had brought

Bingham so far afield; but I soon found it was not so. He and Ledra Soltram, as presently became apparent, were good friends, and nothing more. Indeed, he made a confidant of me about this time, and confessed that he had a sweetheart awaiting him in England, to whom he intended to return when this adventure—which was to be the last of his wanderings—came to an end.

"Thus the field was left entirely open for me, and I fell over head and ears in love before I had been there a week. Nor was I without encouragement from the young lady herself, and ere long I began to bless my luck that had thus led me to her side. At first I elected to do the hunting and keep the larder supplied, since this gave me many opportunities of being alone with Ledra, while the others were away at the mine. Soltram had built a very substantial log hut about a quarter of a mile from his mine, in a clearing at the edge of a thick, almost impenetrable belt of forest. Round about was quite a small settlement, his Indians having erected huts for themselves and begun to cultivate patches of open ground. From the huts a pathway had been cut through the dense wood to the base of a cliff, where was a cavern with a small stream of water flowing out of it, and this was the mouth of the old mine. Inside were many galleries running this way and that, some, one above the other, with steps or wooden ladders to connect them. Soltram himself was a rather fine-looking old boy with white hair and beard, not a bad sort, but, as I soon discovered, of a greedy, avaricious disposition. Notwithstanding his name, I judged him to be of Scotch descent, and this I afterwards found to be a correct guess. Who he was and how he came to be there does not matter here: it would make my story too long were I to go into all such details. Suffice it that he had somehow found his way there, dragging his daughter about with him, and had happened on an old mine, from which he was now getting out a few pounds' worth of gold a week clear of expenses. But the yield was not so good as it had been, and it seemed quite on the



At first I elected to do the hunting and keep the larder supplied, since this gave me many opportunities of being alone with Ledra.

cards that at any moment it might come to a dead stop.

"At first, I say, I elected to do the hunting and fresh-meat-providing for the establishment; but after a time the gold-seeking fever seized upon me as well as the others. Honestly, I do not think this would have been the case if I had not been so madly in love with Ledra. I saw enough, however, of Soltram's temperament to understand that he had high ideas concerning his daughter—especially if he himself should become rich—and to feel certain he would never, in such a case, give his consent to her marrying one so moderately well off as myself. Hence, if I wished to find favour in his eyes, it behoved me to hie me each day to the mine, there to work hard for my share of whatever was going. Then, if the venture *should* turn out well, and Soltram become wealthy, I also might be not far behind. Besides, there was always the chance that I might, individually, stumble upon some very rich find that might cause Soltram to regard me as a desirable son-in-law straight away. So I came to an arrangement, engaged a gang of Indians on my own account, and set to work, other Indians being told off to form daily hunting parties to supply the necessary fresh meat. Only once or so a week, Bingham and I would accompany these hunting parties, partly for a change, and partly to keep our hands in. Thus some months passed, during which we got a good deal of gold from the old mine, and I had grown quite used to the life. I had, indeed, every reason to be well satisfied, for I was making money and making love at the same time. Then, however, came a sudden and tragical end to our enterprise.

"One day, about noon, we—*i.e.*, Soltram, Bingham, and myself—had come to the mouth of the mine from the distant workings to have our midday meal, as was our custom. This was brought for us from the huts by Indians, and Ledra would often come with them and chat with us while we ate, going back with the Indians—who on such occasions were chiefly women, girls, and boys—so soon as we had finished and returned to our work.

On this particular morning, when we got out in the open air, we found Ledra there, but not her attendants. She had, in fact, run on in front and outstripped them. For this she was reproved by her father; but while he was scolding her she uttered an exclamation and darted from his side. A clearing of considerable extent had been made round the mouth of the mine, and this was littered about with heaps of *débris*, logs of timber, and so on. I then saw that Ledra was chasing a bird of wonderfully beautiful plumage. It was, in some respects, like the Bird of Paradise, but in brilliancy of colouring it surpassed any bird I had ever seen. It seemed quite tame, and frequently almost allowed its pursuer to come up to it; when, however, with a coquettish little flutter, it would evade capture with remarkable agility, and affect to hide among the logs or behind some heap of rubbish.

"Thinking that Ledra would like me to shoot it in order to secure the skin if she were unable to catch the bird, I turned back into the mine for my gun. I had left a double-barrelled piece loaded with shot in one barrel and ball in the other in the first gallery over the entrance. The end of this gallery was open, but fenced round with a sort of barred bay window on the outside, and shut off by a partition and door on the inside, forming an apartment where we could lock up our spare tools and other stores. The object of barring the window was, of course, that no one should be able to get in by climbing up the rock when the gates which protected the main entrance were closed and padlocked.

"Just as I had taken up the gun I heard an outcry, and paused for a moment to look out through the bars to see what was going on below. The Indians had arrived with our meal, but had evidently taken alarm at something and were fleeing in terror, each one having incontinently thrown down whatever he or she was carrying. Much surprised, I looked anxiously for Ledra, and saw that she was standing still in the middle of the open space, while her father had gone after the bird, which had now perched itself on one of the lower boughs of a tree



The terrible beast drew nearer and nearer to Soltram, swaying slightly to and fro.

at the edge of the clearing. Meantime, the Indians had every one disappeared, with shouts which I could not then distinguish, but which I afterwards knew to be 'Krao-Kalon' and 'Kragi.' Suddenly the bird began to sing, and it had the most charming, thrilling note I ever heard in my life. Indeed, it was not like the song of a bird at all; it resembled nothing so much as the music given out by an Æolian harp when the wind sweeps across its strings. The effect was inexpressibly sweet; yet mingled with it was a weird, wild note that somehow repelled while it charmed. And as the notes swelled out fuller and louder, I could not but stand still and listen in a very ecstasy of pleasure and delight; which, however, began soon to change to a cold horror, as I realised, all at once, that *I could not move!*"

Here the narrator paused, and passed his hand across his eyes as though to shut out some horrible sight. His manner was so earnest that it visibly impressed us all; and no one spoke. After a brief space he resumed—

"I cannot describe to you the astonishment, the alarm, with which I realised what I have just told you—namely, that I was unable to move. I was overrun by a mixture of feelings in which surprise, perplexity, horror, incredulity, and wonder were all jumbled up together. Yet were my senses almost abnormally acute; I remember, as I looked helplessly out, how I saw the brilliant sunshine pouring down and lighting up portions of the scene, in glaring contrast to the deep, gloomy shadows that lay among the trees of the forest beyond. I remember Soltram, as he stood with his back to me, just under the bough on which the bird had perched. So near was he to the creature that, with a long stick, he could have knocked it over. Yet he stood still and never moved even his head. I saw Ledra out in the sunlight, her broad hat swaying slightly, her hands clasped together, standing like one turned to stone; and just below me I saw Bingham, who had stepped out and then stopped; and he, too, was as motionless as the others.

"And still that infernal bird sang on, flapping his wings, his silver-and-gold

plumage sparkling and flashing in the sun. And slowly there rose up in my mind a presentiment, a foreboding of some horror yet to come, and I watched and waited for—I knew not what.

"All the time there was in my mind a feeling as of resentment against these other three that they stood thus and did nothing. Why did not Bingham or Soltram move, or do or say something? I wondered to myself, thinking that I was the only one who felt the spell, and vaguely angry that these others did not move or offer to come to my assistance. I tell you it is an awful thing to have all your physical faculties numbed like that, and yet to be able to see and hear all that goes on before you!"

Again the speaker paused and wetted his lips from the glass before him. No one spoke, and he resumed—

"I know it must sound strange—incredible—to you who have never passed through such an experience, yet to me, at the time, it was actual enough. Even now I cannot bear to recall what I went through, but, having begun it, I must go on with it, I suppose.

"The bird sang on, and the unnatural quiet that seemed to have fallen upon all the world beside continued until I heard a slight rustling. It came from near Soltram, and looking across, I saw, slowly rising through the bushes, the most hideous head it has ever been my lot to look upon. That it belonged to some member of the serpent tribe was soon evident; but in grisly repulsiveness it exceeded even what a magnified rattlesnake might be supposed to be like; and there are not many things in the world more horrible, I imagine, than the expression, if one may so term it, that lurks in the head and jaws of a rattlesnake. The creature that now slowly came into view, however, exceeded in gruesome hideousness anything that I ever imagined. Like the rattlesnake, its mouth seemed to be formed in the likeness of a set sneer of the most sinister malignancy; but the eyes were much larger in proportion and had a baleful glare in their yellowish-green depths that sent cold shivers through you as you met and endured their fixed, cold



I blew the head off the still struggling monster.

gaze. A hood, somewhat after the shape of that of the cobra, two horns, and a kind of crest on the neck at the back of the head completed the terrible picture. And still, while it rose slowly, menacingly beside him, Soltram, who seemed to be looking straight at it, never moved; and still that bird-fiend sang on and flapped its wings, and appeared to be revelling in the very height of enjoyment."

Again the speaker paused, but still there was silence in the group around him, and he once more resumed—

"Slowly, and with a sickening deliberation, which told only too clearly how absolutely certain he felt of his prey, that terrible beast drew nearer and nearer to Soltram, swaying slightly to and fro, and protruding its forked tongue, which darted in and out of its now open jaws. I remember wondering vaguely why Soltram did not run away, not comprehending that he was in the same condition as myself. At last the monster gave a quick leap, and fixed its fangs in the throat of its victim, and immediately coil after coil wound round Soltram's body, till I could hear, even where I was, the fearful sound of cracking bones. . . .

"Presently the creature slowly relaxed its folds, and, after lying inert for a short space, fixed its leering eyes upon Ledra, and began to creep towards her. I madly strove to burst the bonds that seemed to hold me as if in a vice, but still I could neither move nor cry out. The sweat poured off my face; I am sure my eyes must have appeared, could anyone have seen them, to be bursting out of my head with horror. Yet still I could not move, could not even cry out; still Bingham was motionless, too; and still the bird sang on, and still the monster—which I could now see was a serpent of gigantic size, with a frightful, scaly shape—crept slowly nearer, ever nearer, towards the one I loved beyond all else in the world.

"Then poor Ledra gave one long, agonised shriek, and fell fainting on the ground; and at that the fiendish bird stopped singing. Whether the cry startled it, or whether it thought it now time to

claim its own perquisites, I cannot say. But it flew down, and going up to the dead man—who was lying on his back—hopped on to his face. But the awful spell was broken; the blood was again rushing through my veins, and I felt myself nerved with a savage, desperate revenge. I raised the piece I held in my hand, cocked it, and aiming carefully, sent a bullet crashing through the head of the great snake, which at once began to writhe and twist about in horrid contortions. Then I turned the barrel loaded with shot on the bird—or, rather, tried to; but the hateful creature had already disappeared, frightened, I suppose, by the sound of the shot; and, in fact, I never saw it again. I then rushed down and out into the clearing, and there with the undischarged barrel blew the head off the still struggling monster; and Bingham now coming to my assistance, we carried the unconscious girl inside, and we laved her face with water from the cool stream that ran through the cavern.

* * * *

"I won't tell you of the anxious time we had of it with the stricken daughter; but she was well nursed and tended by the Indian women, and slowly came back to the world and to health if not to good spirits. Then she begged so piteously to be taken away from the place that had for her such unendurable associations that I gave up all thought of anything except how best and quickest to get her down to the coast. And as Bingham did not care to stay by himself, we gave up the mine to the Indians and soon started off together to get back through Venezuela. Eventually we arrived without mishap at Georgetown, where I placed my charge for awhile in the care of my mother. A few months later we were married and settled down on my father's estate here, where we have lived ever since. But though it is now many years since it happened, neither I nor my wife will ever forget the 'bad quarter of an hour' we passed through while looking on at the grim tragedy enacted before our eyes, chained down as we were and rendered physically helpless by that diabolical bird and the weird spell of its strange song."

PENNY TOYS; AND ALL ABOUT THEM.

By GEORGE A. WADE.

THE PENNY TOY industry may be said roughly to go back to the middle of this century, and to have received its initial impetus just after the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851. But, like most other industries, its sphere has been a gradually widening one, and the penny toy of to-day is very different from the penny toy of fifty years ago.

The centre of the London toy trade is Houndsditch. Here almost every shop deals in penny toys and novelties of some sorts, and the owners' names above the windows — English, German, French, Italian, Greek, Jewish, and Russian — show how cosmopolitan are the trades carried on in this narrow, busy thoroughfare, and how widespread is the desire to supply the English-speaking world—and Continental people, too, for that matter—with the penny toy and its offshoots.

From some of the oldest firms in Houndsditch I learned many curious facts relating to this branch of trade, and some notable proofs of its immensity and far-reaching effects in many ways.

The chief penny toy now most in demand is something of a mechanical kind, either in the shape of a working

model or a puzzle. The old kind of toy, with no movement, but which was simply made to be looked at, is of no use to-day. People want moving engines, steamers, horses, etc., or they want a movable puzzle—such as was the "15" puzzle—



INSIDE A TOY-SHOP AT HOUNSDITCH.

and they want it for the "nimble penny"! Anything that will "perform" or that is "catchy" goes off like wildfire.

Of the most popular penny toys during the last half century more than one dealer gave me full particulars. About 1862 or so there was a tremendous run on penny watches with imitation gold chains! And the manager of a famous firm told me how curiously this came about. It was all due to a woman who stood near the

Mansion House, it seems. This hawker covered a piece of thin board with black velvet, and cutting out holes for the penny watches, placed the latter in them, with the "gold" chains twisted attractively round. Then she called out loudly, "A lovely watch-and-chain for a penny!" People began to buy rapidly, and time after time that day she replenished her stock, and sold out again. Other hawkers learned of it, and within three days this penny watch had become quite a rage all over England! The toy firms were simply "mobbed" for it by the hawkers! One firm alone sold over 5000 gross in three months, and the maker, a Frenchman in Paris, had to put down new machinery, and keep his factory going night and day for four months to supply the demand!

The most popular of all the older class of penny toys was, however, so I was informed, that "joy of our childhood," the penny tin money-box with a bee-hive on it, and those words that charmed us so, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." What lessons we have had preached from that very box by our elders, in "the days of

longago!" Even to-day it has still a sale, and there must be many boxes yet knocking about the country, since Birmingham, their birth-place, still turns them out. Somewhat curious to relate, as a coinci-



THE MOST POPULAR PENNY TOY
EVER SOLD.

dence, the most popular of later penny toys has also been the money-box, this time the penny "red pillar-box," like

those in the streets. Messrs. Wisbey gave it as their opinion that, taken all in all, for steady and large sale for years, this



ONE OF THE OLDEST OF PENNY TOYS.

has been absolutely the most popular penny toy of any ever invented.

An extremely successful toy in bygone days was that which we illustrate here, and which many readers will remember so well—Punch and Judy in a glass case, worked by a little handle at the back. It is, like the money-boxes, an English-made toy, and, in fact, has been made almost entirely by one man and his family for the past thirty or forty years. How many times have we laughed at Toby's immovable grin, at Punch's red nose, at Judy's disappearance into the box below?

At present, as has been said, public taste runs on other lines. The age of penny wooden toys, of india-rubber bladders that blew up and screeched, of penny pot-dolls, has almost passed. The children and "grown-ups," too, want something that attracts them by its movement, or something that puzzles their brains.

There is a fortune now waiting for the man who can invent a puzzle that will take the place which the "15 puzzle"

once had, or the famous "Pigs in Clover." Those were two of the most successful penny toys ever known, and must have made heaps of money.

And, so I was further informed, this is just where the English toy-maker is lacking and the German comes in. The native maker *will* persist in turning out a penny toy that lacks the "one thing needful."

Look at the large engine here shown. It is made in England. But it is the same type of thing that was sold in Houndsditch twenty, thirty years ago. There has not been the slightest improvement in it, either in design, or movement, or finish. The engine above it, on the right, comes from France, and costs also one penny. This, however, is mechanical, and moves by wrapping a string round the top wheel and pulling the string sharply. But the wheels of all French models are poor

and thin, and the whole toys are very fragile. Now look at the third engine,

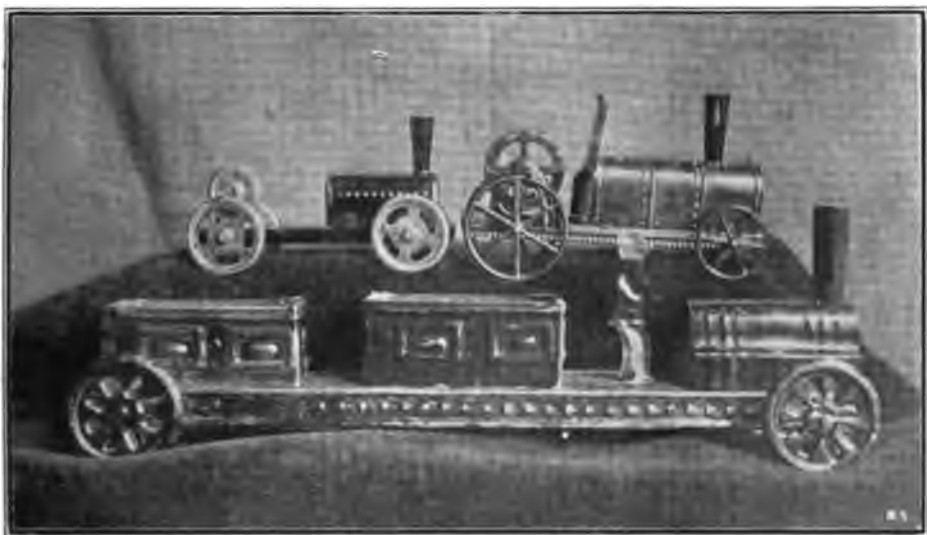
the latest type, a German make. It is based on the French model, but you simply revolve the upper wheel with a sharp twist of your finger and off runs the engine! And this toy is made strong and well finished; there are no parts soldered together, but all are neatly joined by rivets!

Every toy-merchant, of whatever nationality, told me the same tale, almost without variation in its general tenour. They say that the German makes little that is really original. But he keeps his eyes open and sees what is wanted, and then he makes it—

just *as* it is wanted! He takes poor models and makes something a little bit better, a little bit bigger, a trifle more attractive; and he comes along with that and sells it like wildfire, while English



AN OLD SCHOOL-FRIEND OF OURS.
PRICE ONE PENNY.



THREE PENNY ENGINES MADE IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.
Top left-hand is German; top right-hand is French; bottom one is English.

and French makers look on and say that if people don't like their goods—well, they must go without, that's all!

I was shown, too, another neat hit of our German friends. One firm pointed out to me a parcel of toys that had just come in from an English firm of makers, and another that had just come in from Germany—the same kind of toys. The first parcel was simply wrapped round with brown paper and tied up with string; it was lumpy, awkward, and altogether uncouth-looking, whilst the penny engines it contained were all jumbled together anyhow. The German one was nicely packed, every engine laid in perfect order, the whole encased in a strong cardboard-box, then enclosed in brown paper, and neatly tied up. The contrast was extreme, and might be compared to a dinner-table badly set, and one well appointed and dainty. Which is the more likely to attract?

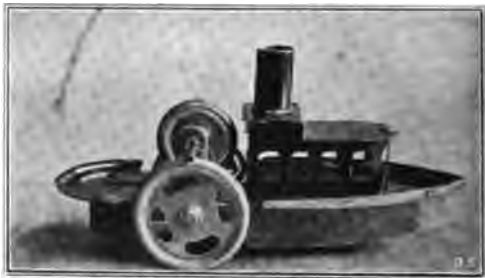
French toys, especially penny ones, are, it seems, not greatly patronised just now,



A FRENCH PENNY TOY.

and the whole French toy trade is certainly at present in a declining state. Large tin animals, such as the donkey here shown, form a great factor among penny toys from

France. But the Parisian toy-maker, like his English brother, cannot, or rather *will* not, oust the German, because he will not make what is *demanded*; he *will* make



THE NEWEST MARVEL IN PENNY TOYS :
A WORKING STEAM-BOAT.

what his father before him, and probably his grandfather before that, made too, and make it in the same way, with the same tools.

Inquiring as to the latest novelties in penny toys, I found that there are three, especially, which are expected to do well—all German, of course! One is a steam-boat which runs along by your just giving the helmsman's wheel a turn with your finger. And I must say that—honour to whom honour is due—it is a marvellous toy for a penny, probably the most perfect in its finish that has yet been put on the market. Another is a penny motor-car, which moves in a similar way; and the third is a marvellous development of the craze for quality and quantity combined, all at one penny.

I took the third one given me and closely examined it. Then I simply marvelled. That for a penny! It was the racing bicyclist, as natural as life; every part, bicycle and man, perfect; in working order, and the toy about five inches high. Surely the acme of penny toys has been reached!

I was informed that that well-known toy, the sailor on the mast, who keeps alternately going up and down, had had in its day an extraordinary sale. So had the well-known "Wheel of Life," which, you will recollect, told you your fortune, after being spun round. The wholesale firms dispose of thousands of dozens of

penny Japanese palm-fans in the summer season, but, of course, there's no call for them in the winter season.

Further inquiry elicited the fact that most toys of to-day, especially the cheap penny ones, are made either in Germany, France, England, or Switzerland. The former country supplies, probably, at least three-sevenths of all toys. Tin (German) toys come from Bavaria; the wooden ones from Saxony. In our country the chief towns producing toys are London, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton. As to the making of penny or other toys by the agricultural peasants of Wiltshire and neighbouring counties, the great toy-dealers simply laugh when you speak of it,

and "wink the other eye."

An interesting Society fad, they regard it as being, managed by ladies who mean well, no doubt. And they think that, ere



A NEST AND THREE EGGS FOR ONE PENNY.

long, it will go the way of most Society fads, and die a natural death.

Most of the penny toys are made in houses, I learned, not in workshops; and the man is often, nay almost always, assisted by his wife and children. In fact, I was told that practically four-fifths of the work in toys was done by boys and girls under sixteen or so. Whole families in Spitalfields work at nothing else, though the pay is most meagre; for what profit can they get after making a dozen engines and selling them to the wholesale merchants for sixpence—finding their own tin, tools, solder, etc.? The hundreds of dozens per week that they must turn out in order to get a bare living is simply appalling!

Yet they not only do it, but some of

them gain a great reputation in their own line. A tragic interest attaches to the whip illustrated. This whip was made



THE PENNY MOTOR-CAR.

by Kate Marshall, the unfortunate woman lately convicted of murdering her own sister during a drunken row in Spitalfields. The Marshall family are the finest makers of whips, especially toy whips, in the world, and have won innumerable prizes for their work, which is well known to all dealers.

About the sellers of penny toys in the streets some strange stories are told. They



HE RUNS!

ONE OF THE BEST PENNYWORTHS EVER MADE.

seem to come rather from a casual class of unfortunates than from any settled



THE CLIMBING
SAILOR.

family calling. They invade the shops of the chief toy-dealers, some of them every morning, to learn if there is "anything new out"; and fortunate is he who first gets a novelty to sell on the streets. During a run on some particular article, it is no uncommon thing for the street-sellers to come to the shop supplying it in such numbers as to require four or five assistants to keep them in order

and due turns, and often it has been found necessary to call in the police for this purpose!

What they earn is also a matter of much variation and uncertainty. Much depends on their individual ability and push as sales-people. I was informed, however, on the very highest authority, that more than one regular street-seller could be pointed out to me who had often made over £20 a week, and that £10 weekly was by no means unusual for many of them to make during a good run of a popular article! Yet, as a class, they are improvident, careless, and idle. It is a case, with most, of "lightly come, lightly go." Many of them will only work on two days, or three at most, a week; they tell those "in the know" that they can easily make enough in

that time to keep them for a week, and that they need no more.

Every merchant I spoke to in my visits to Houndsditch expressed his firm opinion that every penny toy sold in this country could easily be made in England, and



A PENNY MOUSE THAT RUNS.

made better and cheaper than in Germany, if only English makers would apply their minds to the work, and set about it in the right way. One of them gave me an extraordinary instance of the truth of this.

Five years ago, according to his story, every box of soldiers you bought in England was "Made in Germany." As models of our regiments, they were inaccurate and

inferior; and as an Englishman and a toy-dealer, my informant was disgusted with them. So he took a certain toy-maker in hand, and asked him to make the same kind of toy, but accurately painted and modelled, and of good material. It was with great difficulty the maker could be persuaded to try the experiment, as he said he felt sure it would not pay.

However, at last he did try it. Behold the result! You see to-day in every toy-shop boxes of soldiers representing nearly every regiment in the British Army, and every box, almost



A TOY WHIP MADE BY A MURDERER
OF SPITALFIELDS.

without exception, comes from that man's workshop. He can't make them fast

enough to supply the demand. They are works of art in their way, and so thoroughly have they revolutionised the trade in toy-soldiers that I was told it was doubtful if one per cent. of the boxes of soldiers sold in England to-day were German-made. In five years that man has killed the foreign trade in that line—completely killed it! Look how beautiful his toy-soldiers are; how exactly copied from the real thing; how well made and finished! He has made a fortune in five years! And hundreds of our English toy-makers could do the same in other branches.

In connection with the penny toy industry I may mention the fact that there

are many people who make the collection of these curious articles their hobby. One of the most interesting as well as the most

famous of such collections in the London district is that of Mr. H. P. Parrott, of the Alma Tavern, Wandsworth. In the billiard-room of that hostelry Mr. Parrott has had erected a large glass case, which is fixed to the wall, and serves as a receptacle for his collection of penny toys. Each of these is a gift from some traveller or customer who has bought it in the streets of London, and who has made a present of it to

this museum. To each is affixed the date of its reception and the name of the giver, besides any interesting little



PLENTY OF WOOD FOR ONE PENNY!



A CURIOUS MUSEUM OF PENNY TOYS IN WANDSWORTH.

circumstance in connection with its purchase or presentation.

Thus to a curious little black doll is appended a label which tells us that this



A PENNY CANNON.

was given by a certain gentleman who bought it from a hawker, who had got it from the ruins of the big fire at Messrs. Pascal's, off Blackfriars Bridge, in 1897. And we learn that another present (though this was not a *penny* toy) is extremely curious, being a relic of the old style of dentists—nothing less than an ancient “teeth-drawer,” now very scarce. This article, by-the-bye, is the only one in the case which cost more than a penny.

The whole museum at Mr. Parrott's contains over two hundred specimens of the penny-toy variety, of all kinds and sizes. The most noticeable among them are a large tin elephant, of French make, I presume; a very well-made tin ship, with masts; a good imitation fan, an iron spade, a bicycle, and a fire-engine. Special mention should be made of what is considered by the owner to be the gem of his “penny” collection—namely, a dictionary—a perfect little book, whose print you can easily read, in a perfect little case! It is indeed a marvellous pennyworth, though I doubt if it could in strict parlance be classed amongst the “penny toys.”

One article in the case—a wooden acrobat who vaults over a bar—reminds me that I was told in Houndsditch that one of the most striking of “coming” penny toys in the near future would be a similar performer in tin, of which samples had already been received, and whose antics would certainly attract for him a great sale.

Just at the present time, of mechanical figures, the walking dog, which promenades when you press the small india-rubber ball attached to his string, and the strutting Frenchman, who keeps encircling the pavement after being set-off, are in possession of the field. And with them comes the “funny mask,” of india-rubber, which gives a face more or less distorted when you press it with your fingers.

The mask is a penny, the dog and Frenchman cost more. But they all come alike to the street toy-seller, so long as they will sell. The one from whom I purchased the dog told me that he had tried most pitches in London that were worth anything, but that he had found no more lucrative spot than that near the Royal Exchange. According to this philosopher of the gutter, the “blokes of the Stock Exchange,” as he termed them, are often wanting something to amuse them and to pass the time. So they come out and buy toys. And the dog-seller did not forget to add that one of the best points of the Stock Exchange man was that,

whatever the toy he bought was worth, he always paid for it in silver, and “didn't want no change”!

Probably this was a hint to me with regard to the shilling I had given him for

the walking toy-dog. So I left him with it, and walked along Cheapside, musing upon the queer trade done in “penny toys” by so many thousands of people.



A BATH AND BABY FOR A PENNY.

THE BATTLE OF SLIDE MOUNTAIN.

By PHILLIP VERRILL MIGHELS.

"THE Great Spirit tore away the side of the mountain and tumbled it down. Rocks, trees, snow, all—He rolled them down. The dust and mist alone arose. Ko-lu-ho, not a hunter—coyote of men—slew the does in winter at the lake below. The Great Spirit broke the side of the mountain and pushed it down to kill and bury Ko-lu-ho, coyote of men."

Such is the Indian legend of "To-le-no-ah-me," the great "Slide" Mountain of the Eastern Sierra slope. The facet side of the towering peak gleams grey at a distance of forty miles. The pebble that starts at the top has never a root nor branch at which to catch, but rolls at an ever-increasing speed down the smooth declivity, to rest, at last, in crystal depths, into which, near by, the Titan stairs of granite boulders descend, mass on mass. The lake, a drop of dew in the mountain's hand, is deep to-day, despite its gorging when the Great Spirit buried Ko-lu-ho with the whole vast side of To-le-no-ah-me.

The stream that feeds the lake leaps down a wall of fifty feet, and never ceases to roar of its prowess. Alders, manzanita and chincopin bushes, walls of stone and yawning chasms, blockade the only apparent lead to the lake, while the region above, whence comes the stream, haughtily defies approach to its huge-wrought fastness. The water hurries forth from a cave like a dark and guarded sally-port, a counterscarp gallery of gulches and rifts, forbidding and rugged, discourages any who would flank the fort, and the single passage by which ingress is possible is known to few, and is hard to find. And here, where Nature took a deal of pains

to conceal the spot, her barriers are thrown away, for the whole vast slope is all but deserted by the sons of men.

Like a standing army once, the pines and firs loomed boldly erect on the shoulders and ridges of the hills to the right, but the axe did heavy slaughter and inexorable. To-day the shell of a saw-mill, long defunct, leans for support against a rock, like a weak old man on his cane. The engine rusts on its crumbling bed, and where were once the hum of the saw and the din and clatter of industry, are now the buzz of a passing bee and the knock of a yellowhammer digging a hole to catch a gnawing worm.

Above the mill, to which a road was made, the manzanita hides a trail, the red arms of the growth brushing aside to those who know the entrance and inner way. More than twenty-five years ago a burro, stepping mincingly beneath the swaying superstructure of a ponderous pack, came slowly up the road in the dim, translucent light of dawn. He followed a man, who held the rope for leading in a careless hand and walked with his head bent low. They entered the brush where the trail began, proceeding a distance of fifty feet or more. There the man secured the rope, and, returning to the road, smoothed the sand disturbed by his and the animal's feet, thus obliterating the tracks that told where the two had gone.

On the following day appeared, on the top of a ridge above the mill, a singular silhouette against the glimmering disc of the setting sun. After many fantastic contortions it resolved itself into nothing more nor less than the burro, free and unladen. In the wall-girded fastness that Nature has

hidden the man who had led the animal was left alone.

The dusk seemed almost to be made in this retreat, for it crept from caves, from rifts, from places overhung with beetling brows of rock, and slowly, impalpably surrounded, engulfed the trees, the rocks, and the man in sombre shadows. Up above the chiselled peak of To-le-no-ah-me shone in the lingering rays of Sol like a giant crystal of rosy quartz.

The arms of the man were about his knees, and his head fell forward as he sat on a rock, motionless and absorbed in thought. His head was hatless, the ebon growth of hair standing forth in rumpled shocks. Beneath the heavy eyebrows, the black of which was joined to form one straight line across, the eyes were closed, as of one who looks beyond. The lips were drooping, their expression one of hopelessness, underneath the beard of black. At the front the shirt spread open, showing a wedge of neck that was white as a pebble.

The man continued to sit and to gaze far into the darkness, vaguely, till the glow was gone from the peak and the essence of night was thick about him. Behind him in heaps were blankets, boxes, boards, sacks—the load, in fact, that had staggered the burro. Beyond the heaps were great unhewn rocks, piled in walls to form three sides of a hollow square—the rude foundations of a house to be. At length he arose, went to the heap of chattels, lighted a piece of candle, and commenced a search among the numerous articles. In a box which came to his hand he presently discovered an envelope, old, soiled, and open with wear at the edges. In a slender, girlish hand appeared on the face of it, "John Granford, Middlefield, Conn." His face darkened at the sight, and as if he feared that someone might read and know his name, he tore the paper in tiny pieces and scattered them broadcast on the ground. He now uncovered the object sought—a flute, the holes of which were finger-worn and smooth—and proceeded back to his seat. Far into the night the low sobs and wails of the instrument floated weirdly about, as

if they found the cliffs and chasms strange and mocking. From time to time the man held the flute to his breast, crooning and speaking to it of his woes. Sleep overcame him as he sat, the wandering, uncanny noises of the night his only lullaby.

In a week the rugged walls of the house, abutting on the face of the cliff, had met an overhanging slab of rock above—the natural roof already provided. Windows, a door, a bunk, and a chimneyplace were roughly contrived. In the stream, where it loitered through the grass, a weir already held a dozen captive trout. Where the guardian alders ranged their phalanx of branches about the accessible springs, the visiting quail and the grouse found death daily in snares. These, with the trout, were placed in the banks of snow that lay, throughout the centuries, in certain of the chasms to the west, there to freeze and keep for future use.

From wooden pegs that were driven between the rocks that formed the hut hung a dozen "slabs" of bacon, some rough and heavy clothing, and a pair of bags containing beans and flour. A meagre fare Granford provided, but such as it was, eked out with fish and game, he had enough to last for more than a year.

Against the wall, near the head of the bunk, two scraps of paper, side by side, were secured. The one on the left read as follows—

Married.—Middlefield, Conn., June 5, 1869, by the Rev. Robert Nash, John Granford to Catherine Le Mayne, both of Middlefield.

The other clipping came evidently from another publication, and read—

Married.—Springbend, N.J., March 11, 1870. On the above date, Justice of the Peace Hendricks united Mr. Uriah Yeddington and Mrs. Kate Lemain in the holy bonds of matrimony. The *Star* is not acquainted with either of the contracting parties, but it wishes them all happiness and joy in their wedded life.

Religiously on every morning and every night, John Granford stood before the scraps on the wall and read them, holding a candle in his nerveless hand when the darkness had come.

Throughout the long, fine days of summer the stream ran chatting and

gossiping down; the breezes tinkled the leaves of the quaking aspen; the squirrel scolded from the branch of a pine, and the quail whistled blithely across from the ridge. The man, who neither spoke nor heeded, shovelled into a rocker the gravel from the bed of an ancient torrent, dashed it with water, and swayed the mechanism forward and back. Now and then, with an utter indifference, he gathered a spoon-full of gold and thrust it slowly into a buck-skin sack.

When the Fall had come and the winds were blowing prelude-wails to winter, the man put on a coat, and climbing the cliffs by the secret trail, strode over the mountains and down to the valley to a distant Nevada town. There he purchased a burro, and loading him carefully with all that the beast could bear, departed in the night for his cabin of stone. The creature, when its task was done, was led to the distant road at the summit and given the freedom of the whole Sierra.

At the first of the warning flurries of snow Granford brought the fish and game that were cached in the chasm to the hut and buried them anew, conveniently near. Later the storms that came to mass their gleaming drifts in the cove and to veil the sharpness and the modelling of the crags and peaks, found the cabin filled with wood and barricaded in defiance.

The winter wind blew down the cove,

laden often with snow, always with chill, till at last it paused, reversed, and gushing upwards, warm and warmer, brought the spring and summer back again. It seemed to Granford as if the mountain breathed in the cold, bleak air, and breathed it out all tingling warm, and lo! the seasons!



The man, who neither spoke nor heeded, shovelled into a rocker the gravel from the bed of an ancient torrent.

Thus the year and many years went by. The miner washed the pellets of gold from the sand as long as the ground was clear of snow, his flute the only companion of his solitude. To him the seasons fled as day and night. Now and then, on the grey of the granite, below the printed clippings in the cabin, he wrote with a

pencil. Following are some of the sentences—

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad with love."

"A heartless woman, with her wiles, out-devils Satan."

"Gold, with the slightest aid from man, will buy a thousand tons of ill, blight, and misery, to a single ounce of joy."

"The best revenge will preserve its victims in the throes of living when they pray for death."

PART II.

The sun was gilding leaves already golden of the aspen trees, on a clear, "brittle," seeming morning of the Fall. The manzanita bushes along the hidden trail shook their bunches of bright red berries, for the lone and silent miner came slowly striding through them. Beneath his hat a massive mane of iron-grey hair fell to his shoulders and concealed his ears. The joined eyebrows and the beard were still an unalloyed black, and gave a singular look to the bronzed and thought-drawn face. The peculiar expression was heightened by the long moustache that draped the mouth in a spiritless, melancholy manner.

Below the crumbling saw-mill Granford halted at the forking of the road. It was twelve years now since first he had gone to the cove above, and nearly a year since last he had come below to secure supplies. By visiting various towns on his trips, the miner had baffled not only detection in his far retreat, but had even avoided suspicion and notice. He came to a single "store," a stranger, excited no interest nor curiosity, vanished in the night, and was readily forgotten.

On this particular occasion he took the road to the left and descended the mountain. Through a cañon the road led, emerging at last to skirt the foothills where the highlands met the valley. Tucked up close to the rude protection of the slope was a farm, the house of which was hidden in a group of giant pines—the remnant of the former mighty host of trees. One of the meadows of the farm

was back of the house, and was cut by the old-time road.

Granford, issuing from the cañon, entered the field, passed a bunch of willows, and found himself confronted by a little girl. Her face was turned away, and the back of her head was nearly hidden by a sharp, deforming lump on the shoulders. She presently turned about, discovering his presence. Not a word said man or child. Her large, brown, wistful eyes winked slowly—just as if the long black lashes were heavy and weighted down the lids; her delicate mouth hesitated between a smile and an expression of doubt; her dimpled hands, on the ends of arms that seemed unusually long, clasped each other for assurance and grasped a slender rope; and a faint, uncertain tint of pink, like the first suggestion of colour on a ripening berry, played in her cheeks.

"Are you very sad?" she said to the man at last, with an intuition altogether uncanny. "If you are, I'm sorry, for you look very nice."

He started at the sound of her voice, then rubbed his eyes as if to clear away the webs of reverie.

"Why, no—I—what's behind you, Tottie?"

"It's a lamb—my sweetheart," she said. "My name is Hazel, but you may call me Tottie if you want to—I like it." She pulled on the rope in her hand, and an inquisitive creature with its legs spread out in a saw-buck attitude appeared and nestled at her side. "He don't mind my back a bit—and you don't, do you?"

"God bless you, no!" said the miner, and his tone and outburst took himself utterly by surprise.

"You see, we always ought to smile at what we can't help," she continued.

The man was silent, slowly, very slowly nodding his head.

"My mama," the child went rambling on confidingly, "sent me here for my health. She is very beautiful, but she can't bear to see my back—poor mama! I thought I should cry—I did cry, a little, but everything here at Auntie's is so lovely and my lamb is so cunning that I am

happy nearly always. We ought to be happy most, don't you think so?"

"I—suppose we ought." Granford was sitting on a grass-haroured log, gazing vacantly into space. The child came forward, kneeled, and placed a hand on his knee, the lamb meantime concealing itself behind her dress. He stroked her hair as she looked in his face. Theirs was that natural affinity that makes two souls old friends in a moment.

"Suppose," he said in a voice as low and soft as possible, and glancing about to see that no one else was near, "that someone should pet your lamb and make it very fond of him—or her, and say pretty things to it, and then the lamb should love this other person better than you, and the two should run away and leave you all alone." The words came tremulously, and his eyes were bent on hers with longing.

The face of the child was sorrowful, but though she sighed, she smiled. To her it seemed as if the calamity were really come upon her. "It would be very, very sad—but, did you say the lamb really loved the—the new playmate?"

"Yes, really loved—I believe so."

"Well," and she tried to control her trembling lips, "I should try to be glad—I should want the lamb to be happy—for oh, I love it so very dearly. I—I—" Her childish head came down to his knee, and she sobbed convulsively.

"But, Tottie," said the man, as he

stroked the tumbled tresses of red-brown hair, "suppose after a while you got lots of money and could do anything you liked; then perhaps you could make them suffer as you had suffered."

"Oh, no," she sobbed, "that would make me really unhappy—oh, dreadfully



Granford found himself confronted by a little girl.

unhappy! and you and all the people who are nice would hate me." The tears gushed forth anew, shaking the crooked little form as she laboured to hold them back.

"There, there," he crooned, while his arm stole around her and tenderly lifted her up, "the lamb isn't gone—and it never will go—it can't love anyone else in the world as much as it loves you, little

Tottie girl—and here it is, feeling lonesome because it can't find your hand." He brought the struggling animal up and placed it near to Hazel's face. Her arm stole about its neck, she bravely stifled her weeping, dried her eyes on the wool of her pet, and smiled as sweetly as smiles the sun when showerful clouds that have long obscured its face are drifting away.

Slowly Granford got to his feet. "I must go," he said, faintly smiling; "will you walk as far as the other side of the meadow?"

"Yes, we will, won't we, dearie?" replied the child, addressing the lamb. She placed her hand in that of the man, and they tripped through the browning grass together.

"Good-bye," said the miner, when they reached the other side. "Do you often play in the meadow?"

"Oh, yes; it's my fav'rite place Good-bye. I'm very glad you don't mind my back."

"I don't—God bless you!—I don't Good-bye." He strode away rapidly. At the bend of the road he looked back through a vista of willows and aspens, from which the leaves were fluttering like butterflies. She was standing still, her head nearly buried in the humped-up shoulders, the lamb limply hanging beneath an arm. The slanting sunshine burnished her hair till it looked like an oreole. He lifted his hat, and she tossed him a baby's kiss.

As he led his laden burro toward the cañon that night, he paused in the meadow, sat long on the log again, and murmured many things over and over again to himself.

An early winter came that year, but the cabin in the cove had never seemed so warm and cheerful. When the spring came Granford toiled with a will at his washing for gold. But the early summer found him restless. He longed to run away, and go again down the mountain. However, no supplies were needed, and he had no excuses for so doing. Finally confessing the truth to himself, he left his place and hurried

away, pausing only when he came to the edge of the meadow.

He saw the child playing near the house, but he knew not what to do. To approach the place he thought impossible. Sitting again on the log, he whistled the call of the mountain quail. At the third repetition he saw that Hazel looked about; at the fourth she grabbed the rope that was tied to the lamb—now grown considerably and sure on its feet—and came straight up through the grass.

The meeting was a happy one; but the child was shyer now, until the miner's gentle, half-sad way had won her back to his side. She flushed with pleasure as, standing near, she leaned against him, gaily talking, and lost her hand in his whitening hair.

"Where does mamma live?" he asked, at the end of half an hour of pleasant conversation.

"Oh, way back East—New Jersey—she and papa. Do you know about the East?"

"Something," he answered, looking abruptly away. "And, why—you have never told me your other name. Hazel what?"

"Hazel Yeddington. Why, I thought I told you before— isn't that funny?"

A jerk, as if his every thew had suddenly tightened, went through the form of Granford. The colour faded from beneath the bronze of his features. With a fearful effort he mastered his actions, but his hand dropped slowly from the shoulder of the child. "And—what—does—your—papa—call—your mamma?" he stammered.

"Oh, he calls her dearest, sometimes, and just Kate, sometimes. It's a real pretty name, I think. His name's Uriah, and I don't really like it, though I've tried very often."

The miner stood up. "I must hurry to-day," he said in a husky voice.

"You—why—what is the matter?" cried Hazel in alarm.

"Nothing—only—I—I forgot—something. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she answered, gazing wistfully after him. "I am very, very sorry."

He hurried, almost ran away, toward the mountain cañon. At last he stopped and turned again to look upon the crippled child. Her little hands were clasped together, and her cheek was laid against them—a gesture of despair that belongs to women grown.

"His child! Oh, my God!" said the

over the mountain. Already the carpet of the meadow assumed a greenish tint; and on the willows adventurous leaves were vying with the swelling "pussy" buds.

It seemed to the miner as if he still should find the child standing yearningly there in the grass. His heart was heavy



He knelt there, regardless, oblivious of the presence of anyone.

man, and he plunged blindly into the darkening ravine.

A silent battle of giant forces waged throughout the summer and winter in the hidden cove. Capitulation had never a place, and quarter was scorned. The spring came suddenly, and with a balmy wind that seemed to sear the snow from cañon, peak, and valley. Torrents of water ran amuck, scarred the slopes and toppled rocks and trees from ancient footholds.

Then came the victory. The man followed the example of the freshets at the first opportunity, and hurried down

as he scanned the field and no little Hazel appeared. The call of the quail that he whistled from the willows hour after hour till the day was gone brought no response. Dispirited and weary, he made him a bed in a near-by clump of scrub timber, and worried through the long and chilling night.

From dawn till noon next day he whistled, but the quail on the hill alone replied. In the end the forces that had won the victory in the long warfare commanded, and he went to the door of the house.

"Yes," said a woman, whose face was



The man in silence lifted handful after handful till none remained of the gleaming jewel flakes and nuggets.

red with weeping, "little Hazel is home." She then explained, in a speech broken often by tears, that the child, attempting to reach her lamb, as it floated hopelessly by in one of the many torrents that the spring had brought, was carried down in the stream and rolled beneath a boulder that the waters had torn from the side of the gulch above.

The red-brown hair was afloat on the pillow—a matchless frame for the oval face and its lustrous wide-open eyes—when Granford entered the room. A wan smile, more like the sunset's lingering glow than dawn's increasing light, played sweetly over the childish countenance as the miner came to her side. He knelt there, regardless, oblivious of the presence of anyone, pouring out a murmured appeal to the little one to live. Gold, comfort, joy—everything, he offered for a rally back to life.

She seemed not at all to hear. Only a great, ineffable happiness illumined her face as her tender, shadowy hand clasped his rough and rugged fingers.

"I knew you would come; I knew you didn't mind my back," she whispered.

* * * *

The last of the sun's lavish gilding was dimming on the peak of To-le-no-ah-me, and the mystic night was gathering force in the caves and chasms of the hidden cove. Up the long slope of Slide Mountain laboured the miner. His hair, that once stood forth in shocks of black, was now a silvery white. His head was bowed, but in his eyes there burned a light of inspiration mingled with the wild gleam of the devotee.

Beneath a heavy bag he staggered a little, yet he bore it upward without a pause. It held a fortune—the hoarded golden gleanings from the gravel—the treasure of nearly fourteen years of toil and hardship.

Placing the bag on a granite pile, the man in silence lifted handful after handful till none remained of the gleaming jewel flakes and nuggets, and scattered them calmly, sadly, far and wide down the swift-descending slide of To-le-no-ah-me.



A SPA IN SHAKSPERE'S COUNTRY.

ROUND AND ABOUT LEAMINGTON.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

Illustrated from Photographs by Graham, Leamington.

ON the outskirts of Leamington, in the little suburb of Lillington, there is an old oak-tree, big in trunk and with spreading branches, which generally obtains the respectful attention of cyclists and ramblers who pass that way.



ROUND TREE, CENTRE OF ENGLAND.

It is enclosed by iron railings, and, according to tradition, it marks the centre of England. The geographical exactitude of this assertion is not unquestioned; there is, in fact, another old oak-tree on the Warwick side of Leamington whose claims to the same distinction have obtained many adherents in recent years. Whichever be the true landmark, the fact remains that in visiting Leamington one goes to England's heart, and finds around the town, as a happy piece of natural harmony, a dozen square miles of country, attractive alike for its

typical English scenery and its memorable association with our national history.

It is as a health resort simply that most people, I suppose, visit the pleasant leafy town, which, in the first year of the Queen's reign, when it was still in its childhood,

christened itself "Royal Leamington Spa," with the personal approval of her Majesty. But in whatever way acquaintance is made with Leamington, it must soon impress itself upon our minds not only as "the centre of England," but also as the most convenient starting-point for the Shakspeare country, the Warwickshire which recalls most vividly in this Victorian era "the spacious times of Elizabeth."

It was to take its healing waters and breathe its salubrious air that Ruskin spent a month or two in Leamington, thereby renewing a life, it is said, which

was in danger of premature ending. But in reference to this visit, it is recorded in "Præterita" that "Once out of sight of . . . the Pump-room and the Parade, the space of surrounding Warwickshire was exceedingly impressive to me, in its English way. Warwick towers in sight over the near tree-tops; Kenilworth within an afternoon's walk; Stratford to be reached within an hour's drive with a trotting pony; and round them, as far as eye could reach, a space of perfect England, not hill and dale that might be anywhere, but hill and flat, through which

the streams linger, and where the canals wind without lock."

Leamington itself is, of course, quite a modern town, although in comparison with the newness of some present-day holiday resorts its aspect has rather a mellow age. But with its modernity, Leamington has broad streets and leafy avenues, excellent sanitation, well-appointed hotels, spacious residences, many sources of entertainment, and other features of contemporary civilisation that

Twin towns as they are, Leamington and Warwick, for instance, afford a curious study in contrast. In their main thoroughfare they almost touch hands, but there appears to be absolutely no other point of contact between them. The stranger may scarcely know where he crosses the municipal boundary, but once he is well in Warwick it almost seems as though he had left the nineteenth century for the sixteenth century. Instead of tall stucco buildings in dignified regularity,



LEAMINGTON TOWN HALL.

will enable most people, in their place of sojourn, to appreciate and enjoy all the more heartily those survivals of the historic past to which Ruskin refers. Even the few unaffected by such utilitarian considerations will probably care to have their sense of contrast stimulated by that of Leamington—as pleasing a nineteenth-century town as would be found in a day's travelling—and its neighbours in their reflection of the more glorious side of mediæval life.

he sees gabled roofs and dormer windows that sometimes show a most picturesque disregard for the "building line." In Leamington he has felt the impulse of an active, although by no means restless, community; in Warwick he quickly surrenders himself to an atmosphere of dreamy quietude. The busy shops of the Parade, with their fine plate-glass fronts, have given place to the sedate establishments of Jury Street, with narrow-paned windows and doors that are opened—if

they ever are opened—by lifting the latch. In the narrow side streets there is an even more wonderful stillness. In one of these whose name I have forgotten—it is an almost perfect example of Elizabethan domestic architecture, and makes an enchanting picture—a Leamingtonian who had frequently passed through it solemnly assured me that not once had it ever given sign of life. He had never seen a single human being in or about one of the houses—no, not even a dog or a cat!

What a different sort of day one spends in Leamington and Warwick!—looking back upon them from a Londoner's point of view, I am not sure which was the more enjoyable. First a visit to the Pump-room, where, after a glance at the morning papers, a little water is to be taken—for Timothy's sake—or where one enjoys a plunge in the fine swimming-bath, unless doctors have prescribed one or other of the many hygienic baths with which the establishment has been lavishly equipped by the Leamington Corporation. After what, in either case, will prove a refreshing and invigorating ablution, a turn in the adjoining Pump-room Gardens, where a good band is discoursing, and then home to lunch. In the afternoon one has to choose between a game of tennis or of golf—there are two or three links close at hand—and a "spin" on the narrow but pretty river Leam. In the evening an *al fresco* concert, carried out with something of the Continental brightness and *élan*, most surely takes one to the beautiful gardens, right in the middle of the town, which Leamington has well named in honour of its great medical benefactor, Dr. Jephson.

Cousin Feenix, in "Dombey and Son," it may be remembered, had been to Warwick Castle fifty times if he had been there once, yet, according to Mrs. Skewton, "if he came to Leamington to-morrow he would make his fifty-second visit next day." On reaching Warwick it is inevitable that your steps should first turn to this fine old edifice, perhaps the most perfect survival of its kind in England. A morning quickly goes there—a glimpse of the interior, with its relics and treasures, and a stroll through

the extensive grounds, with a glance at the famous Greek Vase and a brief enjoyment of the many picturesque views of the Avon and its much-photographed old bridge. Warwick Castle is worth a long journey to see, and it is not surprising that the shillings charged for admission mount up in the course of the year to a sum which largely helps to maintain Lord and Lady Warwick's historic residence.

After the castle, the church. As a whole, it is much more modern, the ancient fabric being almost entirely destroyed by fire in Queen Anne's reign. You time your visit to hear the peal of bells in the tower of St. Mary's, which is a kind of calendar for the Warwick people, enabling them to tell the day of the week by the tune which is played, its *répertoire* extending from "The Easter Hymn" on Sundays to "Warwickshire Lads and Lasses" on Saturdays. The Beauchamp Chapel, which the fire fortunately spared, containing tombs of the Leicesters and the Warwicks, attracts students of architecture again and again, I suppose. But even those of us who cannot fully realise its almost unique value as a specimen of the Gothic feel that it is "a poem in stone" which would be enjoyed even more on a second reading.

In a similar way Lord Leicester's Hospital, where one can very well chat till dusk with the old brethren, makes a strong impression upon one's mind, not merely because it is such a picturesque, half-timbered building, a monument of at least one good deed in the life of Robert Dudley, Queen Elizabeth's favourite. In the atmosphere of this old charitable institution, with all its surroundings in harmony with the sixteenth century, many people linger long, almost lovingly, so pleasant is the sense of escape from the commonplace bustle of their lives. Castle, church, and hospital together fill up the day with a fascinating interest such as is to be found in only one or two of our ancient cities, like Oxford and Chester.

Next day, the dozen miles drive from Leamington to Stratford—there is a daily service of four-horse coaches in the

summer months. I can conceive no pleasanter way of approaching the hallowed spot than by this long, gently undulating avenue—a typical Warwickshire highway in its agreeable shade and smooth, well-kept surface, affording one or two panoramic views, at openings in the trees, of the meadows and uplands from which Shakspeare derived his first and strongest impressions of natural beauty. It is a matter for some regret that no such

you must be an enthusiast indeed, with infinite time and patience, to see all that is to be seen there in honour of the Immortal Bard. Hours can be spent at the birthplace; for after you have looked at the old timbers, the cosy chimney-corner, etc., and scrutinised some of the famous names amidst the myriads inscribed by inconsiderate hero-worshippers in the little room where it is believed Shakspeare first saw the light — after this, there



STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH.

view is to be obtained of Stratford itself, with the "classic Avon," the picturesque church, and other impressive features in the picture. As it is, one is almost taken by surprise in finding oneself actually in the streets of the world-famous little town.

On making one's first pilgrimage to-day, it is difficult to realise that until about the middle of the century the matchless renown attached to Shakspeare's native town was practically ignored by the nation, which for many years allowed his birthplace to be used for the trade of a butcher. To-day

is quite a museum of Shakspearean relics and curios to claim your attention. Another museum, by the way, awaits one in the Memorial Building, together with the picture gallery and theatre. The birthplace and the memorial are, I believe, under the control of different trust committees, which may explain why documents, prints, and miscellaneous souvenirs closely relating to each other should be divided into two collections.

In the case of the church, of course, the glorification of Stratford has proceeded

far enough to provoke protest. It may be that as the result of thirty years' restoration, with "American windows," "actors' windows," and so on, very little of its original simplicity remains. But it is in human nature to decorate a shrine, and there is nothing offensive to good taste in the stained glass and carved wood which give the church somewhat the aspect of a cathedral. The plain gravestone has not been tampered with, and if the avenue of limes was planted long after Shakspeare's death, on a summer day it forms an undeniably beautiful entrance to the church.

The spirit which has led to the lavish adornment of the church is, after all, much the same as that which produced Lord Ronald Gower's group of statuary in the Bancroft Gardens, adjoining the Memorial

agreeably contrasts, at any rate, with that shown by the Rev. Francis Gastrell in the last century in pulling down New Place because, as its owner, he considered himself unfairly assessed by the Corporation. As Shakspeare's indubitable residence in his prosperous days, New Place would have been scarcely less interesting than the humble dwelling-house in Henley Street. As it is, we have to be content with the garden which has been laid out on the site, although this is not so noteworthy as that which adjoins the birth-place, wherein is now to be found a specimen of every plant and tree mentioned by Shakspeare.

Anne Hathaway's Cottage, on the other hand, in the hamlet of Shottery, although interesting enough as a well-preserved example of the Elizabethan farmhouse,



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Building, and still more recently caused Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to present the ornate fountain and clock-tower in the market-place. This spirit

has only a doubtful claim to be included in the pilgrimage, considering the probability that it was never the home of the young lady who became Mrs. Shakspeare.

In the same negative way, I suppose, we must regard Charlecote Park, which can be seen on the drive back to Leamington (by an alternative route), as the place where Shakspeare did *not* steal the deer. The fine old mansion remains practically

can be made to one or the other. Scott's history, in immuring Amy Robsart at Kenilworth Castle, cannot be defended, I suppose, but when on the spot I readily forgive the injustice the novelist probably did to the memory of Leicester in



STONELEIGH ABBEY.

the same as in the poet's time, and the park contains plenty of deer, whatever was the case then. Only an external view can now be obtained, I found, of either house or park, the house having recently been let by the Lucy family to an American, who has withdrawn from the public the privilege they readily granted. In returning this way to Leamington, it may be noted, you pass through the pretty village of Barford, wherein is to be seen the modest little home of Mr. Joseph Arch, M.P. The whole of this drive through Tiddington, Charlecote, Hampton Lucy, and Barford to Warwick and Leamington has pleasing bits of characteristic English scenery, the silvery Avon being crossed two or three times, and frequently coming into view through the trees.

Kenilworth, Stoneleigh Park, and Guy's Cliffe are all on the other side of Leamington. Driving along the leafy highways or wandering along secluded footpaths, a series of delightful afternoon excursions

consideration of his having thrown the halo of romance over so charming a ruin. The long straggling village, with which modern enterprise had so little interfered that even its ford has still to be crossed, is in excellent keeping with the crumbling, ivy-covered walls, amid which, with a little recollection of Sir Walter's pages, it is not very difficult to imagine the scenes of revelry at which Lord Leicester entertained his Queen. The deeds of "derring-do" associated with the name of Guy, Earl of Warwick, obviously belong to legend, not history; but the beauty of the ancestral seat, which takes its name from Guy, with the picturesque water-mill, which artists from David Cox downwards have so dearly loved to paint, will fascinate a visitor who remembers little or nothing of these apocryphal anecdotes. Stoneleigh Abbey, on the other hand, is a frankly modern building, but the park, which Lord Leigh freely throws open, has a well-merited reputation for its oaks and its rhododendrons.



SONNET. THE LADY & DEATH

*I*N happy dreams my Lady by me walketh;
With holy thoughts her brows are
circled round,
And all of me is raptured with the sound
Of their sweet utterance, when to me she talketh.

But ever close behind is One, who stalketh
With sullen eyes down-turned upon the ground,
And holdeth in his hand a dart, to wound
The lovely life of her who by me walketh.

O jealous shadow! haunting all my dreaming
Of one who nevermore may wander by me,
A double anguish to my waking giving;
Why, when I stretch my hand to hold thy
seeming,

Wilt thou, O coward Death! forever fly me,
And leave me all alone—yet, lonely, living?

MABEL HART.



THE RAID ON THE "MILWAUKEE."

By HERBERT W. TOMPKINS.

I.

I SOMETIMES spend an hour on the Custom House Quay in the City of London. 'Tis a happy hunting-ground for such a one as the writer, who is wont to repair to such spots in search of "copy." There you may notice certain youths of the baser sort who venture—surreptitiously, for fear of the police—down to the adjacent "beach," where they covenant solemnly with the old waterman to allow them to row his crazy craft across towards Cotton's or Chamberlain's wharves, or down the river past Brewer's Quay and back again for one penny per "man."

There, too, you may observe many species of that long-suffering genera, the City clerk. For thither he strolls at mid-day, and casting aside the conventionalities of Mark and Mincing Lanes, indulges in the luxury of a pipe. You may see them loitering in groups, all sorts and conditions of men, discussing the rig of the Dutch eel-boats moored in mid-stream or watching the steamers discharge cargo on the farther quay. But there is another reason, a very potent one with some of us, why you should visit the Custom House Quay from time to time. It is a rare haunt of such as have seen the great world and can spin you a yarn worthy of attention.

One day last summer I got into conversation with the strangest old rascal I have ever met. Nothing whatever in his appearance calls for remark, but his experiences, according to his own testimony, were such as to stagger belief. He was educated in a Roman Catholic school near Killarney, and went several voyages to the East Indies and the Cape while still

young. He was in Australia in the thick of the great gold rush in '51, and had spent some months on the Gold Coast of Africa. Latterly his adventures had for the most part been played out in the States.

Now, among the many stories that he told—and told well—I don't think I remember one more remarkable than his story of an adventure, in which he played a prominent part, in Milwaukee, in the year 1876. My shorthand notes run as follows—

"In the spring of 1876 I left Liverpool for New York on board the *Tasmanian King*. There were four of us fellows in the same swim, and pretty adventurous fellows we were. We had worked together in a broker's office in Harp Lane, E.C., for about two months. Some time before we had become acquainted rather strangely in a small pub in Queen Street, Poplar. There had been a trifling scrap-up between two Wapping wharf-porters just outside, and we had gone to the door to watch how the pair handled their maulers. After the police—who had watched the two first rounds at a safe distance—had dispersed the crowd, we fell to discussing the merits of the combat, and became pals in no time. While smoking and chatting in that pub I learnt where the three of them slaved by day and where they hung out at night. There was a vacant stool in their office. They gave me the tip, and I got the job; and we four slaved elbow to elbow for about two months, as I have said.

"Now it don't concern anybody to know why we four gave notice, all on the same day, to quit the service of Herren Arbeit und Sohn, why, one evening some weeks afterwards, we left St. Pancras together by

the 6.48 express, or why we were booked for New York by the *Tasmanian King*. But it does concern you to know that we meant to make things hum a trifle wherever we

this may be the case I can't say; but from the moment when we first found ourselves in New York I reckon the devil interested himself pretty much with our affairs—in

fact, I'm not sure he didn't manage everything for us right off the reel, from start to finish. Now the biggest bit of business carried through by us four in the States, which filled our pockets with dollars and the newspapers with blazers, was an affair in the 'lifting line,' which I think you will admit we managed very neatly.

"One evening, soon after we landed, we ran right against a man I had known in Portsmouth when I first went to sea. He was about the freest man with his coin the world ever let live. It was a lucky day for us when we came across him, as you shall hear. He kept a small hotel down in Cincinnati. Of course we took care he should take us for very deserving chaps, who had emigrated in order to get on in life.



It is a rare haunt of such as have seen the great world and can spin you a yarn worthy of attention.

went, and that when we left Liverpool on that spring day in 1876, we had twenty sovereigns between us to call our own. Long before we sighted Sandy Hook we'd quite tumbled to it that we had to acquire dollars soon after landing, by fair means or foul.

"We've all been told by the parson that when we are tight-pinched for coin the devil's sure to be close handy. How often

We had dinner together in Goldbeater's Avenue. He quite took to us; and I'm blest if he didn't invite all four to his show in Cincinnati, saying he could accommodate us comfortably till something turned up!

"When that chap invited us down to Cincinnati he did a bad bit of business for himself and a worse one for his father. The old man had come out to the States

seven years before his son, and had bought a bit of land and built a tidy large hotel in Milwaukee at a time when Milwaukee was a sight smaller than it is now. While we were eating our friend's victuals in Cincinnati and doing the polite to his three fine daughters, he would yarn by the hour about what a fine place his father owned, and what a pile he must be raking together up there now the city was getting such a size.

"Well, we listened to his silly brag for some days, while we were living on him in fine style, and presently we took it into our heads to interest ourselves personally in the success of the old chap at the hotel in Milwaukee.

"One morning early, as we sat in the Cincinnati Commercial Hotel, a queer-looking man, yellow as a guinea, walked into the room. He looked a bit knocked up, but he soon found his tongue—too soon if only he'd known it.

"Jimmy," he says to our host, 'I've come back, as you can see. What's more, I've come to stop.'

"The devil you have,' says Jimmy. 'Why in the name of thunder can't you keep a good crib when you've found one, or, rather, when somebody has found one for you? Samuel, you're a fool.'

"You needn't let on in that fashion,' said Samuel, biting the end off a cigar as he spoke. 'Don't you get excited or wound up, Jimmy, because if you do I suspicion you'll just run on and on and on like the Mississipp. I've cleared clean

out from the "Milwaukee," as your respected father calls his hotel, for two first-class reasons. First, the pay is small; second, the work is hard.'

"Is the "Milwaukee" full up, then, Samuel?'

"There's a dernition crowd up there just now. There's a new company bossed by Percy W. Patterson, late of Chattanooga, State of Tennessee, U.S.A. That little group figures very fine in the old man's books, for all the flotation swells are hanging out at the "Milwaukee," and the dollars subscribed to date are there



A queer-looking man, yellow as a guinea, walked into the room.

too. It's all in hard metal, the whole pile, for the directors won't accept paper as a legal tender in such an exceptional and slap-up concern; so you may guess

it's mostly locals who have had a cut in so far.'

"So things smoke a trifle at the 'Milwaukee'?"

"Well, I should say they do. You bet I kept my eyes open when I knew what was eventuating, and just froze hard to that part of the premises where the dollar-counting was going forward. If there is a cent less than fifteen thousand dollars in that locality, under the especial supervision of Percy W. Patterson, late of Chattanooga, State of Tennessee, U.S.A., my name ain't Samuel Jordon, and I didn't first see daylight down in New Orleans.'

"What's the company called?" asked Jimmy.

"I've got a prospectus in my pocket. You keep quiet for half a minute while I read it out, and you'll know as much about it as I do—a darned sight more, mayhap, for companies don't lie in my groove. It's called 'The Wisconsin Ironware Manufacturing and Exportation Company, Limited. . . . Capital, three million dollars . . . with extensive premises for plant and storage on the Black River and down the Chippewa, and branch offices in Springfield, St. Louis, Pittsburg, and Lowell. . . . Head office, 217, Speculator's Avenue, New York.'"

"Sounds quite pretty," says Jimmy.

"Dernition fine," answered Samuel in a drawling voice. 'There's a whole crowd of guinea-pig signatures attached, after all the palaver I've read out, but as they don't emanate from any of your acquaintances I guess they can dispense with your attention. What shall I invest in your name?'

"Not a red cent.'

"Very well," says Samuel, standing up and stretching himself at the window, and pretending to be mighty put out. 'You might, anyway, take a few "Preferreds" for the girls, in case the old man fizzles out before he's had time to remember them in his will. Morning, Jimmy!'

"With that Samuel goes to the door, kisses his hand to the ladies, and walks off down the street with a little cloud of tobacco hanging over his head in the still morning air.

"Now, all the while this little dialogue was going forward, we four kept our ears open to some purpose, I can assure you, and as soon as we could manage it, took a stroll to talk things over. As luck would have it, while we were drinking and putting our heads together in a queer boozing-shop standing back from the road as you go from Cincinnati to Dayton, we got talking with a big red-headed chap who had more of the devil in him than any man I've ever known. After much talk and very much drink, we arranged a little plan, neat as nuggets, for relieving that company with the long name of its entire stock of dollars. We had a tidy wrangle as to how we'd manage it, but we fixed it all up fair and square before parting. The next week there was a lively game played in Milwaukee and down in Cincinnati, as you shall hear."

II.

"On June 27, 1876, Mr. Percy W. Patterson, late of Chattanooga, State of Tennessee, U.S.A., sat in the open window smoking a cheroot, in the smoking-room of the 'Milwaukee.' It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and a very fine evening it was, too, so fine that as Mr. Percy W. Patterson, from his window at the bottom of Oregon Street, looked away across the Milwaukee River, he was evidently quite charmed with the look of things in general, and felt, I will answer for it, still more charmed when he thought of the dollars, counted out in hundreds and tied in small canvas bags, which lay upstairs in the 'Committee-room.' It occurred to him, while sitting at that window, as I heard afterwards, that it was about time some of those dollars were moved elsewhere. Now these dollars *were* moved that same evening, only not quite in the way he could have wished.

"Now, Sir, as you will suppose, we four, and our friend the red-headed man, had made it our business during the last day or two to become very intimate with the lay of the 'Milwaukee.' So about ten o'clock on that evening, June 27, 1876, I walked up the steps bold as brass, and put

my head into the door of the smoking-room.

"'Friends,' I said, throwing in all the Yankee I could manage, 'I guess the most first-class fire that ever blazed in Milwaukee is now on show. Sanderson's great blocks of packing-case warehouses, between East Water Street and the Broadway, are all ablaze, and if old Solomon Juneau was to rise from his grave to-night, I calculate he'd have a fit.'

"They all ran to the window. Sure enough, away beyond the bend in the Milwaukee River, and to the left of Lake Michigan, great clouds of smoke were rolling and spreading before what little wind there was, and every now and then an extra flare and a sort of rocket-display told how another floor had fallen in. I don't say the red-headed chap could have told you how that fire started, I don't say he couldn't; but I do say it happened at a very convenient time for some folks.

"Well, if you've ever watched the rats drop out of a hayrick one after the other when the ferrets are inside, you'll have a pretty clear notion of the way the folks dropped out of the 'Milwaukee' to make for the scene of that fire. In two minutes the coast was clear, for nobody was left in that hotel except two old ladies, who I locked in their room as my mates were coming up the stairs, and the boss, Josiah Turner, who ran into me as I turned round, so I had to pitch him down a few steps just to keep him quiet.

"We boarded that committee-room before you could wink. There lay all the

dollars, neat and comfortable, all counted, bagged, and ready for us just as we knew they would be, for what we hadn't found out concerning the shape of things up at the 'Milwaukee' wasn't worth knowing. P'raps you'll think I'm lying, Sir, but, sure as I'm here now, there was no safe or strong-box of any sort in that room, but the whole bloomin' pile had been locked up in an ordinary chest of drawers.



"I guess the most first-class fire that ever blazed in Milwaukee is now on show."

How long it took us to force those locks you can guess.

"Billy Styles, about the cutest of us four chaps, ran to the window and looked up and down the street.

"'Snakes alive!' he called out, 'everything's working for us sorter providential. There ain't a man, nor a woman neither, in sight. I reckon all the world and his wife are watching that bonfire yonder.'

"'If you'd come away from the window and lend a hand,' I says, 'you'd show

your sense. Quick's the word, or we'll spoil the job yet.'

"We slung those bags into a sack (or, rather, three sacks, one in the other, dollars being heavy) pretty fast, I can tell you. Now there was a passage round the side of the 'Milwaukee' leading to a sort of pleasure-garden at the back. When we'd finished loading up, we all collared that sack, and opening a window in another room, dropped it on to the ground below. And now two things happened, very curious in their way. One we expected, the other we didn't.

"First, just as we dropped that precious sack out of the window, our friend the red-headed chap came down the street at a snail's pace, driving a small van loaded to the top with grain-husk, like you've seen carted from breweries in this country. We passed the sign to let him know we'd seen him, and he pulled quietly over to the hotel side of the road, and stopped about fifty yards from the door.

"Second, just as we were walking downstairs, looking as if we'd bossed the whole concern since it was first a hotel, Mr. Percy W. Patterson, fairly blown with running, cannoned clean into the middle of us. Now we could very well manage without his help just then, so Billy landed him one fair between his optics. But in doing this Master Billy fairly lost his balance, and the pair of them rolled over and over downstairs. It was very amusing to look at, but we had no time to spare, so I fetched Patterson a crack on the head with a stick, which, as it turned out, he didn't get over for an hour or two.

"Well, Billy scrambled up, cursing Patterson and the dollars too. We ran round and fetched that sack, and in very little longer than it takes me to tell the story, we had it buried in that vanload of husks. As you must know from what I've told you, it was just dark enough to suit us while this little job was going forward. I don't *know*, of course, but from the way matters went afterwards, I reckon nobody whatever, except Patterson, Josiah Turner, and those two old ladies, clapped eyes on us while we were busy lifting those dollars.

So you see it's very handy, at times, to have a big fire in your neighbourhood, and very handy, too, to have a chap who you can depend on to lend a hand come round the corner accidental-like just at the very moment when you're longing for a sight of his countenance."

III.

"We each had one hundred dollars in our pockets. We each cleared out of Milwaukee by different roads, and made tracks for the Cincinnati Commercial Hotel. But I ought to mention one rather important fact. Our good friend down there didn't know it was arranged for him to shelter us after we'd lifted the spoil, or he would have objected beforehand.

"Now I must tell you, although it's likely you know it already, that from Cincinnati to Milwaukee, in as straight a line as you can go, slap through Chicago, is something more than three hundred miles. So you may take your oath that if we'd tried getting that van-load of husks and something else to Cincinnati, we should have spoilt the whole job. We didn't try any game of that sort. Woodward, for that was the driver's name, had promised to make for his brother's farm, near Davenport, on the Mississippi, where he reckoned he could store the coin safe and comfortable, no questions asked, and we could fetch it away bit by bit. He did manage it, too. *How* he managed it I don't know.

"As it turned out, Samuel had enlarged more than a trifle when he talked about 'fifteen thousand dollars.' Nine thousand three hundred there were, all told; so we had a nice sum to divide after paying Woodward two thousand dollars, as agreed. I wondered at the time he didn't stick to the whole swag. I suppose he guessed, if he had tried any game, we should put lead into his carcase.

"I was the first to reach Cincinnati. Billy and another came in next day. The fourth, Jack Crawford, we never clapped eyes on again.

"You should have seen Jimmy Turner's face when I told him, with a revolver in

my hand, how we'd lifted that coin from the 'Milwaukee.' As it wasn't his father's money, I didn't see why he should put himself out over the job. But he *did* put himself out. He was fairly flabbergasted—laid on his beam-ends. I took no notice of his tantrums, but asked his particular attention to three things. First, I meant to stop where I was as long as I chose, paying his usual charges for what I had. Second, if he ever let on, by so much as a hint, about what had 'eventuated,' as he called it, I would shoot him sure as his name was James Turner. Third, I meant to marry his youngest daughter, Bertha, if she'd have me, with or without his consent. He agreed to all three, for he couldn't help himself, and Bertha agreed to the last, because she liked me as much as I liked her. We were married next month, and if you care to walk over with me to No. 14, Selby Street, Battersea, I'll introduce you.

"Sir, I've done. I'm not going to tell you, for you can guess for yourself, what a row that company at Milwaukee kicked up when they found the whole store of dollars had vamoosed. That row lasted a tidy time, I can tell you, and I saw it referred to at a fair length in a Yankee newspaper more than ten years after that evening when the fire broke out at Sander-son's packing-case warehouses. Mr. Percy W. Patterson, late of Chattanooga,

State of Tennessee, U.S.A., blew his brains out the day after he cannoned into us on the staircase of the 'Milwaukee,' and I reckon that chap's decease and the loss of the dollars just about put the finishing stroke to the Wisconsin Iron-ware Manufacturing and Exportation Co.,



"You should have seen Jimmy Turner's face when I told him, with a revolver in my hand, how we'd lifted that coin from the 'Milwaukee.'"

Limited. . . Capital three million dollars. . . with extensive premises for plant and storage on the Black River and down the Chippewa, and branch offices in Springfield, St. Louis, Pittsburg, and Lowell. Head office, 217, Speculator's Avenue, New York."

FLASHES FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

DAINTON—AND DAINTY.

HAVE you ever seen Marie Dainton? People who do not go to music-halls were surprised by her extraordinarily clever mimicking of certain actresses in "Pot-Pourri," at the Avenue Theatre. But the patrons of the Palace knew her genius well before that. She is the daughter of Miss Jenny Dawson, the

well-known artiste (with an "e"), and made her first appearance six years ago at York, when she was just twelve. Two or three London music-hall engagements followed, and at Christmas 1894 she charmed us all in a children's pantomime at the Opéra Comique. Since then she has worked with a will, and possessing inherent genius and an inherited taste for

the stage, she has climbed to the top of the tree at the age of eighteen. She is exceedingly pretty, with raven-black hair and a slender figure. In "Pot-Pourri" she mimicked Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Sophy Fullgarney, Miss Terriss as the Runaway Girl, Miss Connie Ediss, and half a dozen others, with phonographic accuracy and a delightful sense of humour all her own.

ESME BERINGER.

Miss Esmé Beringer is so clever, and has such a pretty way with her, that it is rather astonishing to find her so frequently absent from a London theatre bill. She owed her introduction to the stage to her younger sister, Vera, who was playing Little Lord



Photo. by Downey.

MISS MARIE DAINTON MIMICKING MISS IRENE VANBRUGH MANICURING THE GAY LORD QUEX.



Photo. by Lallie Garet-Charles.

MISS ESMÉ BERINGER.

Fauntleroy, which their mother, Mrs. Beringer, adapted in 1888. One night Vera fell ill, and her elder sister stepped



Photo. by Pach, New York.

MISS JESSIE MACKAYE.

into her shoes. As a matter of fact, Miss Esmé Beringer's real début did not take place till the spring of 1893, when she walked on in "Hypatia." The Beringer girls ought to be clever, seeing that they inherit the art of music from their father and the art of literature from their mother, who is not only a playwright but a novelist. Their brother (Guy) is a journalist.

THE JAUNTY JESSIE.

How comes it to pass that American actresses are so much more sprightly than some English ones? The fact came home to us all most markedly by watching the girls in the chorus of "The Belle of New York." They were all alive—none the less so that they had played the piece hundreds and hundreds of times. Similarly, the brightest spot in "El Capitan" at the Lyric was the vivacious charm of Miss Jessie Mackaye, who fills in every minute of the time she appears on the stage as if the whole thing were absolutely real. Miss Mackaye was born in St. Louis, and educated at a convent school. After going through a dramatic academy (which,

happily, did not spoil her), she made her first appearance as Micah Dow, the "dour loon," in "The Little Minister," and joined Mr. De Wolf Hopper last spring, to play the part of the soldier's daughter who woos the Viceroy. She is all life and litheness.

A RARE COMEDIENNE.

Amid a plethora of pretty players the "comédienne" remains a *rara avis*. Of the younger generation Miss Beatrice Ferrar heads the list, for I take it that Miss Georgie Esmond and Miss Annie Hughes are somewhat older. Miss Ferrar is one of three sisters. Ada, the eldest, has done excellent work with the Bensons; Jessie, the youngest, who is known on the stage as Miss Marion Bishop, has learnt how to act under Mr. Ben Greet's tuition. Miss Beatrice Ferrar, who is in the autumn melodrama at the "Lane," showed extraordinary cleverness in playing the little sneak of a schoolgirl in "The Manœuvres of Jane," at the Haymarket. She was



Photo. by Russell, Baker Street.

MISS FERRAR AS THE TOMBOY
IN "THE MANŒUVRES OF JANE."



Photo. by Lathyette, Dublin.

THE JERSEY LILY.

also remarkably clever as one of the naughty children, Tow Tow, in "Sweet Nancy." It is years ago since she made a hit as one of the little Princes in "Richard III.," in which she appeared under Mr. Benson's management. I may say that the Ferrars are no relation to Miss

managerial career with Mr. Grundy's play, "The Degenerates," at the Haymarket, where she made her theatrical début as Kate Hardcastle in December 1881; and (3) married Mr. Hugo Gerald de Bathe, so that she may one day be Lady de Bathe. Mrs. Langtry was born (Emilie Charlotte

le Breton) on Oct. 13, 1853, at the rectory of St. Saviour's, Jersey, where her father, the Rev. Charles le Breton, was Dean. On March 9, 1874, she married Edward Langtry, and became a widow on Oct. 4, 1897. On July 27, 1899, she married Mr. de Bathe (aged twenty-eight). The fact was not known in London till Aug. 15. She has a daughter Jeanne, a pretty girl.



TRILBY AT THE FEET OF SVENGALI.

From a Picture taken by Thomas, of Cheapside, of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Irving, at their house, 2, Russell Mansions, Southampton Row, W.C.

Helen Ferrers, who is the sister of Miss Fortescue, whose real name is Finney (of Finisterre?).

THE JERSEY LILY.

Mrs. Langtry will always manage to attract the public. During the present year of grace she (1) made a great hit on the turf with her horse Merman; (2) re-opened her

hence he made his début at the Garrick in 1891 as Lord Beaufoy in "School." Since then he has gone steadily forward, though he has found time to write a vindication of Judge Jeffreys. In 1896 he married Miss Dorothea Baird, who comes of an old Oxford family. The Irvings have an only son, Laurence Henry Foster Irving, born April 11, 1897.

AN UNMISTAKABLE ACTOR.

H. B. Irving is an unmistakable actor—that is to say, he *had* to act in order to gratify his inherent instincts. Born in 1870, he was educated at Marlborough and New College, Oxford. He made his first acquaintance with the stage as a member of the O.U.D.S. Then he read for the Bar. But he had to become an actor, and



I WAS walking down Bond Street when a hansom passed at a sharp trot. I thought I heard my name in feminine accents, and I certainly saw a black sunshade wave recognition. The next moment the horse was pulled up on its haunches.

"Why, Miss Maynard!" I exclaimed, approaching. "Who would have expected to see you at this hour?"

Alice Maynard, looking very fresh and charming, and with an unusual touch of colour on her cheeks, bent over the splashboards and held out her hand in the friendliest way.

"Bond Street isn't so very out of the way," she responded, "and eleven isn't early."

"It depends," said I, "on the night before."

"Oh, I'm not tired. I didn't dance much at Lady Barbara's."

I nodded. "We sat out a good many, didn't we?"

She flushed slightly. "Did we? I am afraid I have forgotten." Then she looked at me thoughtfully. "I wonder if you are very particularly engaged this morning?"

"Oh, no," I replied eagerly. "I was only going to my banker's to cash a cheque."

"And that can wait?"

"Oh, yes. They won't in the least mind."

"In that case," she said gravely, "would you care to come with me?"

"Rather!" She made room, and I settled myself at her side.

"You don't ask where I am going," she observed.

I thought. "Can it be an elopement?" I ventured.

"Really, Mr. Vincent——"

"I beg your pardon," I said apologetically, "but the idea occurred to me."

"Our errand is a most serious one," she said, with an air of reproof.

"A bazaar!" I exclaimed. "You are taking me to a bazaar! Oh, how could you——"

"It is not a bazaar."

"Then I don't care," said I.

"The fact is, Mr. Vincent, when I saw you on the pavement, it occurred to me that it might do you a great deal of good to come with me this morning."

"I am sure of it," I replied gratefully.

She played with the tassel of her parasol. "I sometimes feel a little sorry that you are so flippant. You don't seem to realise how serious life really is. And so——"

"And so," said I, to help her, "you are going to tell me?"

"To show you," she corrected gently.

"Show me what?" I asked blankly.

She turned to me. "You and I, Mr. Vincent, are on our way to visit a poor family in Whitechapel."

"Bless my soul!" I exclaimed.

"A very poor family. There are six children, and their father has run away."

"You think," I asked, "he ought to have stopped?"

"How can you doubt it?"

"There may be two sides," I observed judicially.

"Really, Mr. Vincent, I do not understand you."

"I may, of course, be mistaken," I said deferentially; "but may he not have been actuated by delicate and chivalrous motives?"

"What can you mean?"

"Surely," said I, "his going away meant one mouth less to feed."

Alice looked at me sternly. "Why will you persist in being absurd? I really think that you had better not come with me."

I apologised instantly and humbly.

"I do so want to widen your views," she went on earnestly. "I want to show you a little of the misery that goes on in our very midst. Oh, Mr. Vincent——!" The tears started to her eyes, and I felt ashamed of myself.

"Very well," said I. "My mind is most receptive. I will follow your lead, and you may depend on my help."

"I knew your cynical manner was merely on the surface." She smiled with wet eyes, and my heart fluttered.

We talked about personal matters until we arrived at our destination. We alighted from the cab, and with the occasional aid of a policeman, found our way to a little dirty alley off a main street. We threaded our way down a court covered with refuse of various kinds, and finally entered a doorway and commenced to ascend a rickety staircase. As we passed, women in various stages of *déshabille* regarded us critically, but, on the whole, with approval.

"Mr. Vickers said the top floor of No. 5," observed Alice, stopping for a moment to regain breath. "This is No. 5, but I don't believe there is a top floor."

"Who is Mr. Vickers?" said I, with sudden jealousy.

"Such a delightful man. He is the curate of St. Bodolph's. It was he who asked me to visit this family."

I leant against the balustrade. "And this is the motive that brings you here?" I said severely. "How often is a delightful curate synonymous in the female mind with a delight in charity!"

"Such remarks," said Alice, "are quite uncalled for."

We resumed our upward ascent, and at length we reached the termination of the staircase.

"This must be it," said Alice, indicating a door. "What a dreadful place! I suppose we must go in."

"I suppose so," I replied doubtfully.

Alice knocked. There was no response, but inside we could hear a kind of scuffling sound. She knocked again.

"Open the door, Mr. Vincent," she said, drawing back. "I am sure there is someone inside."

I put my head within the room cautiously. "I should think so, indeed!" I said, withdrawing it. "There seems to be about twenty kids."

"Kids!" she exclaimed. "How exceedingly strange! Let me look."

So she looked. "How can you talk such nonsense?" she said indignantly. "Why, there are six dear little mites."

We entered boldly. There were six children in various degrees of dirtiness littered about the floor. They were dressed in rags, but to all appearance seemed happy and healthy. The youngest was about three, and the eldest about ten, according to Alice's estimation. Notwithstanding their want of cleanliness, Alice kissed them all carefully.

"Where's your mother, dear?" she asked the eldest.

The child—a boy presumably, for his clothing consisted chiefly of a man's pair of trousers cut short in the legs—regarded her with marked suspicion.

"Dunno," he answered.

His sister, about a year younger, I should imagine, had no notion of reticence. She told us volubly that her mother was in the "lock-up" for being drunk and assaulting Mrs. Simpkins.

"How dreadful!" cried Alice. "Oh, Mr. Vincent, isn't it awful? Poor, poor thing!"

I said nothing, for I felt that sympathy might be misplaced. Alice was scrutinising the children. She turned to me with resolution.

"They must be washed," she cried.

"They certainly need it," I responded impartially.



"Why, Miss Maynard! Who would have expected to see you at this hour?"

"We must wash them." The sex of the children was not apparent from their clothing. She went to them separately.

"Are you a little boy or a little girl?" she asked.

None of them seemed to know, with the exception of the eldest girl, who answered at once and at length that there were three of each.

Alice addressed the three of the male sex. "Go," she said, "with that kind gentleman into the next room, and he will wash you and make you nice and clean."

"I won't!" said I.

She turned with reproachful eyes. "Oh, Mr. Vincent, you promised to help me."

"I never promised to tub a lot of dirty infants."

"Only their hands and faces," she said.

"There's no water, or soap, or anything," I protested.

The little girl, for whom I began to cherish a rooted dislike, intervened, and produced a basin, water, soap, and a piece of sack for a towel.

I shook my head stubbornly. Alice came and laid her hand on my arm, and looked into my face.

"Please, Mr. Vincent, for my sake."

"Why can't you——" I began.

"I am going to wash the little girls."

I fled precipitately into the next room, and the three small urchins were pushed in after me. I do not know what I should have done if I had not noticed a glimmer of intelligence on the boy's face.

"Little boy," I said, with sudden inspiration, "I will give you sixpence for each dirty little face you wash, beginning with your own."

"Sixpence!" echoed the boy.

I produced a shilling and a sixpence, and showed them to him. He made a grab.

"No, you don't," said I, and pocketed the money. "Wash first, pay afterwards."

After a little more explanation he grasped the situation, and started upon his task. I sat down on a broken chair and lit a cigarette, occasionally giving a hint.

"The neck and ears, you know. You mustn't shirk."

When he had gone over the ground about three times I was satisfied. He then started upon his little brothers. There was no need to urge him to thoroughness; it became necessary to caution him against excess of zeal. It was unfortunate the two little victims should commence to cry; the noise they made was most disagreeable.

At length, Alice put her head in at the door.

"Have you finished?"

"Oh, yes," said I.

She came in, and kissed the bellowing brats till smiles wreathed their faces once more.

"How pretty they are, now they are clean!" said she.

"Oh, very," replied I. "And now do we go home?"

She looked at me reproachfully "Without giving them anything to eat?" she asked.

"Oh, they are not hungry."

"Yes, we are," said the horrid little girl.

"Come, dears," said Alice, and they began to file out of the room.

"You are not," said I, with a break in my voice, "going to ask me to walk about outside with these infants?"

"You may remain here," said Alice coldly, "till we return."

"Oh, no, I will come with you"

So we all stumbled down the interminable stairs, objects of great interest to the neighbours. When we reached the outer air, a motley crew of children came whooping round us. I never felt so out of place in my life, but Alice did not seem to mind.

"Observe," she said, with satisfaction, "how these poor people appreciate little acts of kindness to their number."

We progressed onwards. The nauseous little girl went first, with an air of great pride. She was conducting us, so she said, to a place where meals could be obtained. She walked mincingly, and I am certain she "cut" several little friends of former days. Alice came next, a newly washed little girl in either hand, and I followed with two little boys. The eldest

suggested the words put into the mouth of Bassanio—

Here in her hairs

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs.

Others might be cited as having excelled in the beautiful art, but there is no need. All Cosway's predecessors were alike in this—that they strove after fidelity to nature by minute attention to detail, a process wherein the higher ideal element, that which gives life and meaning to the whole, is in danger of being lost. When Cosway arose, he not merely substituted confidence and grace for stiffness and pedantry, but succeeded in rendering, through the individual types, the elegant and artificial character of the age. It may be added that miniature-painting just then was in a decadent state. It had only two exponents, Jeremiah Meyer and Nathaniel Hone, neither of whom was diligent or enthusiastic.

With regard to the majority of Cosway's early works, it is difficult, if not impossible, to identify them, but a group of miniatures exists which must certainly be referred to the first period of his manhood. It comprises one Jonathan Rashleigh, his wife Mary, daughter of Sir William Clayton, of Marden, and their eleven children, Jonathan, Martha, Philip, Mary, Jane, Robert, Rachel, John, Charles, Peter, and Thomas. These miniatures have never

gone out of the family, and are now in possession of Mr. Jonathan Rashleigh, of Menabilly, Cornwall.

The turning-point in Cosway's career was a visit from Mrs. Fitzherbert, the *soi-disant* wife of the Prince of Wales, who sat for her portrait. The Prince found the miniature delightful, was induced to follow the example of the first lady of his seraglio, brought his royal brother—and then, of course, Cosway's fortune was made. All the town wended its way to Berkeley Street, and Sir Joshua Reynolds,

like the great man he was, expressed generous approval of his fellow-Devonian, and did his best to aid him.

Circumstances being so propitious, it is not surprising that the thought of matrimony should have presented itself to Cosway's mind, and the siren who was to tempt him was not long in appearing. At Number 7, Park Street, Queen's Square (Queen Anne's Gate),

lived at that time the cosmopolitan Mr. Charles Townley, famous for his collection of statuary. This gentleman had been so much abroad that he could not speak English very long consecutively, thinking apparently in French, Italian, or some other Continental language. Anyhow, he manifested no insular dislike for foreigners, and it happened that among his friends was Angelica Kaufmann, the fashionable portrait-painter, who acted as chaperon to a pretty girl but newly arrived from Italy.

It is frequently stated that the father of Maria Louisa Catherine Cecilia Hadfield



LADY PAGET.

"It is, indeed," said I, with less heartiness.

"If they were only dressed decently they would be most attractive children."

I assented, not that I believed it, but because I wanted to please Alice.

She leant forward. "Oh, Mr. Vincent," she said, "couldn't we give them some new clothes?"

"Why, yes," I replied indulgently. "I will leave sufficient money for the purpose."

"Oh, how good you are!" Her eyes looked at me with such a gentle light that I felt my heart beat violently.

"Oh, Alice——" I began. But she stopped me hastily.

"I think they have finished," she said, rising. "Will you pay the bill?"

I did so, and we all prepared to depart. As the children filed out reluctantly, I saw Alice scan their little ragged figures with a look of compassion.

"How I should like to see them decently dressed!" she said.

"We will come another day," I answered.

"Will you, Mr. Vincent?"

"Of course I will."

She had the youngest child by one hand, and I grasped its other. There was that link between us, at any rate. The rest of the children tumbled on about our legs.

We walked on down the main street, and it is not surprising that people turned to look at us. Suddenly Alice stopped dead.

"Oh, Mr. Vincent!" she exclaimed.

I turned with surprise, and found her eyes sparkling.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Look!"

I looked. "I don't see anything particular," I had to remark.

She indicated a shop on the other side of the road.

"How exceedingly fortunate! 'Ready-made Emporium for Clothes,'" she read.

"What is a 'Ready-made Emporium?'" I asked curiously.

"Why, don't you see, you can buy clothes there. Oh, do come across."

So we all crossed, and stood scanning the windows of the "Emporium."

"Underclothing and everything!" exclaimed Alice delightedly. "Both for girls and for boys!"

"It seems so," I admitted.

"Oh, Mr. Vincent." She looked at me expectantly, as if the next suggestion was due from me.

I thought. "You mean," I said at length, "that you want me to buy clothing here for this little crowd."

Her eyes sparkled. "It is so good of you——"

"Not at all," I responded, with large generosity. "Let us enter."

So we all crowded into the shop, which was quite a small one, notwithstanding its name. A remarkably unpleasant-looking woman reeled forwards.

"What d'you want?" she asked abruptly, not to say rudely.

I am not accustomed to be spoken to like that.

"I want your master, my good woman," I replied curtly.

She put her arms akimbo. "I am master and missus, and what's your business?"

Alice came forward and explained. I felt I was relegated to a back place. So I sat down and waited while a great pile of articles was accumulated from various boxes.

When Alice had purchased what must have been nearly the whole stock, she turned to me with triumph.

"Won't they look different?" she said.

"No doubt," said I.

"Their mother won't know them."

"I think she will," I replied grimly. "I don't suppose they will have the benefit of their new clothes for long."

"What do you mean?" asked Alice, alarmed.

"Don't you think," I hinted, "that their mother may consider their old clothes good enough? And no doubt the pawnshop is handy."

Alice looked aghast. "I never thought of that," she said sadly. "And their mother does drink!"

"Nevertheless," said I, "we shall have hereafter the benefit of a kindly action."

She pondered deeply. "The children," she said at length, "must get into their new clothes. We will leave the old ones here, so that their mother can't get at them. This will give them a chance. She will hardly strip them naked."

"That might help," I admitted.

Alice's face cleared. She turned briskly to the saleswoman and asked whether the children could change at once.

The woman grunted surlily. "I s'pose so," she said ungraciously. "Of course, you pays before you leaves."

"Oh, yes," cried Alice, with eagerness. "Thank you so much. Mr. Vincent, will you dress the three little boys?"

Very much disgusted, I escorted the three little urchins into a back parlour, and a great bundle of clothing was thrown in after me. I resorted to my former tactics and bribed Billy, who, after considerable efforts, rigged out himself and his brothers. All three enjoyed themselves immensely. I confess I have never seen such a collection of rags as these boys stripped from their bodies.

When my contingent had concluded their toilet, we re-joined the others in the shop. The little girls, clad in new dresses, smirked and smiled with the utmost self-consciousness. Alice was delighted.

"How charming it is!" she said, "and it is all due to your kindness."

"And now," said I, "hadn't we better go home?"

"We will get the bill." She turned to the sour-faced proprietress and asked for it.

"What about them rags?" said the woman disagreeably, designating the cast-off clothing.

"Oh, should you mind our leaving them here?"

"Not if I knows it," replied the woman

with decision. "This ain't no blooming rag-shop!"

Alice turned away haughtily. "You must take them with you, Mr. Vincent," she said.

"I'll be hanged if I will," I replied.

"Mr. Vincent!"

"Really, Miss Maynard," I spluttered,



She flung herself in the way, and with clenched fist menaced us.

"this is too much. I really cannot walk through the streets with a bundle of horrible old clothes."

"What are we to do, then?"

"This lady, for some slight remuneration, will no doubt dispose of them."

The wretched hag mimicked me. "This lady won't do nothink of the kind," she

said. "You takes your own rags with you. I ain't a marine-store dealer." It was quite easy to see she keenly relished this unforeseen opportunity of making herself objectionable.

Alice and I stood and looked at each other. The children in the meantime admired each other's clothes, and discovered fresh beauties every moment.

"We will send for them," I said at length.

"You takes 'em with you," said the woman decisively.

The uneasy silence that followed was broken by a loud, joyful cry from Alice.

"Look!" she exclaimed. We all looked. "A dust-cart!"

On the other side of the road there was, indeed, a dust-cart. I sprang into the street, beckoning the driver wildly to stop.

The difficulty was solved. In less than the space of three minutes, for the reasonable consideration of one shilling, the dustman had entered the shop, picked up the rags, tucked them under his arm, made his exit, and the dust-cart had rumbled out of sight.

"What luck!" said Alice.

"Luck indeed," I echoed, breathing again. We were all overjoyed, with the exception of the woman, who seemed quite depressed. In silence, she left us and began to make out the bill.

The bill was brought and presented to me. It came to about eight pounds. I drew out my sovereign-case. It was empty. I felt in my pockets. There was only some loose silver. I dived into my breast-pocket for my cheque-book. It was not there.

Alice must have noticed I looked a little disconcerted.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," I answered. I turned to the woman. "If you will give me half a sheet of note-paper and a penny stamp, I will write you a cheque."

The woman returned a look of the most baleful contempt.

"I want cash," she replied.

"I haven't got it."

"Oh, Mr. Vincent!" exclaimed Alice.

A dreadful pause ensued.

I believe the woman really thought we were united in a conspiracy to defraud her, for her face gathered fury.

"I knew it!" she cried, with almost an air of triumph. "I saw at once what your game was. Flash mobsmen, that's what you are. Oh, I'm not to be took in."

"Don't be silly," I replied peremptorily.

"Silly is it? Who is silly? It's you with your 'igh collar and eye-glass and no money. Oh, I'll have the police. I'll——"

"Please cease," said I. I turned to Alice. "What are we to do?"

She turned her head away. "Really, Mr. Vincent, you have landed us in a very awkward predicament. I certainly assumed you had the money on you to pay for your purchases. It was really rather careless——"

"You remember," I explained humbly; "that when I met you I was on the way to my bank. I was cleaned out last night at pok—by an unexpected bill. It is so unusual for me to pay cash for purchases."

"I haven't any money on me," said Alice dolefully. Suddenly she turned pale. "Oh, what is that woman doing?"

I turned. The woman had seized hold of Billy, and was engaged in unbuttoning his little jacket. He was struggling valiantly in her grasp.

"What are you up to?" I shouted. "Leave the boy alone."

"I'll not be cheated," cried she. "I'll have my things back, if I'm not to be paid." At the moment Billy got in a kick, and she released her hold.

"Of course, you'll be paid. For Heaven's sake be reasonable!"

The woman seized one of the little girls and began to tear undone the buttons of her tiny frock. The mite burst into loud sobs. With the child in her grasp, she turned to the others.

"Take off them clothes!" she shouted, "or I'll have you put in prison. Take 'em off, I say."

Frightened by her angry voice and threatening mien, all the children with the exception of Billy started to obey. I felt the shop swim round.

"Stop!" I cried. "Stop!"



The next moment he was outside.

But my voice was weak as compared to hers. She repeated her commands with raised voice and hand. The eldest girl flung back her head and emitted a loud and piercing cry.

"Oh, Mr. Vincent, stop them!" cried Alice in my ear. "They have no other clothes to put on—you gave them to the dustman."

All the children were in tears, and the dusty floor of the shop was becoming littered with tiny garments.

"What are they to do?" I asked the woman. "They have no other clothes."

"I don't care," she answered stubbornly. "I want my property."

I stood and looked at her dazedly. "But—but we can't walk through the streets with—six little—naked children!"

"They would catch the most dreadful cold," said Alice pleadingly.

"I don't mind that," said I, "but think of the spectacle!"

"I'll not be cheated!" screamed the woman, who was working herself into a frenzy.

I lost my temper. "Who wants to cheat you, you silly old fool? Can't you see——" Alice put her hand on my arm and stopped me.

"Don't annoy her," she whispered. "Oh, think of the poor little children!"

I turned and regarded them. They were weeping loudly, and steadily undressing. Poor Alice, without warning, burst into tears.

"Oh," she sobbed, "six naked little children!"

"It will be all right, dearest," I whispered.

"What will their mother say when she sees them!"

I rather shuddered at the prospect, remembering Mrs. Simpkins.

"Oh, do something, Paul—Mr. Vincent. Something! Anything!"

I turned to Billy. "Billy," I said, "my dear, kind Billy, I'll give you sixpence for each of your little brothers and sisters whom you stop undressing."

Billy saved us. I admired that boy. In a shrill peremptory voice he issued his commands, and his brothers and sisters

listened. The woman became abusive; I cannot repeat the language she used. Her adjectives were illuminative. I became convinced of what I had suspected from the first—that she was considerably the worse for drink.

"You're swindlers!" she screamed. "I'll have the law on you. Give me back my clothes. Thieves! Murder!"

"This is no place for you," I cried hurriedly to Alice. "You must come away."

"And the children?"

"We will leave them here, and come back with the money."

"No," replied Alice heroically. "I cannot leave them here."

"You must," said I.

"She will turn them naked into the street. Oh, no, I cannot leave them."

"Then I will go alone and come back with the cash."

"You will leave me!" cried Alice, almost hysterically.

"Then," said I, "we will all go together. Come!"

I seized two children by the arms, and Alice grasped the other two, and Billy and the eldest girl following close, we made a dash for the door. But the woman saw our intent. She flung herself in the way, and with clenched fists menaced us.

"You don't, you don't!" she shrieked, choking with passion. "Not if I knows it."

We recoiled. It was obvious we could not force a passage without an unpleasant personal encounter. Alice was pale and trembling, and the children were screaming their loudest. The virago had picked up a fire-iron and stood at the door brandishing it, with eyes that flashed.

What would have been the outcome I dare not guess if at that moment Alice had not noticed a familiar form passing the shop-window.

"Mr. Vicars!" she screamed. "Oh, Mr. Vicars!"

"Where? Where?" cried I.

"There! There! Oh, he doesn't hear! He's gone!"

I turned to Billy. "Billy," I said, my voice trembling with excitement, "there

is another sixpence for you if you will bring that parson here."

Billy nodded his appreciation of my command. He looked at the woman intently, made a sudden dash, dodged, and emerged from under her arms. The next moment he was outside. The woman in her efforts to detain him, tripped and sat down suddenly. Her language was appalling; I turned hot and cold alternately.

After what seemed a weary interval, Mr. Vicars appeared, escorted by Billy. Even at that moment I experienced a feeling of relief that he was quite an elderly man. He stopped the expletives of the woman with a thunderous "Silence!"

We explained the situation. I was annoyed to observe that he appeared amused.

"I fear," he said, "I have not the money."

"Oh, oh!" moaned Alice.

"But," he went on brightening up, "I might find enough in the poor-box at the Mission Hall. It is quite close."

"Oh, thank you," we murmured. He went away, and returned shortly with enough money to settle the bill.

It was with a feeling of relief that I emerged from the shop. Billy had been sent for a cab, and Alice and I climbed

into it. The woman reappeared for a moment to hurl at me some offensive remark about a "toff without money."

We shook hands warmly with Mr. Vicars. He had agreed to see the children home. I noticed Alice did not kiss them with so much effusion as at our start.

We drove home somewhat silently. As we neared our journey's end, Alice broke the silence.

"I hope," she said, "you will forgive me for getting you into such a situation."

"It was more my fault than yours," I replied gallantly.

She seemed inclined to agree, which was not quite what I had intended. However, I let it pass.

"I have read somewhere," I observed thoughtfully, "that a common share of peril is the strongest bond of comradeship."

She glanced at me with bright eyes. "I am sure that is true, Mr. Vincent."

"Then I may take it that this morning's episode tends to draw us together?"

She did not reply. Her hand rested on the splash-board. I covered it with mine.

"If that be so," I said gently, "I am amply compensated for all I have undergone."

She did not withdraw her hand.



WHAT A CAVALRYMAN CAN DO.



THESE pictures, taken by Mr. Edward Kennard, represent head-cutting and tent-pegging by men of the 15th Hussars, in which regiment Mr.

Austrian troops, routed 3000 of the enemy and captured three pieces. In one of the battles of the Peninsular War, 400 of the 15th defeated 700 of the French Dragoons,



Kennard's son is a Captain. The 15th have a brilliant history. At the battle of Villiers en Couch, two squadrons of the regiment, assisted by some of the mounted

took 150 of them prisoners, including two Colonels and eleven other officers. The 15th also fought at Waterloo and went through the Afghan War, 1878-80.

"THE MACARONI PAINTER."

"THE Macaroni Painter"—that was the name his rivals gave him. In the shop-windows of Mat Darley, the print-seller in the Strand, was an etching of him with this title, and Dighton drew him, and Earlom engraved him in mezzotint, thus hinted at, though the dogs took care to lie *perdu*, so far as their signatures were concerned. And yet Cosway was not much of a duellist. His sword, which he wore in season and out of season, was for swagger, and probably the only time it saw active service was when a furious disputant rushed out of a Whig club, snatched it from its sheath, and returned to fight his enemy in the vestibule. His envious brethren of the brush did not fight Cosway. They called him "Billy Dimple," "Dickey Causeway," and "The Macaroni Painter."

On Nov. 5, 1742, in the pretty Devonshire village of Oakford, was enacted an interesting ceremony, for then it was, according to the short and simple annals of the parish, that Richard, son of Richard and Mary Cosway, was baptized. The

family, however, belonged to Tiverton, where the artist's father was some sort of pedagogue. There was at least one other son—William—who was to be private secretary to Nelson and Collingwood. As such, he was present at the Battle of

Trafalgar, and afterwards he received the honour of knighthood, and was member of Parliament for Maidstone. While William followed in the train of Mars, Richard was equally assiduous at the shrine of Venus, transferring to vellum the features, voluptuous enough, of the peccant beauty commended by England's hero to the nation—Emma, Lady Hamilton.



EMMA, WIFE OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Though not of the *haute noblesse*,

the Cosways appear to have occupied a respectable position in Tiverton, as they do to-day. They were connected with the woollen manufacture, and Richard's godfather, Mr. Peard, was undoubtedly a person of considerable means and a man of mark in the town. To him, and to his uncle, who, it seems, was Mayor of Tiverton, Cosway practically owed everything. We do not know what his father

originally intended to bring him to, though from the fact that at seven years of age he was punished for neglecting his lessons

lodgings, and exchanged Hudson's Academy for Shipley's. Shipley was a brother of the Bishop of St. Asaph.

Inspired by the magnificent resolve "to be some day the greatest artist in London," Cosway worked very hard, going without food and sleep in order that he might make progress in his studies, so that he might succeed. Always precocious, he anticipated the future also in other ways—chiefly in earning money and in wooing fashion. His brother William says of him with reference to this period of his life: "He was employed to make drawings of the heads for the shops, as well as fancy miniatures and free subjects for snuff-boxes for the jewellers, mostly from ladies whom he knew; and from the money he gained and the company he kept, he rose from one of the dingiest of boys to be one of the smartest of men."

For centuries there had been miniaturists in England. One of the most eminent was



MRS. FITZHERBERT.

and being always "idly engaged in drawing," it may perhaps be assumed that the calling, if any had been fixed upon, was not the profession of art. Be that as it may, uncle and godfather between them settled the point to Richard's satisfaction, and before he was twelve he was packed off to London, there to receive regular instruction.

Smith, in his *Life of Nollekens*, has a queer story that, on arriving at the Metropolis, the young genius was employed as a waiter or page-boy at Shipley's drawing-school, and that the pupils, good kind youths, taught him for nothing. It was not exactly like that. He was first placed as a boarder with a Mr. Hudson, who stood high as a teacher, and—an even greater recommendation in the eyes of Cosway's friends—was a Devonshire man. The result showed that Devonshire men, out of their county, cannot always be trusted. At Hudson's, as we learn from himself, Cosway was set to perform "menial offices." Not having come there for the privilege of blacking his master's boots, the sensible boy moved out into



ANGELICA COSWAY AS A BABY.

BY MRS. COSWAY.

a contemporary of Shakspere, and not improbably it was the remembrance of some portrait by Nicholas Hilliard that

suggested the words put into the mouth of Bassanio—

Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs.

Others might be cited as having excelled in the beautiful art, but there is no need. All Cosway's predecessors were alike in this—that they strove after fidelity to nature by minute attention to detail, a process wherein the higher ideal element, that which gives life and meaning to the whole, is in danger of being lost. When Cosway arose, he not merely substituted confidence and grace for stiffness and pedantry, but succeeded in rendering, through the individual types, the elegant and artificial character of the age. It may be added that miniature-painting just then was in a decadent state. It had only two exponents,

Jeremiah Meyer and Nathaniel Hone, neither of whom was diligent or enthusiastic.

With regard to the majority of Cosway's early works, it is difficult, if not impossible, to identify them, but a group of miniatures exists which must certainly be referred to the first period of his manhood. It comprises one Jonathan Rashleigh, his wife Mary, daughter of Sir William Clayton, of Marden, and their eleven children, Jonathan, Martha, Philip, Mary, Jane, Robert, Rachel, John, Charles, Peter, and Thomas. These miniatures have never

gone out of the family, and are now in possession of Mr. Jonathan Rashleigh, of Menabilly, Cornwall.

The turning-point in Cosway's career was a visit from Mrs. Fitzherbert, the *soi-disant* wife of the Prince of Wales, who sat for her portrait. The Prince found the miniature delightful, was induced to follow the example of the first lady of his seraglio, brought his royal brother—and then, of course, Cosway's fortune was made. All the town wended its way to Berkeley Street, and Sir Joshua Reynolds,

like the great man he was, expressed generous approval of his fellow-Devonian, and did his best to aid him.

Circumstances being so propitious, it is not surprising that the thought of matrimony should have presented itself to Cosway's mind, and the siren who was to tempt him was not long in appearing. At Number 7, Park Street, Queen's Square (Queen Anne's Gate),

lived at that time the cosmopolitan Mr. Charles Townley, famous for his collection of statuary. This gentleman had been so much abroad that he could not speak English very long consecutively, thinking apparently in French, Italian, or some other Continental language. Anyhow, he manifested no insular dislike for foreigners, and it happened that among his friends was Angelica Kaufmann, the fashionable portrait-painter, who acted as chaperon to a pretty girl but newly arrived from Italy.

It is frequently stated that the father of Maria Louisa Catherine Cecilia Hadfield



LADY PAGET.

was an hotel-keeper at Florence, whence it might be inferred that he exercised his calling in a merely speculative way. Hadfield, however, was a philanthropist. Maria informs us that he came of a Manchester family of merchants and manufacturers, and deploring the bad accommodation that English travellers had to endure in

confidence," at length found herself in the same predicament. "At first," she says, "she feared him, then she worshipped him; later on she admired him, gradually grew to like to be in his company and to obtain his advice, and finally loved him with her whole heart." The wedding was celebrated on Jan. 18, 1781, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Angelica Kaufmann attended, and Mr. Charles Townley gave away the bride.

Soon after his marriage Cosway removed from Berkeley Street to Schomberg House, Pall Mall, and with the help of his wife began to entertain on a most costly scale. For some years Mrs. Cosway's Sunday evening concerts were the rage, and—the phrase is almost too *cliché*—"everybody who was anybody" made a point of patronising them. Georgiana, the lovely Duchess of Devonshire, dropped her little notes, commencing "Dear Mrs. Cosway," and accepting or regretting; and, in addition to the foreign Ambassadors, the Countess of Aylesbury, the Marchioness of Townshend, Lord Sandys, Earl Cowper, Lord Erskine, Mrs. Dawson Damer, the sculptor, and Mrs. Cowley, the poetess, were constant habitués of the gaily decorated rooms. Above all, there was Horace Walpole, hypocritically enjoying himself, and an excellent type of the insincere grandees who crowded to the Cosways' parties and ridiculed them behind their backs.



MARIA COSWAY.—FROM A STIPPLE ENGRAVING
BY BARTOLOZZI, 1785.

Italy, established boarding-houses for their benefit. She was educated in a convent, and learnt to draw and play beautifully. On the death of her husband Mrs. Hadfield came to England, and Maria was introduced to Cosway at Mr. Townley's.

Cosway fell hopelessly in love with her, and she, through a succession of stages which may be termed "steps toward

All this ostentation made the Bohemian fraternity very irate, and Cosway's lack of personal beauty laid him open to many a nasty thrust. Thus, one day, coming into the Artists' Club from a *levée*, gorgeously arrayed, with red heels, bag-wig, and sword, he was looking in vain for a seat, when Hayman, great coarse wretch, exclaimed, "What! canst thou find no

room? Come hither, my little Jack-a-Dang, and sit upon my knee, my little monkey." But Cosway was a match for him. "It would not be the first time," he answered, "that a monkey rode a bear."

On a subsequent occasion Cosway feebly succumbed to this brutal taunt. In 1791 he left Pall Mall for No. 1 (now No. 21), Stratford Place, Oxford Street. Carved on the exterior pediment of this house was then, as there still is, a stone lion, a circumstance which captivated the regard of the lynx-eyed and evil-minded Peter Pindar. Forthwith he indited the following epigram—
When a man to a fair for a show brings a lion,
'Tis usual a monkey the sign-post to tie on,
But here the old custom reversed is seen,
For the lion's without, and the monkey's within.
These lines some practical joker having



THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

underwent a change. First, a daughter was born to them, and christened Angelica, after their great friend; and then, somewhat abruptly, Mrs. Cosway quitted her husband for the Continent. This step naturally led to much speculation. The lady afterwards assigned as the reason of her departure the state of her health, but whatever her motives may have been, it is tolerably clear that annoyance with her husband was not one of them. Though they continued apart for years, she was always ready to return to him in case of need.

'Tis a fearful thing to be the child of

genius. Deserted by her mother, poor little Angelica fell a victim to her father's eccentric notions of education. Mrs. Cosway was a Catholic, and her husband a staunch Protestant, in token whereof he flaunted, as a cynosure in his drawing-room, a handsomely bound Bible on a bracket supported by golden cherubim. Cosway being master of the child, at six years of age, even before she



QUEEN CAROLINE.
BY RICHARD COSWAY.



GEORGE IV.
BY RICHARD COSWAY.

About the time of this mortifying incident, the Cosways' domestic affairs

could read English, her head was being stuffed with Hebrew, so that she might study

the Scriptures in the original! Not long after, she died. Thereupon Cosway had the body embalmed, deposited in a marble



THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY AND LADY BARBARA ASHLEY.—BY RICHARD COSWAY.

sarcophagus, and kept with the Bible in his drawing-room. Meanwhile, if Walpole may be believed, "he romanced with his usual vivacity"

As he grew older, this tendency to "romance" became more and more confirmed, until he actually persuaded himself that he conversed with Apollo, Dante, Charles I., and others of the illustrious dead, who criticised and applauded his work. He had a hoard of relics, probably not all of them genuine, to which he was prodigiously attached. He experimented in faith-healing, and generally showed a *penchant* for the mysterious and uncanny.

Towards the end of his life Cosway was much occupied with the problem where he should be buried. Sepulture in St. Paul's, with Rubens at Antwerp, or with Titian at Venice—these till then had been the varying phases of his ambition. But now he dreamed of Devonshire; and there rose up before him the image of a "country churchyard beneath a wild tower, approached through a long

and winding lane." Ultimately, his choice fell on Marylebone Church, where he was really interred. Cosway died while driving in Miss Adney's coach on July 4, 1821, at the age of eighty.

All through his declining years his wife had been his faithful companion. As William Hazlitt observes, "Her devotion was beautiful." When her work was done, she set off for Lodi, near Milan, where she established a branch of the Catholic order known as the Dame Inglesi, or English Ladies, whose especial care was female education. The Emperor Francis I. was deeply interested in this institution, and in recognition of Mrs. Cosway's zeal and generosity, created her a baroness and gave her a coat of arms. She died Jan. 5, 1838, in the "odour of sanctity," having lived to be eighty-eight.

For most of the facts in this necessarily imperfect sketch we are indebted to an elaborate Life of Cosway by Dr. G. C. Williamson, by whose permission some



THE MARQUIS OF DOWNSHIRE AND LORD ARTHUR HILL.

exquisite illustrations are reproduced. Thanks are due also to the publishers, Messrs. Bell, for facilitating the project.

THE WORLD'S SPORT.

PIG-STICKING IN INDIA.

By MAJOR DALBIAC.

Over the valley, over the level,
Through the dark jungle ride like the devil.
Hark forward! A boar! Away we go!
Sit down and ride straight. Tally ho!

INDIAN HUNTING SONG.

THERE are few real sportsmen who have ever been in India who will not agree with me that pig-sticking is not only by far the best sport to be obtained in that country, but also one which it would be hard to beat anywhere. In fact, for anyone fond of a fast gallop over a rough country, and a real good fight with the bravest animal in the world at the end of it, it would be impossible to imagine any more exhilarating or fascinating pursuit, and it will be a bad day indeed for India if this grand sport is ever allowed to die out. Many a heated controversy have I heard, both in this country and in India, over the rival claims of pig-sticking and fox-hunting, each side vehemently upholding the merits of its own favourite sport. And yet so widely different are the two in nearly all their most essential qualities that any comparison between them is really absurd, while almost the only one feature in which they are identically similar is the benefit which they both bestow, not only on those who take part in them, but also on the people of the districts in which they are enjoyed. It would surprise most people to know how many millions of money are annually spent in this country on the sport of hunting, almost the whole of which goes into the pockets of the working classes, farmers, and small tradesmen; while in India there is not a district in which the "Sahibs" turn out to hunt the "soor" whose natives do

not derive enormous pecuniary benefit from the sport.

Most of my readers are well enough acquainted with all the details of fox, stag, and hare hunting in this country, the two principal pleasures of which are those of galloping over a country and watching hounds work, the absolute "kill" being a very insignificant detail of the sport. With pig-sticking this is not so. Let my reader try to imagine himself on a staunch and handy Arab, with a seven-foot spear in his hand, waiting, with three others similarly mounted and equipped, at the edge of a jungle which is being beaten for pig. All is excitement and suspense, as the beaters are heard coming nearer and nearer. Is there anything inside? Yes. The shrill, peculiar cry given by the natives on these occasions when a pig is on foot is at last heard; and then a heavy crash inside the jungle, as, with a loud grunt, out dashes a fine old boar, evidently exceedingly annoyed at being disturbed in the middle of his midday siesta.

In front stretches a wide expanse of open sandy country, broken only by an occasional "nullah," patches of "jhow," and here and there a garden, or patch of sugar, outside the few miserable mud-huts dignified by the name of village. Away goes the "soor" in a cloud of dust as the four "spears" catch hold of their horses' heads and ride for all they are worth. And now, if it is your first experience of this exciting sport, you will be strangely surprised to find that you can gain little or nothing on the clumsy-

looking beast in front of you. It may be good open galloping ground, and you may be ever so well mounted ; but yet, ride as you may, the pig goes every bit as fast as your horse, and if the ground be rough and broken, he will be getting over it the faster of the two. Condition, however, tells, and at last you are drawing up to him. You lower your spear, your Arab makes an extra effort, and you think you have got him. As likely as not, you will be disappointed. A "jink"—or sharp turn—to the right or left will have enabled him to elude your spear, and he will be scuttling away faster than ever, in a contrary direction, while you are endeavouring to turn your horse. This will enable the other members of your party, whom we will imagine you to have distanced up to this point, to get on terms with the quarry, who, after a time, gets blown, and is at last speared. It is then that the real fun begins, as the boar, finding that he can no longer live in front of his pursuers, disdains further flight, and turns to fight. And what a gallant beast it is ! Again and again he charges, first one, and then another of his enemies ; he has been speared again and again ; he is blown, tired, and exhausted from loss of blood ; and yet he fights on, until, at last, he can struggle no longer, and he sinks to the ground without a murmur to die. Do not let any of my readers imagine from this description that the odds are always all against the pig. On the contrary, he is an exceedingly tough and cunning brute that takes a lot of killing, and not unseldom gets all the best of the fighting. I have before now seen an old boar send horse and rider flying with a well-directed charge, while the cleverest and handiest of horses often get badly cut by the sharp, gleaming tusks of a fighting boar. I remember one famous old boar in the Deccan whom we hunted eight times before we at last defeated him. He was very old, very savage, and the terror of the natives where he resided. He had been hunted scores of times, and was covered with scars, but he never condescended to run very far, and usually

turned to fight before he had been speared. He was a cunning old warrior, and liked fighting close to some convenient bit of cover, into which, having inflicted more or less damage upon his pursuers, he would retire, and from which no efforts ever succeeded in dislodging him. I always had the greatest respect for this game old fellow, and was really sorry when he was at last killed. That the Indian "soor" is an evil-tempered beast his best friends cannot deny, but even his enemies must admit him to be brave and chivalrous. He will fight you to the death, but if he gets you down he will not stay to maul you ; one savage dig, which you will have cause to remember for many a long day, and then he goes on to attack fresh enemies.

The wild pig is not to be found all over India. In some parts he does not exist at all, while in others not in sufficient numbers to make it worth while hunting him. The best parts of the country for pig-sticking are the Kadir, or low, flat country bordering the river Ganges, and the districts near Agra, Allahabad, Calcutta, Cawnpore,* and Delhi, while in no part of India, probably, are there so many pig to be found as in the jungle round Muttra. In all these districts the sport is carried on by tent-clubs, each of which has a secretary, who fixes the meets, engages the shikaris, orders the beaters, and makes all the arrangements generally. The Poona Tent Club is also a well-known institution of the Bombay Presidency, and I have seen some capital sport under its auspices in the Deccan, though it is a very rough country to ride over, and in some places almost unridable. I do not suppose that anyone who has ever ridden up the Jheeti nullah with his spear down will forget the experience.

The usual procedure is as follows : The secretary of the club having informed the members of the date and place of the next meet, and also of how many days it is intended to last, those who mean to go out send on their tents, kits, horses, etc., to the appointed rendezvous, and drive or

ride out there themselves the evening before. On arrival, they find the camp pitched under some trees, or in the shadiest spot available, with the horses picketed in rear, and the elephants, camels, etc., some little distance to leeward. A conspicuous object of the camp is the mess-tent, where the club "khansama" will have an excellent dinner ready for you, as soon as you have had your bath and are dressed. In the meantime the "shikaris" have brought in "kubbur," and the next day's beat having been arranged, you retire to

spears at intervals, and rather in front of them, walking through the "jhow," or low thick bush which affords the principal cover for pig in this district. Suddenly the beaters on the right become violently excited—as is the invariable custom with natives—and the right-hand party disappears in a cloud of dust. You watch the glint of their spearheads in the sunlight as they ride farther and farther away, with first one and then another in front. In due course they come trotting back towards the line, and then



READY FOR THE FRAY.

your tent to dream of first-spears and the biggest boar "wot ever was seen." Breakfast will have been ordered early for the following morning, after which you will hack out to the first beat, where the "spears" having been told off into parties of four, and everyone having arrived, the elephants and beaters will form line and the sport will begin. The methods of beating, of course, depend on the nature of the country you are in. We will imagine, for the moment, that you are hunting in the Kadir with the Meerut Tent Club. If so, the beaters will be in a long line, with the various parties of

you know they have killed their pig. Suddenly your heart gives a bound, as with a savage grunt, and amidst the shrill cries of the beaters, a boar breaks close behind you. Unfortunately he breaks back through the beaters and is lost; but there is another on foot close in front. In another minute he too breaks, and at last it is your turn to ride. The "jhow" is very thick just here, and your pig, if he is a young boar, not too old or fat, will gain on you at first. Then the country gets a little more open, and in spite of nearly tumbling into a nullah or two, you at last draw up to him. A sharp "jink" to the

right, and before you have turned your horse, handy as he will probably be, if he is an Arab, and an old hand at the game, the pig will again have got a long lead. Another member of the party, however, turns him in your direction, and after a fresh gallop, in which you have more than once just missed him, you at length spear him in the near flank just as he is disappearing into some prickly pear. Having felt the steel, he at once turns and charges; you drop your spear to meet him, and your

the country in which it takes place. In some districts they fight better than in others; in parts of the Deccan, for instance, where they live chiefly on sugar, and, being often too fat to run far, turn and fight almost at once. It is a rough, rocky country, too, is the Deccan, in most parts, as also is the Hyderabad district, and a cleverer horse is required there than is the case in most portions of Bengal and the North-West Provinces.

Of course, sows are never hunted except when a pig-sticking "Cup" is being run for.



AN EXCITING CHASE.

Arab standing staunch and still, it meets him in the shoulder and keeps him off. Had he got under your spear he would have cut your horse badly, but, being turned, he rushes off and throws himself headlong at the next horse and rider he sees. And so the fight continues, sometimes one side getting the best of it, sometimes the other, until at last the gallant beast receives a spear-thrust just in front of the withers, between the shoulder-blades, and the battle is over.

Of course, the incidents of a run with a pig vary according to circumstances and

For these the entries are divided, as usual, into parties of four, drawn by lot, of whom the winners of first spears are drawn again, until at last they are reduced to a final party, of which the one who gets the first spear is the winner of the cup. One of the most important of these is the Kadir Cup, given by the Meerut Tent Club, and inaugurated some thirty years ago, since when it has been won by some first-class sportsmen, including Captain Ravenhill, Mr. Jeffries, and Major Keir, of the Horse Artillery, Captain White, 15th Hussars, Captains



AT BAY.

Philips and Studdy, and Major Grant, of the 4th Hussars, Mr. Grenfell, and Captains St. Quentin and George Bryan, of the 10th Hussars, Captain Baden-Powell, 13th Hussars, and the Maharaj Rana Dholepore, a very light weight, a fine horseman, and desperately keen after pig. The

Ganges Cup is given by the Cawnpore Tent Club, and is run for about the first week in April. This has also been won by the Maharaj Rana Dholepore, with the same horse on which he took the Kadir Cup—namely, Red Prince, a very high-caste chestnut Arab, and one of the



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

quickest, handiest, and cleverest horses I ever saw. The Bheema Cup takes place in the Deccan, and is held under the auspices of the Poona Tent Club, but it is mostly a terribly rough country to race over, and I am sorry to hear unwelcome rumours of pigs being scarce in that district of late. There is also the Gujerat Cup, started in 1885, and won that year by Mr. "Nick" Symonds, on a wonderful grey Arab, Woodpigeon, who used, I remember, to hunt a pig like a greyhound coursing a hare—and I ought to know, as I rode with him in the final heat of the Bheema Cup in 1883. The Muttra Cup was also started in 1885, and won that year by Major Lockhart, R.H.A., and the following year by the Maharaj Rana Dholepore, again riding his beautiful Red Prince.

The most amusing pig-hunt I ever saw was at the Delhi Camp of Exercise in 1885. A battle had just been fought between the Northern and Southern armies, and the latter was marching back to its camp just under the shadow of the "Ridge," so famous in the history of that marvellous operation of war, the siege of Delhi. Suddenly, out of the long grass at the edge of a "jheel" past which the troops were filing in column of route, there emerged a huge boar. For a moment he stood still, his bristles erect, and evidently in a vile rage at having been disturbed. Then, without another moment's hesitation, he charged straight at the column in front of him. He struck it just where "G" Battery R.H.A.

happened to be, but he never flinched, and when he had been driven over by one of the guns, most of the onlookers probably thought he was settled. Not at all. He got up and was off again, and then the fun began. A regiment of Bengal Lancers was close at hand, and borrowing lances from them, Generals, Colonels, subalterns, and many of the foreign officers who had come to look on at the manœuvres took part in the hunt, the Battery trumpeter joining in the *mêlée* with his drawn sword, until his horse put his forefeet in a blind ditch and turned a somersault with him. It was rare sport while it lasted, and it ended in one of the Cavalry Brigadiers, Colonel Bushman, of the 9th Lancers, getting first spear, after a great race with Prince Louis Esterhazy, of the Austrian army.

I might write volumes more about this grand sport, but my space is limited, and so I will conclude these few remarks by saying that it is the best of all sports for developing those attributes so necessary to every soldier—a firm seat, a light hand, a good eye for a country, a bold heart, and a cool head. As to the pig himself, he is the best and bravest of beasts, and the only occupant of the jungle that is not afraid of a tiger. He will attack anything—I have seen a young boar no bigger than a pug-dog charge an elephant—and fight to the last gasp. He is best described by the words of the poet, which run—

The pluck of the bulldog does not beat
The pluck of the gallant boar.





MR. MARTIN HARVEY,
As Dickens' great character, Sydney Carton.

FINE FEATHERS.

SCRAPS FROM LADY BABBIE'S NOTE BOOK.

OCTOBER, which also spells return from long holiday-making, is already an accomplished autumn fact. The tennis and croquet parties are no more; the archery meetings for which we put forth our best efforts—scientific, sartorial, and otherwise—are over and done; the picnic of many a pleasant summer afternoon, the tramp over heather-grown uplands after the guns, and a dozen other inseparable delights of the outdoor holiday-time are once more finished and done with for the great majority, who hasten home in luggage-laden growler or railway omnibus to settle in again, half expectantly, half regretfully, to the cosy delights of a winter campaign in town. The privileges of the “silly season” which we allowed ourselves during those dear remembered days of inconsequent pleasure-seeking are indeed no more, and we revert with certainly half a sigh to the buckram-bound existence of the Metropolis, and perforce absorb the artificial air of town-bound drawing-rooms once again, just as if we had never wandered in misty forests one short week back, or strolled down sand-dunes by the melancholy sea, or climbed beyond the snow-line, roped to taciturn Swiss guides during these past weeks of charming inconsequent holiday-making. These things, and more besides, are of the past; the harvest is gathered in; the October moon comes round, and the muffin-bell rings us to afternoon curtain-drawn remembrance of five-o’clock-tea at home and other actualities far away from Edelweiss, wild birds’ eggs, or other phantasmal quests of the light-hearted idlesse of a just past time. He or

she whose lines lie in such pleasant places as those that carry and comprehend a country house and plentiful covert-shooting amongst their other picturesque possibilities will still remain, of course, in the full-blown activity of house-party sociability, pheasant-shooting, and other beguiling environment, as long as may be. For more eagerly than all other invitations, perhaps, are those anticipated which include the cheery October gatherings amongst their autumn manœuvres. Greater also and more elaborate grow the preparations for this prolonged course of country-house visiting amongst the sex; and though not many, perhaps, go the lengths of a well-known lady who took an extra room for her gowns last month at every hotel she passed through, still the répertoire of the well-dressed maiden is nowadays alarmingly comprehensive; and the modest manners of the half-dozen tailor-mades, with twice that number, perhaps, of smart blouses, with which she negotiated her autumn mornings and afternoons a couple of seasons back, will be by no means adequate to the present largely increased extravagances in modes and matters millinery which now beset the soul of the modern girl. Only a few years back also women scarcely took any jewellery with them on their autumn rounds, or contented themselves at least with very much less elaborate belongings than those which they brought to bear on the past season’s functions, it being well understood that when leaving home all one’s best jewellery went to the bank and one’s second best effects only travelled

with one through the serried ranks of various country-house visits. But that state of things has also gone by, and for this present much-bedizened epoch it is considered necessary to translate all one's possessions from one dinner-table to another, with much thereto added responsibility to one's maid, not to mention many a disquieting quart-d'heure to oneself in the bargain.

Much of the old-fashioned jewellery is, by the way, again being brought into view, and the antique Etruscan settings, with their scrolls of conventionalised flowers, are once more appearing in our midst, while the brooch and the corsage ornament of former days with its elaborate design of various stones and pear-shaped pearls are being disinterred from old jewel-boxes, as representing the correct form of brooch, earring, pendant, and trinket generally, once more. Even the band bracelet of the early Victorian era is again coming into vogue, only instead of the plain mass of unrelieved gold the present improved mode is to put small closely set stones, as well as large ones, in the bracelet, which now bids fair to supersede the bangle, that had been our only companion of the sort for so many years. Curb bracelets set with gems and with different charms on every other link are a new and favourite departure from the gold curb of half-a-dozen years back, and the Louis Quinze period in personal ornamentation of the sort is being once more reintroduced and allied to the modern methods of mounting gold and precious stones. It is said that the forthcoming French Exhibition will emphasise this revolution in jewellery, which has already begun. Most of the first Gallic goldsmiths are even now following designs of bygone elaborate periods, and have forsaken altogether the slimmer methods of necklet, bangle, and chain with which we contented our frivolous souls within the past dozen years. Those fortunate enough to own really good family jewels may disinter and wear them without fear or reproach therefore, for the antique is being closely copied in all sorts of trinkets, even to the

old brooches and pendant earrings of French or Italian design in which our granddames went to Court, the latter form of ornament, which died the death for so many years, again being revived amongst the "better sort of people" to such an extent that a prominent jeweller averred quite lately that for one pair of pearl or diamond earrings which he found sale for two years ago, he now sells twenty. The jewel-set neck-chains of our dear regards are also an old mode revived, but with the additional elegance with which this luxurious and extravagant age sets its impress and hall-mark on every fashion, whether recurring or original. Gold chatelaines which suspend watch, powder-box, and purse from the waist-belt are also revisiting glimpses of a planet they have known before. The pounce-box, quizzing-glass, watch-tablets, vinaigrette, and other trifles *ad infinitum* had the habit of suspending themselves from our ancestresses' girdle of Venus long before we, with all our profound self-importance, were brought to lie on the lap of the gods, while the paste buckle of shoe or waist-belt, armlet or neck-band, were a greater vogue in the old days when England could claim to be "merrie" than even in our present prosperous, solemn, and unimaginative era of the century-end.

In looking on at the enormous quantity of luggage of every size and sort that decorates the cab roofs at this particular season of home-coming, one cannot help marvelling also at the endless superfluities that people seem to cart about from one hotel or house to another whenever they leave their own hall door. Where two hats would absolutely suffice, eight or ten are taken; where a reasonable supply of chiffons would meet every occasion that has presented itself, a cartload of incongruities are packed away, which only serve as thorns in the flesh when the inevitable moment of packing, unpacking, and rearranging our belongings comes round. Then the array of trunks, dress-baskets, bonnet-boxes, rug-bundles, hold-alls, and what not else besides, which dismay

both hostess and helpers of the modern maid and matron, is really appalling. Having gone through all these agonies myself, both in the character of host and guest, I have laid the lesson to heart and adopted a system of thinned out baggage-carrying which, while all-sufficient to my utmost needs, shall not be calculated to strike terror into the system of the unfortunate groom who, in meeting one's train with the luggage-cart, finds a whole platform buried under hillocks of hide-bound finery, half of which will revert to its original wardrobe without even being worn once. I met one woman at a Scotch country house last month who had eight feather boas in her belongings upstairs, and six tea-gowns, and yet she never stays anywhere more than four days, which is to her the ideal and utmost span you can bestow on any one acquaintance. I should not like to be her maid, for the taking-out and putting-back process goes on all the same, of course, at each halting-place.

Hats made entirely of kid dyed to match the dress with which they are to be worn have been in evidence with many of the well-dressed this autumn, but they are not really smart, and always remind me of a candid friend's remark, who, seeing his sister appear in one of these novel departures, advised her to get back before the others came down and exchange her football for a hat. Apropos of other millinery matters more elaborate, it may interest my readers to know that nearly all this winter's hats and bonnets will be treated to strings after the manner of our occasional summer headgear, only more so. For, instead of the narrow line of velvet or softly folded wisp of tulle which framed our blooming cheeks in June or July, the fashion-makers are now striving to introduce the wide ribbon and velvet strings which formed an inseparable part of our granddames' stately, not to say portentous, headgear. This, in combination with the fichu-draped shoulders which appear on most of the new autumn mantles, will confer a distinctly early Victorian air on our outdoor goings and comings

this season. And it will, in fact, only remain for us to further add corkscrew curls, white stockings, a generally bashful air, and mittens to our external altogether to make our grandfathers believe themselves once more bucks of the 'thirties and 'forties, notwithstanding the tragedy and comedy of actualities through which they may have passed since then. Talking of age and ages reminds one of an important and all too patent fact in the choice of colours which so few women of a certain age understand, and that is that with grey hair and complexions no longer of milk and roses the various shades of petunia (not mauve, be it understood, which is too blue) go extremely well. Black and white in judicious combination is also a becoming mixture for "dames of the gracious age," as they adroitly say in Portuguese. Many of the dull pervenche blues are again very suitable. Women with white or grey hair should, in fact, generally affect decided tones rather than otherwise, dull hues giving them the faded fly-blown effect which they should carefully endeavour to get away from. Blondes also have curious superstitions concerning the shades and *nuances* adapted to their particular style, and affect pink or pale blue to weariness, when, as a matter of fact, an amber-yellow or Nile-water green accords in ten cases out of twenty more harmoniously with such pink-and-white prettiness as falls to the lot of many English girls. The rare, pale Margaret, with the "clear, creamy pallor" of the lady novelist, is as infrequent as she is beautiful. To her most colours are possible—from white to black, with all the different gamuts in between. Then one approaches the brunette, who, more than all other series of the species, loses or gains by her sartorial environment, to use a very full-breathing phrase. The ancient idea was to dress a dark girl in scarlet or yellow, and the more tawny and fiery the tones respectively were, the more entirely appropriate was the terror-striking contrast considered. We have changed that in part, but there is a good

deal of the old false tradition abroad still, and whenever I see a distinctly dusky brunette, or a pallid or a yellow-skinned, clothed to the neck in brickdust-red or slate-grey or dull, hideous brown, I think that civilisation will never reach its aim and apex until certain sumptuary suggestions are embodied in the Statute-Book for the greater safeguarding and guidance of those who have been created without the heaven-born gift of perception.

In the matter of newest evening dresses, daintiness and delicacy prevail to the greatest possible extent, exquisite ribbon embroideries vying with the hand-painted materials, which charm one's sense of beauty with such seductive power. Flowers made of differently shaded chiffons are used again with the highest decorative effect on skirt and corsage, a form of adornment which greatly prevailed at the early part of this century, when the making of tulle or silk muslin flowers was largely pursued as a fashionable accomplishment by our demure granddames, who afterwards wore their handiwork on tarletane or taffetas ball-gown to the great pride and admiration of their relations.

Alas! alas! as a lover of birds I note that the coming season is to be more than ever a session of slaughter, if one may judge from the first numbers in millinery sent out by the great French houses. Literally laden with birds and plumage are these masterpieces and advance-guards of fashion, notwithstanding all that has been written, sung, and said of the cruel and destructive craze by many humane lovers of bird life. The splendid waving nuptial plumes of the paradise bird, which have been such a vogue, are now almost ungettable from the numbers lately killed in New Guinea and Malay, and the same applies to endless other beautiful birds. Why we cannot confine ourselves to the invaluable ostrich feather, which neither involves pain nor

death in the getting, is a question which women might answer if they would; or, again, the pheasant, duck, or such other ornamental species as are used for food. But it is to be feared that heartless, selfish vanity really plays a greater part in the scheme of a woman's world than one sets out in life by believing. And sometimes is one tempted to remember the verdict of a great writer of this very subject, who said, "Society's regeneration is in the hands of woman, yet she turns away from this work—her rightful work. English generations yet to come might call her blessed, while she only prefers to be called fashionable."

Forcible terms of condemnation indeed! But there are times and circumstances when to be merely negative is to be actively naughty, and of these the condonation of all this bird-slaughter, when with voice and example we might help to suppress it, is surely one.

Not alone feathers, but furs, too, are to be largely pressed into our service and system of beautification this season, it would appear, for the first French modistes are already sending forth examples of the close-fitting tunics trimmed and bordered with rich furs which will be our only outdoor wear for the few following months. The little chinchilla, which had such a vogue with the well-dressed and full-pursed last year, will have a rest, and sable, ermine, mink, and the other better brown furs will come more into favour. Many of the velvet and fine cloth pélerines, draped about the shoulders and trimmed with elaborate fringes, are exceedingly handsome, and their prices portentous to match, while the entire gamut of our garments seems to partake of this same extravagance, really fabulous prices being paid for the splendid embroideries in velvet and chenille which go so largely towards the decoration of gowns, mantles, muffs, and even headgear. What dear creatures we are, to be sure!



The ocean seemed covered with innumerable islands like meadows.

SEE "THE STING OF THE 'WASP.'"

THE STING OF THE "WASP"

A YARN FOR THE MARINES.

By PARK BENJAMIN.

THE end of the Spanish-American War found the United States and Great Britain more closely drawn together in bonds of friendship and goodwill than ever before. Nevertheless, within little over a year, as we now know, the relations of the two countries became critically strained. How this singular and most unlooked-for result came to pass is hereafter recounted. It was for the first time told by Able-Seaman Eliphalet Coffin, who hailed from Nantucket, to a select company of Marines gathered on top of the forward turret of the U.S.S. *Texas* one evening in the summer of 1901, just after hammocks had been piped down.

On May 1, 1814, the United States sloop-of-war *Wasp*, eighteen guns, Captain Johnston Blakely commanding, left Portsmouth, N.H. Her crew of one hundred and seventy-three men was noteworthy for its youth, its average age being barely twenty-three years. The youngest member was Midshipman Blakely, the captain's son; and his years, just thirteen, equalled those of Midshipman Farragut, of the *Essex*.

Now, briefly, this is all the record of the *Wasp's* voyage: In June she sank the *Reindeer* in just nineteen minutes, in August she captured the *Lettice* and *Bon Accord*; in September she cut out and burned the brig *Mary*, under the very nose of the *Armada*, 74, and then she sank the *Arvon*. Of this last exploit the news was brought home by an American vessel which the *Wasp* had spoken off the Western Islands—and that was the end.

The *Wasp* and all on board of her vanished—vanished unaccountably, for no rumour in the guise of explanation has ever been accepted as true.

Here begins the yarn—

THIS, FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF THE
U.S.S. "WASP."

On the day before he set sail from Portsmouth Captain Blakely learned that the United States Government contemplated a naval attack upon the English coast, and that the *Wasp* was to join the invading squadron, which was to be led by Captain Stephen Decatur. A meeting-place for the vessels was designated near the Azores, and a time fixed for the *Wasp* to be there. Thither she was going when she met the American merchantman with which she communicated. A few hours later she encountered a British frigate, which she engaged in a running fight until Blakely, finding himself overmatched, managed to escape under cover of the night.

But he was now far from the place of rendezvous. Fearing that Decatur's squadron might meet and proceed to England without him, he crowded on every stitch of sail to return, and, heedless of ominous shifts in the wind, carried it too long. A cyclone burst upon him, the ship was thrown upon her beam ends, and to save her it was necessary to cut away her topmasts.

Nevertheless, by the aid of a scrap of canvas set on her foreyard, she managed to limp along until toward midnight, when the storm and sea had abated; and then she stopped.

The rag of canvas was still taut with the breeze. The sounding lead showed no bottom at five hundred fathoms. Yet the murmur of the water rippling past the ship had ceased, while out of the black night there came the strong, salt, bitter odour that is not of the free blue sea but of the masses of dank weed which the breakers hurl upon the reefs and beaches and leave there to rot.

When the east began to lighten the sky still appeared overcast. The ocean was not disturbed save by cat's-paw ripples here and there.

But it seemed covered with innumerable islands like meadows, some not extending over more than a few square yards, others stretching away as far as the eye could see.

They were brown meadows, and yellow meadows, and green meadows, which looked like solid land at a distance, but like marsh near by; and they were all afloat, for they moved up and down with the ground-swell.

And among them were floating spars with tangles of rigging, countless barrels and bales and boxes, and, in fact, every known sort of flotsam; and looming up over all was an ancient hulk with her masts still standing, and her yards crossed, with long rags, like grey beards, dangling from them.

In the very middle of one of these floating meadows the *Wasp* has pushed her way until the resistance of it had become too great for her enfeebled powers. And the weed swarmed about her as if alive, and piled up before her bow and choked her rudder, and a mass like a knot of sea-snakes hung from her dolphin-striker. The crew gazed at the tangle in amazement, and saw fish darting in and out of it and great brown crabs crawling over the top and perpetually snaring themselves in it.

In this strange place, where the Atlantic gathers and holds all its floating rubbish, the *Wasp* had stopped—a prisoner in the weeds of the Sargasso Sea.

Blakely saw no peril in the situation. He believed he had only to refit his ship from the floating spars and from the rigging in the derelict hulks, to sail easily out of the trap. So the men of the *Wasp*

set bravely to work. But months and months went by, for it was slow labour getting the material through the tangle. And then, when she was ready once more to spread her wings, a great gale came and packed the weed even more closely than ever about her.

So she remained. Year followed year, but no release. The men lived on as sailors live in port on a war-ship at anchor. The flag rose to the peak in the morning and came down with the sun. The captain's pennant flew from the main truck, and on Sundays the Jack fluttered from the bowsprit. When the day in July came around, to the Stars and Stripes aloft the guns which had sunk the *Reindeer* and the *Avon* thundered a joyful salute; and once as a silent figure swiftly sped down to find its eternal resting-place in the sea abysses far under the tangle, the deep voices of his cannon mourned for him and boomed forth his requiem.

Then the son took the father's place by common consent, and the years went on again.

Meanwhile, these men, being Yankees, invented ways and means of living. When the fresh water gave out they built stills and condensed it from the steam of seawater. Of fuel the floating wreckage gave them an abundance. They became skilled in trapping birds and fish, and the supply of both was endless. They discovered more derelict hulks, some of which yielded clothing. The Atlantic, although it kept them close prisoners, met their wants with lavish prodigality.

In May 1899 forty-two men responded to general muster. The youngest was the captain, aged ninety-eight. To all appearances they were hearty fellows, but they had pretty much ceased to take note of the lapse of time, and recent incidents were almost immediately forgotten. They remembered, however, the old fights with the British, and referred to them as if they had just happened; they nursed their long since healed wounds as if still suffering, and when they speculated on escaping from their prison they spoke of meeting other British foes and of how they would sweep them from the sea.

One evening a boat's crew came back to the ship with the news that a piece of their meadow had broken off and that beyond was clear blue water. A gale was rising. Blakely, the son, made sail. About midnight he saw the stars swing past the foremast.

Then the old craft gave a mighty lurch, and tossing back a great sea which came tumbling upon her forecastle, laid over till her guns dipped, and leaped ahead. And with that came back the music of the passing waters silent for all these years. It sang under her bows, and laughed and gurgled along the sides, and shouted under the stern one bubbling pæan of welcome and delight.

Then the black meadows vanished in the wake, and in their place came the bright phosphorescent sea, jumping and glistening and sparkling.

And so, free as the birds which circled around her, the ship sped on.

THIS, MAINLY FROM THE OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "ROYAL PATRICK."

To say that Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Leonards Hawke, K.C.B., etc., commanding her Britannic Majesty's North

American Squadron, was out of temper hardly expresses the fact.

"The stupidity, Sir, the dense, dumb, mulish asininity, Sir, of the Halifax naval authorities, Sir, is—is—is——"

And while the Admiral's visage is regaining its normal scarlet and losing its abnormal deep crimson hue, you can well imagine that the language actually has no

adjective which can possibly do justice to his sentiments.

The trouble was about the flag-ship, the *Royal Patrick*—17,000 tons, 18-in.



The "Wasp" crowded on every stitch of sail.

armour, 12-in. guns—the last new battle-ship launched by England and the most formidable of all her fleet, if not in the world. The *Royal Patrick* in coming from St. Lucia had run into an ugly north-easter, and her new fittings had fared badly. One of her big guns had got adrift and smashed up its own mount and that of its mate. Structural weakness had

developed in a part of her frame, and the consequent yielding had put the port shaft out of line, and left her dependent on her starboard engine. Her after-turret had jammed, and the shell and ammunition hoists for her other big guns refused to work. In that state she had limped into Halifax early in March 1899, and it was now May, and the repairs were about as far from complete as in the beginning.

Meanwhile, Admiral Hawke's time on the station was up, and he wanted to go back to England and stand for Parliament at the coming General Election. In addition to this, His Serene Highness Prince Ludwig of Hesse - Schweinkopf (travelling incognito in the States as Count Dudesheim, and just returned from hunting large game in the Rockies), attended by his equerries, the Earl of Whitechapel and Sir Colney Hatch, had also signified his gracious intention of returning to England in the *Royal Patrick*, and, of course, that was a command which could not be evaded.

"And yet," once more to quote the irate Admiral, "it took those Halifax imbeciles two months to find out, Sir, that they would have to send home for every forging and every casting that was injured. And when they did it—when they did it—they blundered so idiotically that the Admiralty shipped the whole thing to Bermuda, Sir!—to Bermuda!"

When Prince Ludwig arrived in Halifax matters were at a deadlock, and perhaps might have stayed so indefinitely had not he solved the problem by announcing that he would willingly proceed in the *Royal Patrick* to Bermuda, and, indeed, remain there pending the making of the repairs. This suited the Admiral and the Halifax authorities, who were anxious to get rid of him, still better; and so it happened that the *Royal Patrick*, on June 20, 1899, found herself off St. George's Banks headed southward.

The fog had been thick through the night and the air cold. The sea was rather high, although the wind was light and the ship was running into it under her one available engine at a speed of barely nine knots. She was not making good

weather, probably because she was too light in the water. Her stores had not been replenished, and the coal in her bunkers was very low. Her armament was in a disorganised condition, her large guns being practically useless. The whole of her secondary battery (one one-pounder quick-fire gun excepted) had been removed in Halifax in order to fit out another ship which was to remain on the station, and to give place to heavier pieces, which were to be installed when she should reach England.

So, also, she was very short-handed, the majority of her men having long times to serve having been drafted to other vessels, leaving her with barely a third of her full crew.

Prince Ludwig commented jocularly on this state of affairs at the breakfast-table, and asked Admiral Hawke whether he felt any anxiety in the circumstances.

"Humph!" snorted the Admiral. "The only anxiety I feel, Sir, is on account of the delay in getting your Highness home. At least there is no danger in this part of the world, where our disputes with Jonathan will be settled hereafter, we hope—not with battle-ships, but by a few diplomats in a Swiss hotel. Well, what is it, young gentleman?"

The midshipman addressed had been waiting respectfully, cap in hand.

"The Captain's compliments, Sir, and the fog has lifted, and there's a school of whales ahead, Sir, and a sail on the port bow."

"Vey-less?" ejaculated Prince Ludwig. "How interestink! Ve vill upstairs go, Herr Admiral, und vatch dem."

"Most certainly, Sir," rejoined the Admiral with great deference; and the party proceeded in single file, the Prince leading, immediately followed by the midshipman, who was homeward bound, because he had just become a Marquis, and then the Admiral bringing up the rear to the bridge, where the officer of the watch and the commander of the *Royal Patrick*, Captain the Hon. Lancelot Arthur Cholmondeley-Smith-Cholmondeley, C.B., were attentively scanning the distant sail through their glasses. The course

which the *Royal Patrick* was steering would bring her directly into the school of whales.

"What do you make her out, Captain?" asked the Admiral.

The Captain, by the way, was a tall individual, possessing great calmness and solemnity of demeanour, mingled with an expression, when the Admiral addressed him, of superhuman meekness. In fact, he was a typical flag-ship Captain, to whom, being always bullied by an Admiral, extreme humility is an indispensable requisite.

When the Admiral spoke to him he bowed, coughed, and hesitatingly suggested—

"Might—ah!—might she not be a New Bedford whaler, Sir?"

"Ah, after those fish, I suppose," said the Admiral. "Now, that's an unusual sight, Sir," addressing the Prince, "a very unusual sight, although not uncommon when I was the age of that youngster there. But nowadays the whaling-vessel is seldom seen in this part of the Atlantic, and the whales, even finbacks, such as those yonder, are scarcer every year."

"She is about to heave-to, Sir—yes, there goes her maintop's'l to the mast," said the Captain, still watching.

"I am charmed that your Highness should have had this opportunity," continued the Admiral. "The whaler is about to attack the whales, and you will shortly see her lower her boats."

"So? Und how does he catch dem—mit lines or mit nets, or vat?" demanded the Prince.

"With harpoons, Sir. Plunges them into the fish."

"Ach! So! Only fancy! But—ah—Admiral, could not ve shoot dem now?"

"Well—that is—quite so—yes, Sir, undoubtedly, Sir."

"Beg pardon, Sir," interrupted the Captain, "but we shall be into those fish pretty soon. It would be a pity to scare off that fellow's game. They'll leave as soon as they hear our screw."

"Yes, yes, by all means," replied the Admiral quickly; "change her course. Head her off to the eastward, so that we

can lie abeam the whaler. Signal below for half speed."

The bow of the great battle-ship slowly swung to the east and the speed slackened. Thus she came into the trough of the sea and began to roll deeply.

"The sail has hoisted American colours, Sir," reported the officer of the watch to the Captain.

"So she has," said the Admiral. "Just a little sea compliment—quite courteous, too, at the moment, seeing that she must be busy enough in preparing for her catch—quite courteous. Ah! Captain, just have our ensign hoisted, will you?"

From the peak of the whaler a large American flag was flying—an unusually large flag for a merchant vessel to carry—and rather a weather-worn one, too, in which the red and white stripes were approaching the same dull hue. An instant later the naval banner of England—the white field with the red cross of St. George—rose on the staff at the stern of the *Royal Patrick*.

The Admiral watched the stranger intently, and finally lowered his glass with a puzzled look.

"Queer," he said to himself; "single topsail yards, no whips on the braces, and that long pennant at the main, and——"

"Herr Admiral," said the Prince, who had been talking somewhat excitedly with his suite, "I—ah—should like some ogsperiment to dry. I have nefer a whale shotted already, und I vould like now so to do."

"Why, yes; but I don't see, Sir, how you are to do it. Even an elephant-gun would make little impression on these fish."

"Ja wohl—so!—quite so—abe rich will vun of your schmall ship guns at der beast fire; dieses hier, for ogsempel."

The Prince pointed to the one-pounder quick-fire gun which was near at hand.

The Admiral looked at the Captain somewhat doubtfully. The Captain simply said, however, in a low voice—

"We can let him do it, Sir. He's not likely to hit anything, and if he does he'll only help that fellow over there."

"Yes, yes," rejoined the Admiral, glad

to find this unlooked-for support; and then once more turning to the Prince with a bow, he said in his most courtly manner—

"The gun is at your Highness's disposal. I deem it a pity that our Yankee friend cannot know to whom he will be indebted for the gracious good fortune which will, I am sure, provide him with a welcome addition to his catch."

The Prince did not wait to hear further encomiums upon his graciousness, but, as soon as the gun was loaded, placed his body to the shoulder-rest and swung the piece into train. At that moment the whales were about abeam of the battleship, and the whaler farther distant and abaft the beam, so that the path of the shot would be across the American's bows.

The proceeding had attracted the attention of the watch on deck, and the men gathered near the rail to watch the effect of the shot. Besides, the spectacle presented by his Highness was not altogether uninteresting.

For some occult reason he had attired himself in Highland costume, philibeg, tartan, and all; and his kilt, being extremely short, was flapping gaily in the breeze and revealing an extent of very thin nude legs, quite blue with the cold, which trembled so that he could hardly keep himself steady. The rolling of the ship also bothered him in getting aim, and if this were not enough, the unconscious whales refused the rôle of targets, and spouted and dived and splashed around after their own fashion, as if the honour of being shot at by a relative of royalty was to them one of the most everyday character. But it was an inspiring sight none the less, this German princeling attired in Scotch raiment about to shoot American whales from a British man-of-war. In due time the marksman got the glimpse he wanted. The ship was rising on her roll when he fired.

The shot flew high, struck the water, and bounded again and again, throwing up miniature geysers of foam.

And then!

Not a wounded whale crimsoning and lashing the ocean in his death flurry, but a cloud of smoke and fire leaping from

the broadside of the distant vessel; a thundering roar of heavy guns followed by the crash of splintering wood, and of shot striking the steel plates of the battleship, and of grape beating a devil's tattoo on her sides.

"Great Heavens! what is it?" shouted the Admiral.

The smoke blew over to the bridge of the *Royal Patrick*, obscuring everything momentarily. Then as it drifted away the astonished eyes of the British seamen beheld every masthead of the supposed whaler blazing with the Stars and Stripes, and they heard the shrill cheering of her crew, and sharp words of command and the keen whistle of the bos'n's pipes.

This was no peaceful whaler, but a warship of the United States, with her colours aloft, sweeping magnificently into action.

The *Wasp* was ready to sting!

The panic on the *Royal Patrick* was indescribable. The bugles sounded to quarters—but of what avail, for there were no guns to fire save the little one-pounder.

"Ram her, Sir—ram her!" screamed the Admiral.

The great prow of the battle-ship swung toward the *Wasp*; but a huge sea just then sent the monster rolling deeply broadside to her enemy, and the *Wasp* seized the opportunity to deliver her fire again. This time a shot struck a smokestack, penetrated it, glanced angularly downward and wrecked the boiler connections. Blinding smoke and gas from the furnaces poured into the 'tween-deck spaces, driving the men out of the engine-room and stoke-hole, and rendering the engines unmanageable. The safety-valves had to be opened to avoid explosion of the boilers, and the life of the *Royal Patrick* went out in vast clouds of steam. Before she could reach the *Wasp*, she lay helpless, pitching and plunging wildly in the heavy sea.

"Is there nothing to be done?" half moaned the Admiral. His face was terrible to look upon.

The Captain gazed back at him in white despair. A grim look of determination came over the visage of the veteran.

"I do not know what this means," he

said solemnly, "but if it comes to surrendering this ship, we die first. We will open the sea-valves, Sir, and go down at our posts."

Then suddenly he shouted: "Stop him! stop him! STOP HIM!!"

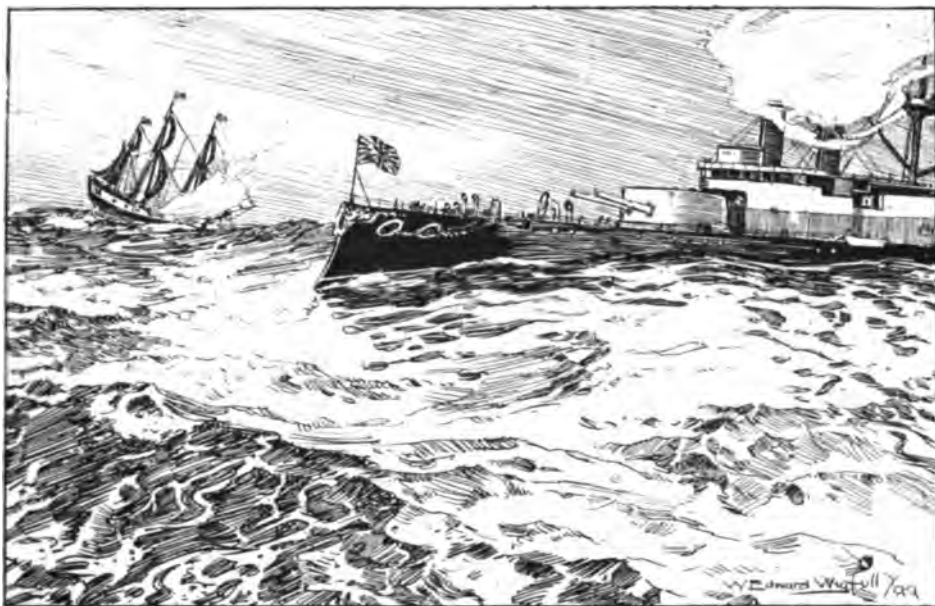
His voice rose to a yell—and well it might. A figure attired in Highland costume had clambered up on the stern rail and was beginning to lower the great white and red ensign.

"Stop him!" again shouted the Admiral,

"I rebresent her Machesty der Qveen," said Ludwig stolidly to the Captain, who had made his way aft, with a burning-eyed, savage crew pressing hard upon him. "I haf dot flag took down to safe our lives."

"A-a-h!" yelled the crew, and if Ludwig could have understood half the epithets launched at him, he might well have recoiled from his undertaking.

But Captain Cholmondeley was a prudent man and a far-seeing one, not



The life of the "Royal Patrick" went out in vast clouds of steam.

fairly frantic with rage and excitement. "He's a Hessian! He's not an Englishman! It's not *his* flag! It's *our* flag! Our flag! Stop, you coward, stop——"

And the old man swayed helplessly a moment and fell headlong, insensible, on the bridge.

Then Ludwig, Prince of Hesse-Schweinkopf, calmly released the halliards, and the proud banner of Great Britain trailed for a moment in the sea, and was gone.

Again the shrill cheering from the *Wasp* came over the water in redoubled volume. She went about slowly, and ceasing her fire, stood gracefully rising and falling to the head sea.

overburdened with sentiment, yet a little shrewd withal.

He had not surrendered his ship. If the royal relative saw fit to do so, the royal relative might shoulder the blame. Besides, and in any event, the responsibility would not fall upon him, but upon his official superior present on board; and he knew that the high-tempered Admiral would insist upon ignoring his incapacity, and in assuming the whole of it.

Things, therefore, were not so bad. If he ordered the flag rehoisted, the American ship might inflict serious damage on him before he could get the break in the boiler connections repaired. On the other

hand, she had obviously now no intention of resuming her attack, and if the men were set at once to work he might get into shape again in a comparatively short time, and then, by the use of the ram, retrieve everything.

He managed to explain this to the men in a few words—his officers, who quickly saw the drift of his endeavour, loyally helping him—and in a very brief time the engineers and stokers were heroically hauling the fires. The ports were everywhere opened to clear the ship of smoke, and the machinists started repairs on the injured flues. Fortunately, the *Wasp's* projectiles had killed no one, a few flesh wounds from splinters being the only casualties. Of course, her shot had glanced harmlessly from the heavy armour. The Admiral, who was suffering from an apoplectic seizure, was resting in his cabin, still insensible, but recovering.

The condition of affairs on board the *Wasp* was peculiar. The old men were greatly elated, but in a grave, sedate sort of way, tempered perhaps by the bewilderment with which they had regarded the *Royal Patrick* from the time that she first appeared in sight. They could not understand what she was. The captain, after long scrutiny through his glass, decided her to be a derelict and that the great columns of black smoke rising from her funnels showed her to be on fire. He changed his mind after seeing the whales, and concluded that she was a whaler which had lost some of her masts and which, pending the making of new ones, was engaged in trying out blubber. But as neither supposition explained how she managed to move through the water without sails, there was still much mystery.

When the English flag was hoisted, however, speculation went to the winds, and the *Wasp's* crew to their guns as one man. It was enough for them that the strange craft carried the enemy's colours—for they had lost conception of the lapse of time, and the flag they saw was like the one which the *Reindeer* and the *Avon* had flaunted. They hove to and grimly waited.

Then came the flash of the Prince's gun and the shriek of the shot past their bows

It meant an insult and a challenge; and the matches leaped to the vents in resentment of the one and acceptance of the other.

But now that his antagonist had yielded, and without firing a second shot, Blakely was in great perplexity. The sea was running too high for the vanquished ship to send a boat and make a formal surrender on his deck, nor could he, for the same reason, despatch a prize crew to board her. Nor did he have any way of signalling to her.

There was obviously nothing to do but to run as close to the prize as possible and order her to stand by the *Wasp* until the sea should moderate—a manoeuvre which, so far as the seamanship of it was concerned, was executed with perfection. But, unfortunately, Blakely's voice lacked the carrying power it once had, and as the English vessel returned no reply to his hail—in fact, she was emitting what appeared to be white smoke which roared tremendously—he remained in doubt as to whether he had been understood at all. So he stood off a mile or so and hove to again, the old men meanwhile clambering up the shrouds and gazing at the frantic rolling of their incomprehensible capture with absorbing interest and fascination.

As the evening came on, the wind grew strong from the eastward. The *Wasp* closed-reefed her topsails and tacked to and fro, making, however, considerable leeway; so that before dark the *Royal Patrick* lay several miles to windward of her. That ship was in grave peril, being rolled over by the seas, for she still lay in the trough. The billows, besides, were crashing against her sides and breaking over her with terrible force, and there was imminent danger that her weakened frame would yield.

By midnight Captain Cholmondeley had made up his mind that she must be freed of some of her deck weight, and he began preparations to throw her guns overboard.

The horizon was misty. Cholmondeley had lost sight of the *Wasp*, and was peering to the westward endeavouring to find her

Suddenly, as out of the sea, shot a slender blinding beam of light, which glinted on the *Wasp's* sails for an instant, throwing her out in brilliant relief, and then swung over upon the *Royal Patrick* and there rested. A moment later a deep-toned whistle could be heard far in the distance, and then out of the mist shone also the red and green side-lights and white mast-light of a coming steamer.

The *Royal Patrick* fired her one gun again and again in reply. The *Lucania*, rushing onward at twenty - two knots, answered with electric signals, and kept her great searchlight full upon the war-ship.

"I am in danger," said the *Royal Patrick*.

"I will stand by you," replied the *Lucania*.

And on she came, whizzing through the seas straight into the teeth of the wind.

More talk with the lanterns. The patriotism of the *Lucania* rises superior to the prohibition in her mail contract against taking ships in tow. Then a blazing buoy drops from her stern and drifts across the bow of the battle-ship, and someone manages to get the line which it carries. They take the rope to a windlass and heave in, and find at its end a great steel wire hawser, which they make fast, and signal again.

And then there is a mighty pull, and the cable tautens and hums, and the huge war-ship swings to it, turning her back to the eastward, and so in tow of the ocean racer she moves toward England.

Meanwhile, the faint glow of the *Wasp's* lights, far on the western horizon, vanishes in the ocean mist.

THIS, FROM THE NEWSPAPERS, AMERICAN AND ENGLISH.

With the help obtained from the *Lucania*



"I represent her Majesty the Queen," said Ludwig.

as soon as the sea had moderated, the *Royal Patrick* soon completed her repairs sufficiently to enable her to proceed under her own steam. His Highness of Hesse-Schweinkopf and suite abandoned the war-ship at the earliest possible instant for the comfortable quarters of the Cunarder; being rowed over to her with great ceremony in the Admiral's barge

flying the Royal Standard in the bow. The Prince left the battle-ship with merely a cool nod to Captain Cholmondeley, who attended him to the side. The Admiral, who had at once announced himself as solely answerable for the surrender, refused to leave his cabin.

A few days later the *Royal Patrick* anchored in Portsmouth Harbour.

Before she had fairly swung to her moorings, the Admiral's barge left her with Admiral Hawke and Captain Cholmondeley in full uniform in the stern. Cholmondeley's expression was, as usual, calm and collected. The Admiral's face, on the contrary, betrayed strong emotion.

Both officers kept silence. When the barge came to the landing, the Admiral stepped out and strode nervously, followed by Cholmondeley, to the office of the Port Admiral.

He answered that official's somewhat surprised but cordial greeting with a wave of his hand, as if he could not trust himself for the moment to speak. Then he unbuckled his sword and laid it on the table before the Port Admiral.

"I have come, Sir," he said, "to surrender my sword and to accept arrest. I have—I have disgraced my flag, Sir! I have dishonoured my country, Sir! I am unfit to serve her Majesty further, Sir!—I—"

Something in the eyes of his old friend, who had advanced toward him with outstretched hands, but who now stood looking at him in utter bewilderment, unmanned him, and with a choking "God help me, George!" he threw his arms around the neck of the white-haired sailor, whose years of honourable service exceeded his own, and sobbed like a child.

A moment later he recovered himself, and drawing himself up erect, he said simply—

"I await her Majesty's pleasure on my flag-ship, Sir," and with that walked back to his barge.

The Port Admiral turned to Captain Cholmondeley. That excellent officer quietly drew from his pocket a folded paper.

"I am aware, Sir," he said calmly,

"that this communication has not received the Admiral's endorsement, but it may perhaps be received by you unofficially as affording some imperfect explanation of this unfortunate occurrence, which——"

"Zounds! Sir! what d'ye mean? Hey?" exploded his now exasperated superior. "What's the matter? Let's have it!"

Captain Cholmondeley assumed a look of more than seraphic meekness, and told the story of the *Wasp's* attack with all the picturesqueness of a Blue-Book. Even when he came to the lowering of the *Royal Patrick's* flag his placid tones never faltered, although he was obliged to suspend his narration until the Admiral had anathematised his Serene Highness, Prince Ludwig of Hesse-Schweinkopf, with a wondrous fecundity of marine epithet.

From the Port Admiral the news sped over the wires to the Admiralty, to Downing Street, to every newspaper in the kingdom, and then under the Atlantic to the United States, where it sent the Secretary of State in breathless haste to the White House, and so to the bulletin boards everywhere and to the people who flocked around them.

Then all Great Britain rose in mighty wrath; and from the Prime Minister of the realm to the American Republic the cable bore the swift and stern demand for explanation.

Two years earlier orders would have flashed simultaneously to the fleets and the arsenals of England to make ready for war; but the two great English-speaking nations had virtually pledged their faith to one another for peace.

The people of the United States received the tidings in amazement. No man understood them. Everyone was an interrogation point to his neighbour. No newspaper even attempted to advance a rational supposition. Even the bitterest partisan sheets made no effort to find causes or reasons in the devious windings of national politics. They simply besieged the White House and the Departments in Washington for some solution to the mystery which they believed the Government could give. Not getting it, they abused

the President and the State Department for concealing it.

And yet it was all just as unintelligible, just as bewildering, to President McKinley and to his Cabinet as to the people who demanded an explanation of it. The American Ambassador had forwarded at once all the information obtainable from the officers and crew of the *Royal Patrick* concerning their mysterious assailant. But the Secretary of the Navy positively assured the President and his colleagues

of the United States had sifted every possible source of information, and most of them were outspoken in the belief that the alleged American war-ship was a myth. Indeed, they averred that the whole story had been invented to conceal from foreign nations the discreditable weakness of the most formidable ship in the British Navy. Then, under the leadership of certain blundering British editors, all the little investors in England—like the Irish mob which revenged itself on a bank by burn-



The "Lucania" kept her great search-light full upon the war-ship.

that no such vessel as was described existed in the United States Navy or appeared in our naval archives for the last half century. The old Admirals and Commodores on the retired list emerged from their retreats to add their testimony to this assurance. The instructions sent to our Ambassador were so positive in their denials that the British Foreign Office was staggered.

But in answer came the impressive declaration of Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Leonards Hawke—retired on half pay—corroborated by that of his Serene Highness the Prince of Hesse-Schweinkopf, who (so said the *Court Circular*) had behaved throughout the action with the utmost gallantry, even serving a gun with his own princely hands, and who had since received the Star of the Royal Coburg Order.

By this time, however, the newspapers

ing its notes—began to sell back securities at frightful loss to themselves.

And subsequent realisation of what they had done, brought about by the prompt absorption of everything they sent, did not improve the temper of John Bull, while Jonathan, who was already, as is his wont, beginning to see the humorous side of it all, stopped shivering in Wall Street, and genially invited further consignments of his stocks and bonds on the same favourable terms.

Of course, there were old ships in our navy, and when this fact was harped upon

by the Anglomaniacs the Navy Department sent the *Constitution* and the *Constellation* and the *St. Mary's* and the *Dale* and the *Jamestown* and the *Portsmouth* and the *Saratoga*—in fact, all of our ancient naval bric-à-brac—to Newport Harbour, and invited the British Ambassador to select the offender. He declined, but, all the same, sent some nautical detectives, who failed to identify among them the *Royal Patrick's* antagonist; although they hesitated over the *Constellation* until they

only one course open, and that was joint investigation. Two months later a joint High Commission of Inquiry of five, two members representing Great Britain, two the United States, and the fifth appointed by the Emperor of Austria, met at Lucerne.

Then came the filing of the protocols and counter protocols, and statements, and affidavits, and exhibits, and maps, and diagrams, and tables, and synopses—and the great reams of paper piled up higher



By the blue glare of the lightning, the men at the South Beacon saw a full-rigged ship, staggering under a tremendous press of sail, burst into view.

discovered that she had been solidly moored in Narragansett Bay for some years. But the venerable fleet made a fine showing and gave keen delight to the old Admirals and Commodores who came to Newport in shoals from all over the country, simply to see it and get young again.

Popular feeling in England became hotter, as it dawned on the British public that the United States was inclined to treat the whole matter derisively. The proceedings in Parliament made it soon evident that the Ministry must either fall or resort to positive measures. There was

and higher, and the ink used might well have floated the *Wasp* herself.

But ultimately the investigators left the problem unsolved. The English insisted to the bitter end that the American ship did exist and did attack the *Royal Patrick*. The Americans, *contra*, denied the existence of any such ship, and consequently asserted the battle impossible of proof.

"Gentlemen," said the Baron Schwarzenburg-Botoky, after his four colleagues had reached this disagreement for the sixty-fifth time, "the only way to decide this matter is not to decide it, and that is my decision."

Then he took off his eyeglasses, shut them with a snap, bowed ceremoniously, and went back to Vienna. As neither pair of the remaining four investigators agreed with him, of course there was in fact no decision. Thereupon the English investigators and the American investigators said good-bye, and the counsel and the proctors and the assistant proctors and the assessors and the professors and the diplomats and the translators and the attachés and the clerks and all the rest of the paraphernalia went home to their respective countries, amid the tearful adieux of the proprietors of the Schweitzer and of all the other "Hofs" which border the pretty Swiss lake.

And the sole result of it was that John Bull scowled even until John o' Groat's seemed to meet Land's End, while o'er the visage of Jonathan a smile slowly expanded from Maine to Oregon.

AND THIS, FROM THE U.S. LIFE-SAVING
STATION, BLOCK ISLAND.

A great sea was beating on the clay cliffs of Block Island. Toward the end of August a fierce south-east gale had raged for days, and the life-saving crew and fishermen were watching for wrecks from the headlands and along the beach. The storm was almost tropical in its violence, especially in the intense brilliancy of its electrical discharges and in the torrent-like downpour of the rain.

Suddenly, in the night and by the blue glare of the lightning, the men at the South Beacon saw a full-rigged ship staggering under a tremendous press of sail burst into view as if she had been created from the driving mist. She was heading straight for the shore.

The steam siren shouted to her its

loudest warning. The men burned rockets and waved lights. She replied with deep-mouthed guns measured in their intervals, as if she were booming forth a salute. But still she kept on.

As she drew nearer, one flash revealed her scudding like a great cloud before the blast with all her flags streaming from her sky-poles. The next showed only the surging waves wringing their white hands.

When the storm went down the beach at the foot of the cliff was strewn with wreckage, and with it there came to the land the bodies of some ancient sailors wearing a quaint and antique uniform.

The surfmen buried them in the old graveyard of the island and set up some of the timbers which had been washed ashore to mark their resting-place.

"It was an old ship's company," said one weather-beaten mariner as he finished the last grave, "and a mighty short-handed one, too, to manage a big sailin' craft on a lee shore in such a blow as that. An' they come from furrin parts, I reckon, and couldn't ha' known the coast."

But another—he who had read the words committing to the dust these men who belonged to the deep—took with him the brass-bound log-book which one of them had clung to; and from it there came to him the tidings for which the mothers of the boys who had sailed away so long ago had waited until they died.

And then he knew that this ship and these men were neither strange nor foreign; but that the United States sloop-of-war *Wasp*, Johnston Blakely, Esquire, commanding, after a cruise of eighty-five years, during which she had rendered her country great and distinguished service, had at last come home.

ONE OF ZOLA'S HIDING-PLACES.

By H. C. SHELLEY.

THE affaire Dreyfus leads who shall say where? What, for example, was more unlikely than that the trial of an officer in the French army should result in the addition of an interesting association to an old English mansion already rich in

fled from France, he would never have been in hiding at Oatlands Park.

It is impossible not to smile at the somewhat juvenile hero-worship which pervades the pages in which Mr. E. A. Vizetelly has told the story of Zola's exile in England; but, on the other hand, it is equally impossible not to feel a certain interest in the narrative. Fifty years hence some literary Old Mortality will be tracking each footstep of the novelist on the shores of perfidious Albion, and he and his readers will not fail to be grateful for the explicit sign-posts which Mr. Vizetelly's devotion has already erected. Meanwhile, to anticipate Old Mortality a little, here are a few photo-



ROOMS AT OATLANDS WHERE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE SPENT HER HONEYMOON, AND IN WHICH THE DUCHESS OF YORK DIED.

such attractions? Yet such has been one of the outcomes of that French military tragedy.

If it had not been for the Dreyfus case, M. Zola would never have penned his famous accusation; if it had not been for that accusation, he would never have been impeached at Versailles; if it had not been for the sentence of twelve months' imprisonment passed on the novelist by the Versailles court, M. Zola would never have fled from France; and if he had not

graphs of one of the hiding-places in which Zola spent several months of his exile.

When Mr. Vizetelly became convinced that it was dangerous for his illustrious friend to remain in London, he was at a loss to know where to hide him. Zola himself manifested a strange predilection for Wimbledon, whereat his English friend was duly alarmed, for "a good many Wimbledonians were aware of my connection with M. Zola, and even if he were not personally recognised by them,



OATLANDS PARK.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S DOGS' CEMETERY.

the circumstance of a French gentleman of striking appearance being seen in my company was fated to arouse suspicion."



PRINCE HENRY OF OATLANDS.

It became a serious business, then, to dispose of the exile with the greatest amount of secrecy.

At this crisis a wise adviser suggested Oatlands Park, and Zola himself was so impressed with the description offered of that "leafy district" that Oatlands Park was decided upon. During the journey down, Mr. Vizetelly concocted a pleasant plan for hoodwinking the manager of that select hotel, and it is probably only recently that Mr. Grace became aware that in the "French artist" bearing the name of M. Pascal he had for a guest the writer whose whereabouts in the summer of last year defied the vigilance of the whole journalistic world.

Probably Oatlands and its lions will duly make their appearance in the book which Zola is to write about his English exile; but, if Mr. Vizetelly may be relied upon, those lions, with one exception, made little impression on the novelist at the time. He is said to have contemplated unmoved the rooms in which Princess Charlotte spent the honeymoon

which prefaced her brief wedded life, and to have been far from impressed with that famous grotto which cost the Duke of Newcastle the respectable sum of £40,000. But one of the sights of Oatlands went straight to Zola's heart. His Boswell tells how the "master" has near his own house at Médan a cemetery, in which he has buried a favourite horse, a goat, and several dogs; and the owner of such a graveyard could not fail to be attracted by that charming little dell at Oatlands where the Duchess of York buried so many of her pets many years ago. It is comforting, then, to know that there was something at Oatlands of which Zola approved, and which he found interesting, and it is to be hoped that when he advertises that fact, Oatlands Park will reap the reward of having been a haven to the novelist by becoming a place of pilgrimage for all zealous Dreyfusards.

Will the devoted Mr. Vizetelly pardon the suggestion that Oatlands Park had enough fame to live upon, even if M. Zola had never slept beneath its roof? For



THE FIRST CEDAR OF LEBANON IN ENGLAND,
PLANTED BY PRINCE HENRY OF OATLANDS.

many years now it has been a favourite resort with fashionables anxious for a brief respite from the stress of a London season,



THE CHIEF CHAMBER OF THE GROTTTO.

and the visitors' book is inscribed with notable names innumerable. But these by no means represent the sum-total of Oatlands' visitors. The attractions of the place, and its deeply interesting associations, are so widely known that for thousands it is a favourite goal of a day's pilgrimage.

In the richly wooded grounds which front the hotel several noble cedars of Lebanon assert themselves as almost unrivalled specimens of their kind, and two of these bear inscriptions which increase the interest with which they cannot fail to be regarded. Those inscriptions set forth that these trees were the first cedars of Lebanon to be imported into England, and that they were planted by Prince Henry of Oatlands, the youngest son of King Charles I. Inasmuch as Prince Henry was born at Oatlands, and still dominates that mansion by the portrait which hangs in the hall—a portrait which

is a frequent subject of amusing study—Charles I.'s youngest son may be regarded as the patron saint of the place.

Oatlands Park has had many royal owners. First on the list comes Henry VIII.; and his masterful daughter, "Good Queen Bess," was often here with her Court. Anne of Denmark followed, then came the Queen of Charles I., the Duke of Newcastle, and lastly, the Duke of

York, second son of George III. The two Dukes are still linked with the history of the palace, the first through his grotto, the second through his wife. It is a century and a half since the Duke of Newcastle fell a victim to the fashionable fad of building grottoes, and the amorphous structure which he caused to be erected still survives. And so it ought. When a man spends £40,000 on a building, he deserves that it shall perpetuate his name for a few hundred years. Legend asserts

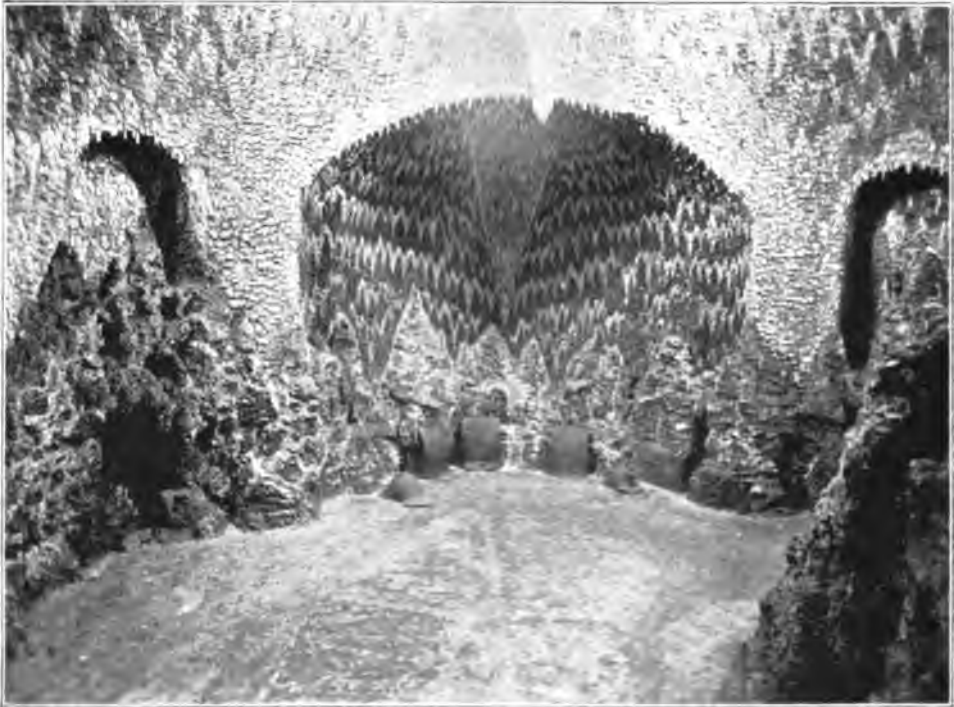


THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S BATH-ROOM.

that the entire structure was put together by three men, a father and two sons, and if that was the case it takes away some of the improbability of the other statement, to the effect that it was twenty years in building. The grotto defies description in the ordinary terms of architecture; all that can be said in that vocabulary is that it has two storeys.

First impressions may decide in favour of the apartment on the ground-floor as

unjust. A grotto is a fraud if not eerie, and it is only this dimly lit lower floor which saves the Oatlands grotto from that sin. The first chamber is known as the Duchess of York's bath-room, and a winding passage leads from one corner of this apartment to the gambling-saloon, where the visitor stumbles across the one association of the Duke of York with the grotto. It is not an enviable association. In this hidden chamber, where the light



THE GAMBLING-CHAMBER IN THE GROTTA.

being the most unique part of the grotto. Within these fantastic walls of inlaid spar and shells, and underneath the threatening points of these artificial stalactites, the Duchess of York passed her lonely hours; and here, too, George IV., as Prince Regent, gave a lavish supper to the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and other princely warriors, after the Battle of Waterloo.

Passing from the upper apartment of the grotto to the lower storey, the visitor finds that his first impressions have been

of the outer world struggles vainly with the inner darkness, and where the perfumes of flowers and the songs of birds do not enter, the Duke squandered his inheritance on the gambler's table. A few yards away there is a third apartment, a cave-like chamber, such as might be the abode of genii able to restore the lost gold for the recompense of a human soul. As the pilgrim reaches this limit of his quest he realises that no artist in weird sensations could have devised a more fitting climax.

THE EMPIRE'S COALING STATIONS.

By C. DE THIERRY.

A GLANCE at the map is enough to see that England, alone of the nations, has an absolutely unbroken chain of Colonies round the globe. The links in the French chain, which bears a certain resemblance to ours, are so widely sundered as to give the appearance of having no connection with one another. The links in the British chain are so closely set together as to form one harmonious whole. Like so many sentinels they stand, at intervals, along the great commercial waterways of the world; and so friendly are they to foreign war-ships and shipping that it is apt to be forgotten that they are, also, one of England's weapons of defence in time of war.

Gibraltar and Malta control that greatest of all trade routes, the Mediterranean. With England in Egypt, Port Said is neutral. Perim is, therefore, the first British coaling-station of the second-class on the road to the East. It is a bare rock at the southern entrance of the Red Sea, about three and a half miles long by two and a half wide, and crescent-shaped, the two horns enclosing a deep and capacious harbour with water four to seven fathoms deep in the best anchorages. At one time it was occupied by the East India Company, and, during 1799, by a British force to checkmate Napoleon in his designs on the East. Hearing that the French were about to take possession of it, General Sir W. M. Coghlan received instructions from home to forestall them; and, in 1856, Perim once more became British territory. It has a lighthouse, that enables vessels to navigate the Straits during the night, which, formerly, they were unable to do; and a telegraphic station. The Perim Coal

Company of Liverpool have utilised the great natural advantages of Perim since 1883, from which year facilities for coaling and provisioning first date. Vessels coaling at the island save a good many miles of extra steaming, besides the port dues and pilotage charged at Aden. The population numbers about four hundred, mostly coolies. Perim is under the jurisdiction of the Bombay Presidency.

Even more important to England's supremacy on the highway to India is Aden, a peninsula and town on the southwest coast of Arabia, and east of Bab-el-Mandeb. It was occupied by the Romans in the first century, and until the great Portuguese navigator rounded the Cape, it was the centre of Western trade with Asia. Then it began to decline, and when, in 1839, it was taken from the Arabs by England, it had sunk to the level of a mere village. With the opening of the Suez Canal, however, much of its former prosperity returned to it, so that to-day it has a population of about 40,000, and a trade whose value sometimes exceeds £4,000,000 sterling. The town is built in the crater of an extinct volcano, the lava from which in a bygone age fell on the surrounding country in cinder-like masses of rock. In Mediæval times it had magnificent cisterns for the collection of rain-water. Some of them have been repaired, and these, with wells sunk in the solid rock and distilled sea-water, are the sole sources of the town's water-supply. Aden is well fortified, not only as a coaling station, but as a telegraphic station, on the line between Suez and Bombay and between Zanzibar and the Cape.

Singapore, founded by Sir Stamford

Raffles in 1819 as an emporium for British trade in the East Indies, is an island off the southern extremity of the Malay Peninsula, from which it is separated by a strait only half a mile wide at its narrowest point. It is the greatest commercial centre in South-Eastern Asia with, perhaps, the exception of Batavia. The town is well built and picturesque, extending for six miles along the water

of Kowloon, which came into our possession in 1861, and the high ground behind it only last year, by a strait less than half a mile wide. The city of Victoria, built at the base of a line of hills, which rise to a height of between 3000 ft. and 4000 ft., is one of the handsomest and most picturesque cities in the East, combining as it does the atmosphere and gorgeousness of the Orient with the solidity and



Photo. by Lambert.

TANJONG DOCK, SINGAPORE.

front, and rivalling the cities of Europe in the number and size of its public buildings. The harbour is safe and commodious. Besides other docks it has a graving dock and an Admiralty dock. Like nearly all towns in the East Indies, it has a large Chinese population.

Hong-Kong, the last of England's strong positions on the world's trade route to the East, was a barren ridge of granite rocks inhabited by a few Chinese fishermen when it was ceded to this country in 1841. It is separated from the peninsula

impressiveness of the Occident. The harbour is a splendid one, having an area of ten square miles. Hong-Kong is not only a great commercial entrepôt, but it is the European financial centre of Eastern Asia. It is also a first-class naval base and coaling station. The harbour has five docks and three slips, as well as all the necessary machinery for repairing warships and vessels of the mercantile marine.

Albany, once described by a cynical traveller as "a jewel in a swine's snout," is the chief seaport of Western Australia.

The shores of Princess Royal Harbour, the head of King George's Sound, on which it stands, were settled over seventy years ago,

there is excellent holding-ground for all the navies of the world, with perfect shelter from the north-west and south-west

winds. With its green hills, granite crags, white houses, and park-like expanses undulating to the sea, it recalls an inlet of the Devonshire coast. Albany is, perhaps, the most English in its aspect of any town in Australia. So mild and equable is the climate that a proposal has been made to turn it into an Indian sanatorium.

Labuan is a self-supporting Colony on the north-west coast of Borneo at the entrance of Brunei Bay, itself a position



SCENE IN LABUAN.

but only of late has its importance been properly recognised. Up to 1886 a British war-ship on its waters was a rare sight, though its safe anchorage was known to every great maritime Power in the world, having been for some time the station of a Russian squadron. But the trend of events during the past decade has awakened not only the Imperial authorities but the Colonial authorities as well, and King George's Sound is now a fortified coaling station of the second class. It is a port of call for H.M.'s ships on their way to join the Australian squadron, and for the P and O, the Orient, and Messageries mail-steamers. The outer harbour is entered by a passage only a few hundred yards wide, yet deep enough for any ship afloat. Inside

of enormous strategical importance. They lie half-way between Australia and China, and Australia and Malaysia. They are in the neighbourhood of the Philippines, Dutch Indies, and German New Guinea. To the east is France in New Caledonia and Tahiti. In the north are Russia and Japan competing for the domination of the North Pacific. But other strategical



PORT KENNEDY, THURSDAY ISLAND.

positions have equal advantages. Labuan adds to these vast resources of coal. Singapore and Hong-Kong depend on England for their supplies. Labuan, with North Borneo, possesses inexhaustible stores of its own. How important to this country such a base will be in time of war can be realised only by a student of the late Spanish-American conflict. Moreover, official news comes through Labuan over the only all-British cable in the East. The alternative cable touches at Saigon, and this the French would cut on the outbreak of war. The latest French budget

taken over by the Central Borneo Company, since when the mines have been progressing more favourably. Most of the Labuan merchants represent Singapore commercial houses, and a great trade is carried on in the importation and re-exportation of Bornean produce. Vessels drawing twenty-seven feet can go alongside the new jetty to coal, and vessels drawing sixteen feet alongside the old jetties. Labuan is administered by an officer of the British North Borneo Company.

Thursday Island is the smallest of the Torres Strait Islands, off the point of

Yorke Peninsula, and between that and New Guinea. It has a fine harbour in Port Kennedy, and is the centre of the pearl and trepang fisheries. This latter is the greatest delicacy in the Chinese market, and a source of considerable revenue to Queensland. Thursday Island has only recently been made a coaling station.

Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, is built on the Brisbane River, about twenty miles from



THE WHARVES, BRISBANE.

provides for the fortification of Saigon, which commands the entrance of the China Sea opposite to Labuan. This latter still remains without defences of any kind.

Labuan was ceded to Great Britain in 1846, but was not occupied until 1848. Triangular in shape, it measures about seven miles across the base, and has a length of eleven miles from north to south. On account of its fine harbour and rich coal deposits, great things were prophesied of the new settlement. But these, so far, have not been realised. Four commercial companies in succession have tried to develop the resources of the island, and failed. In 1893, however, it was

its entrance into Moreton Bay. It was founded in 1825 as a convict settlement. But in 1842 the town was strong enough to resist any further importation of criminals, and its rise dates from that year. The channel is straight and deep, allowing vessels of the largest draught to draw up to the wharves in the heart of the city. The scenery along the banks of the river is very beautiful, and the vegetation tropical in its luxuriance and brilliant colouring. In 1891 the population of the city was close on one hundred thousand.

Lyttleton is the chief port of Canterbury, the greatest grazing and agricultural province of New Zealand. It is beautifully



KANDAVAN, FIJI.



Photo. by Valentine.

LYTTLETON HARBOUR, NEW ZEALAND.

situated on the slopes of high precipitous hills, which separate it from Christchurch and the plains. These, for many years, proved a serious obstacle to its development. But since engineering skill has cut

city is built on the flats, which once skirted the shore-line, and on the reclamations from the sea. Behind them rises a range of hills, the slopes of which are built over with gay villas and fine residences half buried in trees. The Houses of Parliament in Wellington are the largest wooden buildings in the world. The harbour has a patent slip, and its facilities for loading and unloading are second to none. Wellington was the first settlement founded by the New Zealand Company, whose moving spirit was Edward Gibbon Wakefield.

Away in the wilderness of the Southern Pacific lie the Fiji Islands. Now that the struggle of the



BATTERY AT ESQUIMAULT.

a tunnel and built a railway connecting it with the capital, it has become the chief outlet for the trade of Northern and Central Canterbury. Though the harbour has many natural advantages, it owes a great deal to man. A large area has been reclaimed, and two breakwaters have been built, enclosing about one hundred and seven acres. Other public works are the patent slip for ships up to four hundred tons burden, and a fine graving dock four hundred and fifty feet long, well equipped with machinery for repairs. Lyttleton, if not the most beautiful, is one of the most picturesque towns in New Zealand. It is well defended by fortifications and batteries. At this port the first Canterbury Association settlers landed under the direction of Mr. Godley.

Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, is built on Port Nicholson, the most central position in the colony. Like Lyttleton, with sheltered anchorage for ships and great depth of water, it owes much to the skill of the engineer. The

Great Powers, including the United States, for naval, colonial, and commercial supremacy has been partly transferred to the ocean first seen by Europeans from the shores of the Isthmus of Panama, these islands have become of great importance to the British Empire. Between them and Sydney stretches nineteen hundred miles, and between them and Vancouver over five thousand miles, without any intervening British territory. They were discovered by Tasman in 1643, but it was not until the middle of this century that they became the scene of international jealousies. In 1859 the sovereignty of the islands was offered to England, but declined in 1862 by the Duke of Newcastle. Owing to pressure exerted at home and in the Australian Colonies, however, a second offer was better considered, and Fiji was made a part of the British Empire in 1874. It is, perhaps, the most beautiful group of islands in the world. Nothing can surpass the brilliant colouring of the foliage, the luxuriance of

the vegetation, and the magnificence of the flowers. The country is well watered, some of the rivers being navigable for a considerable distance from their mouths. There are also many harbours and roadsteads. Each island is surrounded by a barrier reef, which forms a natural break-water, behind which ships can lie safely at anchor. Passages through it are usually found opposite the largest river of the island. The Governor of Fiji is also the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific.

Another naval base, whose importance to the Empire has gained through the shifting of the balance of power to the Pacific, is Esquimaux, at the extremity of Vancouver Island. It dominates the whole of the North Pacific, and is the only

during his fourth voyage, was captured by the English from the French and restored again at the conclusion of peace no less than five times. Even in the West Indies, where every island has a peculiar beauty of its own, St. Lucia is remarkable for its loveliness. Much of it is high and bold in outline and covered with impenetrable forest. The most interesting feature of the island is, however, the Pitons, two cone-shaped rocks, rising out of the water to a height of three hundred feet. Owing to an almost perennial trade-wind, St. Lucia is fairly healthy, though as long as the narrow valleys between high mountains were clothed with dense tropical vegetation its reputation was exactly the reverse. Castries, the capital, has a harbour unrivalled for natural advantages by any in



DURBAN.

strategical position belonging to Great Britain on the Western side of the American coast down to the Horn.

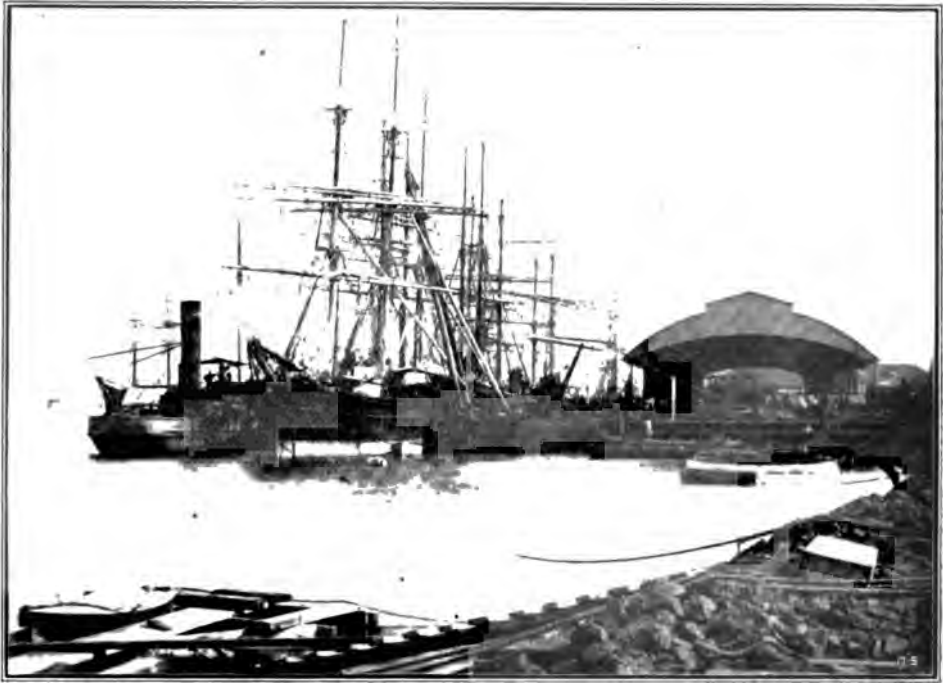
St. Lucia, discovered by Columbus

the West Indies. As a naval station it is second only to Port Royal, and as a coaling station for the fleet stands first. It has a concrete wharf, 650 ft. in length,

with a depth alongside of 27 ft. at low water, and another, 552 ft. long, faced with wood, and dredged to an average depth alongside of eighteen feet. Castries is strongly fortified, and, with its peculiar advantages as a coaling station and port of call, has a great future before it.

Trinidad, discovered by Columbus on his third voyage, has a history even more chequered than most West Indian islands. After a hundred years of effort, the Spanish

so shut in by the configuration of the land, it affords safe anchorage in all weathers. Port of Spain is the capital, a name which recalls its origin as a Spanish colony. It is one of the finest towns in the West Indies. Curiously enough, too, though Trinidad never belonged to France, the French element is strong in the population. The island is extremely fertile and the scenery beautiful, as only tropical scenery can be beautiful. A source of



DURBAN DOCKS.

established a colony at St. Joseph, which, in 1595, was burnt to the ground by Sir Walter Raleigh. It was raided by the Dutch, several times by the French, and in 1797 was captured by Sir R. Abercromby, being finally ceded to England in 1802 by the Treaty of Amiens. The island lies about sixteen miles east of Venezuela, having an area of about seven-hundred square miles. Between it and the mainland is the Gulf of Paria, into which fall the northern mouths of the Orinoco. Trinidad itself has only one good natural harbour. But as the gulf is

considerable revenue to the Government is a pitch-lake over a hundred miles in extent, about thirty miles distant from the capital

Another lonely outpost of civilisation is the Falkland group. These treeless, foggy, rainy islands were first seen by Davis in 1592, and named after Lord Falkland by Captain Strong a century later, since when they have been English more than once, French, Spanish, Dutch, and Spanish-American. They were definitely occupied by Great Britain in 1833, for the protection of the seal and whale

fisheries of the Southern Ocean, and used as a penal colony until 1852. At present it is one vast sheep-farm, the tussock grass peculiar to the soil being highly nutritious for sheep and cattle. When the Nicaragua Canal is cut the importance of the Falkland Islands will wane, as at present sailing-vessels for San Francisco, Valparaiso, and other Western Pacific ports refit and take in provisions before rounding the Horn. Stanley, the chief town, is built of wood and iron, without any regard for symmetry. It is bare beyond description, the only tree in the place not daring to send a shoot above the wall which protects it, for fear of being nipped off by the cutting southerly wind. The climate is extremely healthy, resembling that of the Orkneys, as does the general aspect of the country.

Durban is the seaport of Natal, and the only safe harbour on the African coast south of Delagoa Bay. At one time its dangerous bar hindered its progress seriously, but since



PORT VICTORIA, MAHÉ, SEYCHELLES ISLANDS.

extensive public works have made the inner harbour accessible at all times to vessels of deep draught, its development has been continuous. Besides the ten thousand tons of coal annually which constituted Natal's Jubilee gift to the Empire, any of her Majesty's war-ships can, without cost, be coaled either within or without the bay. Durban was founded in 1834 by Boers, who had "trekked" north to escape the English Government and all its ways. It was, though a Republican town, named after Sir Benjamin Durban, the popular Governor of the Cape. In 1842, however, Natal was brought under British jurisdiction by the victory of Colonel Cloete, and in 1843 it was proclaimed a British colony, the discontented Boers again "trekking" northwards. Durban is well laid out with tree-shaded streets, and, with its mixed Zulu and Indian population, presents a picturesque appearance to a stranger. The Bluff, a tall promontory on the south side of the entrance to

the port, was in 1889 fortified by heavy Armstrong guns.

The Seychelles are a dependency of Mauritius, from which they are distant nine hundred and thirty-four miles. They were discovered by a Portuguese navigator as early as the sixteenth century, but they were not occupied until the middle of the eighteenth, when the French planted a colony on Mahé, the largest island of the group. During the wars of the French Revolution its safe and commodious harbour, Victoria Bay, was the resort of the privateers, which were so destructive to English commerce in the Indian Ocean. But in 1704 the group was captured by Captain Newcombe, and Mauritius in 1806. Mahé is now a coaling station of the Admiralty, and the headquarters of the Southern division of the East Indian station. The British India Company's steamers of the line running between Bombay and Madagascar and the Messageries Maritimes also make it a port of call.

Planted directly in the Atlantic trade route to the Cape is St. Helena, an island of volcanic origin, lost in a waste of waters. It presents to the sea perpendicular cliffs from six hundred to two thousand feet high. These are cleft by narrow valleys, at the entrance of one of which is Jamestown. Since the opening of the Suez Canal, St. Helena has greatly decayed in a commercial sense, though it is still a coaling station of importance. It was discovered by the Portuguese, and until 1834 was occupied by the East India Company.

It will thus be seen that nearly every strategical position of importance on all the great trade routes of the world is in the hands of the British. Another remarkable feature is the fact that we owe the possession of few directly to war. Perim, Labuan, Singapore, all the Australasian naval stations, Fiji, Esquimaux, and Durban have all been occupied since 1815, through purchase, diplomacy, or the expansion of the Colonies. Most of them have sprung into great cities during the Queen's reign. The Empire's latest strategical position is Auckland, whose naval recognition is due to the efforts of

Mr. Witheford. When it becomes a coaling station, as it will before long, the credit will be largely due to Mr. W. J. Napier, the President of the local branch of the Navy League.

As the great struggle for supremacy during the eighteenth century was fought out on the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, so the great struggle during the coming twentieth century will be fought out on the Pacific. Instead of England, France, and Spain, the rivals will be England, Russia, the United States, Japan, with China looming up an uncertain factor in the situation. Happily, in spite of her political weakness for half a century, England is unquestionably the paramount Power in the Great Sea, as the Maoris picturesquely call it in their poetry and traditions. To maintain her position, however, she will require all her energies, resources, and statesmanship. For, while she has stood still, other nations have been forging ahead. Fifty years ago she was the only Power known in Pacific waters. Her traders, missionaries, navigators, and merchants carried all before them, her Navy cleared the Eastern seas of pirates, she had her choice of all the fairest islands in Melanesia and Micronesia. To-day the United States have a Pacific coast-line, Hawaii, Guam in the Carolines, and Manila in the Philippines; Germany and France have enough territory and coaling stations in the South Pacific to make themselves disagreeable; and Russia is absorbing Asiatic provinces with a Pacific littoral. England is, however, a greater Pacific Power than all her rivals combined. She has a North Pacific Empire in the Dominion of Canada, whose western seaboard is the only British territory, in the Western Pacific, from the North Pole to the Falkland Islands off the Horn. She has a South Pacific Empire in Australia, which, alarmed at the growth of Russia and Japan, is about to federate. Between these two great divisions of the Empire are the Fiji Islands and numerous other islets, which may yet prove valuable either as coaling stations or touching places for submarine cables. In the

Eastern Pacific, England, through her own supineness, is weakest, though she has Hong-Kong and Wei Hai Wei, with, perhaps, a protectorate over the Yangtse Valley. Her first need is organisation; her second need is organisation; her third need is organisation. Two great steps forward are the projected All British Cable and the Federation of Australia, which will add as much strength to the Empire as the Confederation of the

strongest natural position in the whole of the South Seas, alone has been neglected. For years colonials have been pointing out the advantages as a naval base of the only safe harbour on the south coast of Australia after leaving Port Philip, and, indeed, Albany, at the head of it, they have already partly fortified. But nothing has, so far, been done by the home authorities, though with comparatively small expenditure the harbour might be



ST. HELENA.

Canadas. The next move should be the settlement of the defence question on a sound basis. Esquimaux should be turned into a first-class naval base in the North Pacific, and King George's Sound in the South Pacific, and each colony should provide a body of seamen for the Naval Reserve and a contribution to the cost of the maintenance of the Imperial Army and Navy. Already Sydney and Auckland are fortified naval bases, and all the capitals of the Australias, as well as of the Provinces of New Zealand, are fortified. King George's Sound, the

made impregnable. The entrance is narrow, and commanded by high and beetling cliffs, as well as by an island. The channel is deep, and within are two fine harbours, one opening into the other. In time of stress and trouble, it is just possible the Suez Canal may be blocked, when Australia might very well aid in the defence of India, from which Albany is distant only 4,296 miles, to 10,675 miles by way of the Cape from England. There is no doubt that, with Federation, King George's Sound will be made the great naval base of the Southern Seas.

LOVE AND A COWARD.

By WILLIAM JAMES.

MATTHEW TRENT'S fellow salesmen noticed his confusion, and with the wisdom of experience divined its origin. During one of the temporary absences of Perks, the shopwalker, they broke out—

"Is she very beautiful?"

"Have you bought the piano yet?"

One youth, with a wink to the others, strutted up to Matthew with extended fists and mock-melodramatic challenge.

Trent's pale, narrow face flushed, and his eyes blinked rapidly. He threw up a protecting arm with a jerky motion.

"Don't, don't," he stammered. "I'll do something—yet—you'll go—too far"

There was a burst of laughter from the rest. The mock-melodramatic young man danced noiselessly in front of Trent. After many sinuous movements of his arm, punctuated by sudden darts to within an inch of the other's face, he ceased, and leaning forward, tapped Trent gently on each cheek and on the forehead.

Trent swung his arm vaguely in the air, but drew it back abruptly as it touched the other's coat. His mouth opened and shut, but no sound came. He stared round with a look of futile rage and complaint. Suddenly he caught a scissors that lay on the counter, and made a trembling gesture towards his tormentor.

"You—I—I—you don't know You may—be sorry—you——" His voice sank into a dry gasp.

* * *

In the evening he walked to and fro by the side of a high-steeped church, set in the midst of huddled grey and black streets and the din of human struggle—no longer draper's assistant, but lover.

The lamplight, kinder to the lover than daylight was to the victim, abstracted much of the commonplace from his aspect by the negative method of failing to reach his somewhat ineffective legs, and throwing into shadow his small, light-coloured eyes. In a few minutes he was joined by a girl of slight figure, whose face was kept, by means of night and a veil—after the manner of those women's faces that are neither too ugly nor too beautiful to flatter—within the debatable land bounded by undistinguished plainness and modest prettiness.

They walked on together past a row of mean, low-ceilinged shops, leaving the city behind. They were silent at first; then Trent opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came save a gasping, inarticulate sound, broken off suddenly. He coughed, battling dilemma, and stared into a shop-window at his elbow. This brought him face to face with a worse confusion, he was on the wrong side, farthest from the road. Other couples passed, rightly placed, heads together. He fancied them whispering ridicule of him. He translated the girl's silence into an accusation. Of a sudden, hope flickered. He touched her sleeve and pointed to a play-bill in a window.

"Look," said he, "shall we go?"

They stopped at the window, and he described volubly and with much circumstantial detail the attractions of the play, which he had not seen. When they turned to go, he took his place nearest the road.

A measure of confidence came to Trent. He glanced furtively at his companion. It was their first walk together, and as he looked toward her through a quivering

mist, which made real observation impossible, a warm gush of gratitude and love seized him, gathering up all the vague, lurking tremors of joy in a wild yearning for expression. He pushed his hat from his forehead and tugged at his collar; he felt stifled. A confused throng of words whirled and chimed in his brain, but they seemed out of reach; no message came. At last he said, in a somewhat forced voice—

"What time did you get away?"

She looked up sharply, and stamped her foot

"Bother business! You walk along like a mummy for half an hour, and then it's 'What time did you get away?' I hate business—so there!"

She faced him, with head tossed back, and chased his gaze away across a field. Then she swung on her heel toward their starting-point, and stood poised.

"I'm going home."

Trent regarded her helplessly, a feeling of injustice moving uneasily among his bewildered emotions. She moved a step away from him, with defiant, backward glance and tight-set lips. He started forward with a tumultuous heart, and, blindly doing the right thing in his fervour, caught her waist and swept her back along the road.

"You—you—must——" he stopped; his throat filled. The novelty of his situation rushed upon him and overwhelmed him. Dazed and palpitating, he withdrew his hand, and awaited her anger.

"You think yourself very clever, don't you?"

She spoke tauntingly, but her lips smiled, and he felt her arm touch his intimately. He cast about for words to utter, but she was before him.

"You'd think there were people hiding there, wouldn't you?" She pointed to a cluster of black, bare trees in the park they were just entering.

A still look, as of suspense, came into his face. "People hiding? There's nobody. It's the wind." He did not look at the trees.

"Yes, silly. Think I don't know. But fancy a man jumping out—for me. And

you sparring up to him. Oh, what fun!" She clapped her hands and laughed, inducing a fit of coughing.

"Your cough is bad. You should take——"

"I would like it, to see you both—Oh, dear! Oh, dear! to see you both——"

"I must get you some medicine."

"What would you say? Would you hit him first? I wouldn't run away; I'd stay just here and watch. It must be fine to see two men fighting for you. You'd win, I know, because you'd be fighting for the girl you love, wouldn't you?"

A feeling of isolation was upon Trent. A procession of mocking faces passed before him—his fellow assistants, his schoolfellows, faces he had deemed forgotten. He beat about desperately for some remembrance on which to base complacent thought. The girl was looking into his face, her head thrown sidewise, inquiringly. He smiled weakly and said—

"Yes, of course."

She took his arm, and smiled in return. Reassurance came to him. Tender emotions surged upward into the sun of her smile, and the throng of menacing thoughts fell back into the shadow of his brain. Night and the stars, the wide stretches of parkland and the winding avenues, flanked at intervals by clumps of skeleton trees, became of a sudden warm and friendly and near to his eyes. He stooped and kissed the girl with quivering lips.

A whistle sounded, and the paths became animate with hurrying couples. From seats, and from secluded places where they had become indistinguishable from the background, they started forward, suddenly articulate, shorn of the dignity of inscrutability. Trent and the girl passed through a gate into the outer road, walked a little way, and re-entered the park by another gate, where a path swept round a circular lake. They moved round to the side farthest from the road, and sat down.

They sat long, and silent, with hands clasped. A rare sensation of *rest* was upon them. The emotions of each lay still and apathetic, as though drugged by the other's presence. The night stole on, dark, unwarning; seldom now came the

sound of feet on the road outside. The girl's eyes widened and rose beyond the small circle in which they had moved. The seats were empty to right and left; the path stretched away into darkness, unrelieved by moving shape.

"Come, come," she said, touching Trent's arm, "we're the last; they're all gone. Mother goes on when I'm late."

They stood up and walked towards the gate. Trent paused. The girl touched him petulantly with her elbow, and at the same moment noticed that he was on the side farthest from the water. She wriggled her arm downward from his, so as to change her position, but Trent closed his grasp and smiled, not knowing. Her lips were set tightly as she continued to struggle, and she looked up at him defiantly, breathing sharply. Suddenly her foot slipped on the wet stone bank; her arm jerked from his; she caught wildly at his coat and fell into the water.

Trent stood motionless, with lips apart. For a moment the scene danced in a mist before his eyes, blurred, impenetrable. Then, swiftly he saw the girl's face, sharp and white against the dark water, smitten with a mad wonder. He saw her writhing shoulders, her arms beating the water awkwardly. A numb, paralysing fear grew big within him, chilling his blood, and clutching the breath in his throat. The girl's voice came from the water: "Matth-ew! Matth-ew! Matth-ew!"

He started forward, peering into the water with a bewildered expression; it seemed as though he needed *reminding* of

the necessity for action. "Matth-ew! Matth-ew! Matth-ew!" It was as the rhythmic tap of some instrument against his brain. He dropped to his knees, lay at full length, and flung out a shaking



"You'd think there were people hiding there, wouldn't you?"
She pointed to a cluster of black, bare trees.

arm. The girl caught at it, but the water stretched between, and she uttered a choking cry.

Something in the cry struck Trent deeper than his brain. The tears rushed to his eyes at the futility of his effort. Her tones, looks, attitudes of other times returned to him, followed by a rush of

hot, agonised tenderness. He rose, and stared round wildly for some means of help. Close by, among the trees, was a covered shed, often used as a lovers' shelter or as a playground by boisterous youths. Trent darted in and pulled at the seat, but it did not stir from its fastening. He kicked at it, and at the sides of the hut, but nothing moved, and he ran back to the water.

The girl was still battling. Her voice beat against him, poignant, hoarse, vibrant with horror, as that of one who saw beyond the grave. He reached out a foot, as though to step into the water, then drew back shuddering, his teeth knocking together. He went forward again, pressed his teeth together so tightly that they ached, shut his eyes, and with outstretched arms and a broken gasping cry, sprang into the water.

His feet touched the stonework that inclined downward from the bank, then slipped and floundered vaguely in deeper water. Automatically his arms began to work in the motion of swimming. He had quite forgotten, and even now was not mindful—so overwhelming within him was the stress of primary emotions—that he had learned to swim a little at a public bath when a boy. He moved towards the girl, who had drifted further out, and took hold of her shoulder. Finding his free arm wavering in its action, he dropped her, and swam with both arms again. She made a sudden despairing clutch—seeming almost to leap in the water—and caught him by the neck, calling on him to save her.

"Don't, don't, don't!" he choked. "I can't if you—you'll drown both of us. Let go, let go!"

"Matthew, Matthew, save me! Don't throw me off. Let me hold you—let me! I'll drown if you throw me off."

He felt as if smothering. His arms flapped weakly against the water. He strove to utter a strong, passionate cry that would *strike* her from him, but no sound came. He writhed and twisted, but she held him fast, moaning "Save me, save me!" He snapped at her arm with his teeth, and spat a mouthful of

water into her face, but her locked fingers only pressed tighter against the back of his neck. Suddenly there whirled across his futile agony a thought of the world outside—men and women walking, shaking hands at street corners, entering shops, calm, smiling, leisurely—while he was—He saw himself for a moment lying dead at the bottom of the water. . . . The girl's face stared and babbled before his eyes—a white, horrible, dragged thing that would not leave him. In a wild frenzy he struck her.

"Let go—do you hear? Let go, let go; I can't take you, I can't swim with you, I've told you." His voice rose to a scream. "Ah-h-h! my neck, my neck! I can't breathe."

Exerting his full strength, he thrust her shoulders out from him till her arms were at full length, then wriggled and narrowed himself down into the water out of her grasp. He rose, swam feebly to the bank, and climbed out of the water. He picked up his hat from the seat where he had left it and hurried towards the gate, struggling against a desire to look back. In passing through the gateway he had to turn sideways, with profile to the water. The dark ripple caught his eye. With a catch at his breath he turned and strained his eyes to look, even while they shrank from looking. Something light-coloured and fragile floated in the middle of the lake—her hat. He could see nothing more. He turned into the road with a throbbing heart.

He looked at his watch; it was nearly twelve. A combat of fears was going on in his mind—fear of his wet clothes attracting attention if he went home before the streets were deserted, and fear of the consequence to his health if he hid somewhere till they dried and the night deepened. His clothes hung heavily; there was a keen wind blowing; he shivered and decided to go home. He shuffled along against the wind with quick, meagre step, longing to run, yet afraid, the very thought bringing the tap of pursuing feet and the touch of fingers at his shoulder. He kept close to the fence and held his head stiffly, with a

narrow, unswerving gaze ahead. A great dread haunted him—a dread of looking to right or left. Yet he knew that he must look—just for an instant. He became conscious of something white among the trees behind the fence. He kept his eyes fixed towards the lamps away at the end of the road, but he knew it was there—a white round thing staring out at him—a face—and he knew he must look. His eyes faltered, then darted towards the trees. The life lay still within him. It was a piece of paper hanging from a branch.

It was as though a soft, smooth hand had been laid on his tortured nerves. The piece of paper caused a swift readjustment of his mental prospect. His step grew buoyant. Hopeward doubt fluttered within him, seeming to him like hope itself. . . . *He* had not killed her. No one could say that. He couldn't swim with her—he told her he couldn't—he would have gone down. Why should he have stayed and gone down? It wouldn't have made it any better for her. . . . He clung to these thoughts, traversing them again and again, filling his mind with them to keep out all others.

In a few minutes Trent stood outside the house where he lodged, having come by back ways since leaving the park. There was no light in the windows. He went round to the back of the house; the kitchen, too, was dark. He returned to the front, turned the key softly, and entered, closing the door noiselessly behind him. He stood for a moment, poised, listening; there was no sound. He stooped to untie his boots; his heart began to beat violently. He made a pretence of difficulty with his bootlace, twisting and pulling and mumbling a commonplace oath, seeking thereby to reduce his situation to the trivial and forget the beating of his heart.

He avoided creaking by treading on the sides of the stairs, with feet wide apart. Once there was a faint strain of a board, and he stopped, with jarred nerves, smiling in the darkness to reassure himself. When he had reached half-way he felt somebody behind him. A panic seized him. Each

moment he expected to be dragged down backward through endless depth. He longed to leap upward, but his feet clung to the stair. The swift, small tapping of his stockinged heels sounded loud in his ears; he could not stop it; his whole body was shivering. He smiled, saying within himself: "There's nobody, there's nobody, there's nobody!" then inclined his head, and gathered his brows in futile concentration, striving to realise that he had stopped only to listen. But his fear returned upon him, thriving under his contemplation, and begetting others. Faces started out of the blackness, stunted, leering, threatening, of strange colours, advancing upon him with horrible swaying motions, as though to strike against him, then receding with gleaming teeth and red eyes. And most awful to him was the consciousness that he was calling up these faces himself, that they were inside his brain, and were there when he shut his eyes. Then the girl's face appeared, white, appealing, flecked with blood. He caught the banister and dashed upstairs into his room, striking his feet against the edges of the stairs, yet heeding neither pain nor noise, nor the haunting fear behind. He locked the door, lit the candle, and sat on the bed, throbbing in every pulse.

The blood! He had forgotten the blood. They would not think it suicide, then. They would search the path by the lake, seeking a clue. He pictured a long line of stern-faced men with bent heads tracing his steps out of the park, along the road, through the back ways. He stared about the room, seeking distraction. Why didn't Mrs. Harris mind what he said? He had told her about the wall-paper again and again. Suppose he were ill, what would his friends who came to see him think of him living in such a stale-looking room? What was that noise in the street? Nothing; there was no noise; it was too late, of course. He would speak to her once more—only once. It was just like her—there were lots of other things—he would tell her straight about them. . . . His thoughts were driven back on him; a loud noise of knocking and people shouting clanged in his ears; he leaned



*In passing through the gateway he had to turn sidewise, with profile to the water.
The dark ripple caught his eye.*

against the bed-post with helpless, hanging lips.

Gradually the turmoil within him ceased, and with the consciousness of the silence of all things and his unmolested condition there came more hopeful thoughts. No

one—no one. He blew out the candle and got into bed, drawing the clothes up over his eyes. No one—no one—no one. . .

In the morning, at eight, he set out to business. He had eaten no breakfast;

his throat closed itself against food. The streets wore an aspect of strangeness, as though he were looking upon them after years of absence. Now and again, at an effort to adjust things to their ordinary focus, his mind seemed to recede beyond reach. The skin of his face felt dry and tightly drawn.

The familiar sight of the shop recalled him into harmony with daily things. He entered with a feeling of pleasure that he was five minutes early. He performed the routine of the morning, for the first time for many years, with a sensation of freshness, of welcome, as one who had reached calm waters after a night of storm. True, he was at times agitated by the appearance of a form in the doorway, but none came save customers, and each agitation was followed by a deeper relief. Towards noon, in a quiet interval, he strolled to the window and looked up at the sky. Its clouded whiteness seemed to look upon him with beneficence. He stood gazing upward for several minutes, with a growing feeling of peace, his fingers playing among the coppers in his pocket.

At one o'clock Trent went out to dinner. He made his way through the crowd with a pleasant sensation of being sheltered, and looked with mild interest into near faces.

"Third edition! Girl found drowned in the park! Third edition!"

Trent swerved a little. He took out his watch, as many were doing at the sound of the one o'clock signal gun, stroked the glass, looked at it without seeing, and put it back with trembling fingers. A sharp pain darted through his right temple, due to the effort towards suppression.

A boy approached, winding swift-eyed through the crowd. Trent bought a paper, and hurried into a side street. He turned into a narrow passage, glanced furtively



He stared about the room seeking distraction.

round, and unfolded the paper. His head shook in uncontrollable frenzy.

"Yes, yes; seven o'clock. . . . Nothing else, just says 'found—seven o'clock—park-keeper!' . . . Nothing about blood—

nothing—nothing. . . . Oh, of course, washed off. I know now—yes, that's it; I didn't think—no, I didn't think. I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad. . . . No, nothing else, only 'found—seven o'clock—park-keeper.' . . . Nothing about marks—nothing. Perhaps I made—perhaps there would be no marks; or they would think she knocked against something. Yes—yes."

The paper fell slantwise, and he saw nothing around. His thoughts followed hard in pursuit of solace.

"It was our first evening together. I'd only seen her before as she came from business. I've never been to her house; they don't know me; they don't know she came out to meet anyone. They'll think it was suicide. So it was . . . just the same . . . yes, yes, of course."

He moved out into the streets again, and in five minutes reached a small, cheap dining-room. He entered, and made his way among the crowded tables to an empty corner. While the girl was fulfilling his order, he noticed a man opposite who was reading a paper—the same as his own.

Trent wondered if he was reading *that*. What would he think about it? . . . Well, what could he think! Suicide, it was plain enough. . . . He strummed with his fingers on the table, and tried to work himself into anger against the girl's delay, but he could not look away from the man's face.

The man dropped his paper and looked thoughtfully at Trent. The latter's gaze flickered confusedly away to different parts of the room. He felt those calm eyes piercing his thoughts; he rose, and with a strong effort, walked leisurely out.

He glanced back as he turned out of the street, but no one followed. . . . What a fool he was! The man had looked up merely to rest his eyes: he himself had often done the same. And what if he

did look—if everyone looked? She fell in herself. He tried to save her—he went in the water after her—lots of people wouldn't have done that. . . . He glared defiantly at a child who had stopped to watch him. .

After this, Trent wandered through many streets, scarcely conscious of his surroundings. His mind was a battleground. Troops of little fears laid siege to the complacency with which he sought to fortify himself, and he drove them away by filling his mind with his three palliative thoughts—that no one had seen him coming from the park, that her friends did not know him, and that he tried to save her. Again and again he drove those little fears away; again and again they returned, showing him vulnerable at a thousand points. His mind, accustomed to move only in a small circle of trivial thoughts, became exhausted by the unceasing strain of alternating depression and exultation.

A clock struck two.

Trent stopped for a moment, dazed, dimly realising that it was the hour for his return. "What will the governor say? What will Perks say? I've never been late." He spoke aloud, but his voice sounded to him weak and smothered, as from a far distance. He could not think his way back to ordinary things. He walked on aimlessly, the inner strife began again; all else was forgotten.

The pressure extended to the physical. His head ached; breathing became an effort; he began to stagger; a heavy perspiration lay on his forehead. A craving for relief arose within him, clamorous, importunate.

He turned into a public-house and asked for a glass of whisky. He swallowed it at a gulp, and instantly felt soothed and uplifted. He drank another and another, and still drank, till his pocket was empty. In a few minutes his troubles and joys fled away and he fell asleep.



COLORED CARTE



THE "NEW RACE."

A PREHISTORIC PEOPLE OF EGYPT.

By WILFRED MARK WEBB, F.L.S.

WHEN Professor Flinders Petrie chanced upon the remains of an ancient people in Upper Egypt who were not Egyptians in the ordinary sense of the word, he called them "The New Race" So far as our knowledge went, it was indeed a "new" discovery; but taken in connection with the beauty and excellence of their work, the very great age of these people is one of the facts that render them so remarkable.

When these quondam inhabitants of the Lower Nile Valley were first differentiated from the subjects of the Pharaohs, the data at the disposal of their investigator did not allow him to ascribe a greater antiquity to them than the IVth Dynasty, and they were supposed to have flourished somewhere between B.C. 4000 and B.C. 3000. To such a degree did they differ, as we shall see, from the Egyptians proper, that they were presumed to be a conquering race that for a time completely drove them out from a portion, at least, of Egypt during one of those periods of

confusion that prevailed between the IVth and XIth Dynasties.

Recent research has, however, brought fresh evidence to light which bears directly upon the date of the "New Race." The fact that a certain form of vase was, or

was not, known to have been in vogue at a certain time does not at first sight seem to be very important. In such work as we are considering, pieces of direct evidence, however small, are every-thing, and must be rigidly respected. Surmises, on the other hand, must be kept quite in the background. One of the things that prevented Professor Petrie from at once putting the "New Race" into its proper prehistoric position was the question as to the age of the cylindrical stone



FIG. 1.—A "BOAT-JAR."

It has been suggested that pottery decorated in this way must have been imported, as were also the "wavy handled" jars that contained in early graves scented vegetable fat. In later times a gradually increasing amount of mud was added, until at last this replaced the fat entirely.

jars they left behind them. When the "New Race" cemeteries were first explored, such jars were unknown from any periods earlier than the IVth Dynasty, and so perforce the newly discovered people could not be made to antedate this time. Now, however, the cylindrical form of jar has been:

proved to go back to the limit of historic time, and the "New Race" may be safely put down as prehistoric.

As in other countries, the usual civilisation series has been completely worked out in Egypt. The men of the older Stone Age, whose roughly chipped implements are so familiar, are known to have been replaced by

the more skilled craftsmen of the newer Stone Age, who, as the age of metal gradually asserted itself, have in

turn given way to workers in copper and bronze, iron and steel. Probably

the first relics of the "New Race" seen in this country were some of the wonderful flint knives we shall speak of later, that were taken by Arabs from the graves and sold to travellers before Professor Petrie explored the great cemeteries, and

showed us who were the makers of them. The cemeteries in question, it must be pointed out, are situated at Naqada and at



FIG. 2.—SLATE PALETTES.

Upon these malachite was ground. The examples in the centre show a form derived from two birds. A similar type of ornamentation used later in Europe is more conventional and gives little clue to its origin.



FIG. 3.—ORNAMENTAL STONE VASES.

The horizontal piercing of the handles is characteristic of the "New Race."

Ballas, not very far from the ancient city of Thebes. What we know of the prehistoric people to whom they belonged has been gathered from their methods of burial and from the objects found in the graves at the places just mentioned, and more recently, during last winter, in other cemeteries extending over twenty miles between Hu and Denderah.

A striking contrast is at once apparent between the prehistoric people and the Egyptians: for while the latter made mummies of their dead, the graves of the former contain skeletons in



FIG. 4.—A VASE OF POLISHED RED POTTERY.

This was made by the "New Race" themselves. The materials and white "slip" decoration are practically the same as those now used by the Kabyles in Algeria.

which the bones occur in positions denoting a contracted form of burial. In this the body is laid on the side, with the knees drawn up, and suggestive of sleep. There are several interesting features to be noted which point to various possibilities. Sometimes bones are missing from graves undisturbed by contemporary or later riflers. Sometimes the arrangement of the bones shows that the body had been cut up wholly or in part before burial. The skull, it is supposed by Professor Petrie, in many of these cases was not buried till some time after the



FIG. 5.—TWO "BIRD POTS," MADE OF RED EARTHENWARE.

rest of the body; and there exists little doubt in his mind but that parts of the body were eaten, possibly in connection with the funeral feast, of which the ashes of the non-human portion are contained in pottery jars found in the graves.

However much the custom may be at variance with modern civilisation, there is nothing inherently improbable about the conclusion that the "New Race" ate portions of their dead, for this was often done among primitive peoples with the

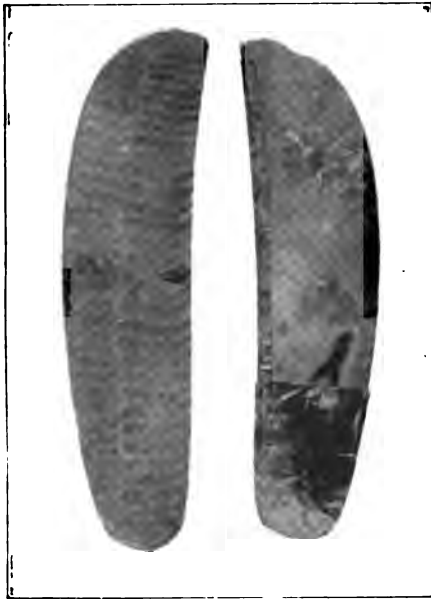


FIG. 6. FIG. 7.

FLINT KNIVES.

Perhaps the most remarkable work of the prehistoric people.

view of acquiring the enviable characteristics of the "dear departed." It has further been pointed out that it is but a short step from such a ceremony to ordinary cannibalism: for eating a friend when he dies to add his bravery to one's own, suggests a similar process in the case of a slain enemy, which may easily lead to the killing of one on purpose to eat him, as is done by the modern cannibal.

So far, indeed, was the original idea carried during the Stone Age in Europe that a piece of the skull from the deceased warrior was sometimes removed and inserted in the room of a similar piece

taken from the skull of a young living child by the operation of trepanning.

To return to the graves themselves. Among the three thousand examined at Naqada the usual size was five feet long by three and a half broad, and the same deep; but larger ones, characterised by the explorer in some cases as small rooms, were occasionally found. Such a thing as a double interment, though not unknown, was extremely rare. With three exceptions, the body lay on its right side, and it usually faced the west, with the head to the south. At the feet were found the coarse ash-jars already mentioned (which were without foot and pointed at the base like a soda-water bottle or amphora) and incised brown pottery, while at the south or head end a single pointed jar and some wavy-handled jars (though these were sometimes on the west side). Decorated pottery (Fig. 1), though occurring in all positions, usually was found at the south and west. Near the face, not far from the hands, in all but the very poorest graves, was a slate palette showing stains of green powdered malachite. We represent (Fig. 2) several of the many forms of palettes; the malachite found on them and in bags by their side was probably used for painting a dark circle round the eyes to combat the glare of the sun, as is done at the present day by the Eskimos. The modern system of darkening the underside of the brim in straw hats depends upon the same principle. It will be seen that most of the palettes were perforated for purposes of attachment, in all probability to the person.

Many of the jars are made of ornamental stone, including alabaster. Mr. Randolph Berens has kindly allowed us to photograph two large ones (Fig. 3) of a highly decorative shelly breccia, with silver rims, which are in his collection, and are among the finest known. These show the horizontal piercing of the handles which is characteristic of the "New Race" vases. It should be borne in mind that these beautiful shapes were attained, it is supposed, absolutely by hand, without the help of a lathe, just as the earthenware vases were moulded without the aid of a potter's wheel.

How the vases were hollowed out still remains a complete mystery, unless, of course, in spite of weighty opinion to the contrary "turning" was resorted to. The value of these stone jars may be judged

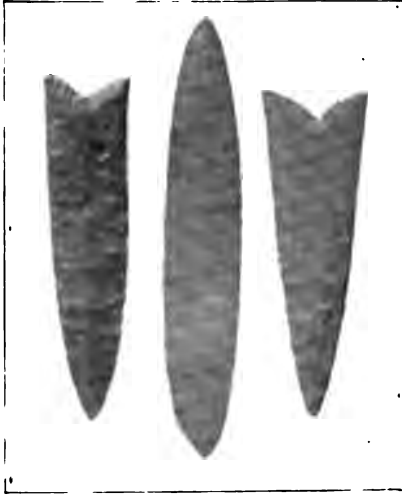


FIG. 8.—FLINT SPEAR-HEADS.

The offensive ends are pointing upwards, and in the lateral examples the cutting edges form a V,

from the fact that fourteen recently changed hands for £140.

A picture of a "boat-jar," so called from the design on it, is seen in Fig. 1. The statement that the representation is a ship has been verified by the more detailed drawings found on the walls of a pre-historic tomb at Hierakonopolis. Neither in the boat-jar nor in the example of a typical red pottery vase, with white decoration, also reproduced (Fig. 4), is the

foot sufficiently well finished for them to stand safely on an even surface. Much of the red pottery has geometrical designs, and is very similar to that now in use in Northern Africa, the inhabitants of which probably sprang from the same pre-historic people.

There are also innumerable pieces of pottery in the shape of rings, double vases, and even grotesque imitations of birds. We must, however, content ourselves with giving a picture of two of the last (Fig. 5), and pass on to the consideration of other objects.

The exquisitely chipped knives of flint (Figs. 6 and 7) we must all admire, while but dimly conjecturing how the work was done. They often reach some ten inches in

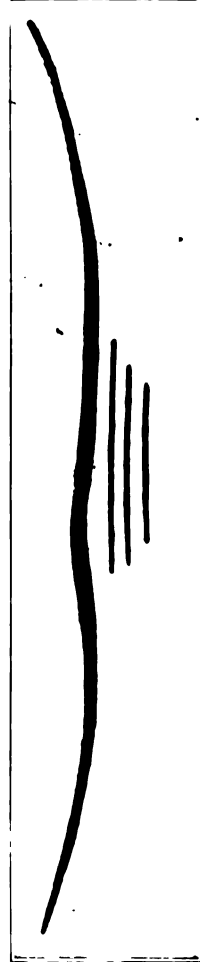


FIG. 9.—A BOW AND ARROWS.

The white pattern visible on the former is also repeated on the wooden pointed arrows.

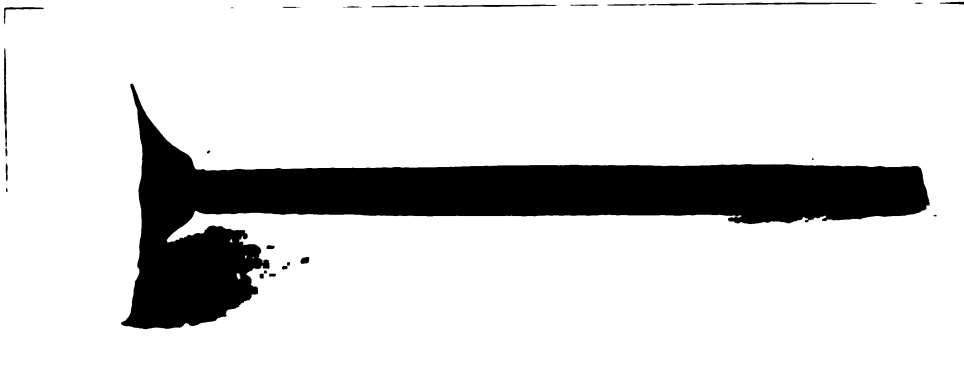


FIG. 10.—A STONE MACE.

This retains its original handle. The heads are often of more spherical shape and of ornamental stone.

length, and sometimes exceed even a foot. In width they average two-and-a-half inches, and are but a quarter of an inch or less in thickness. Except in rare cases (Mr. Berens has an example valued at

as shown in their pictures, and it is conceivable that the blades found in the graves of the "New Race" were used to cut up the bodies before burial.

The specimen, of which the flat side is shown, in the illustration (Fig. 7) is mounted on plain hammered gold, but a splendid example in the Cairo Museum has the gold elaborately decorated. The price asked for the small series containing this specimen was £80. The earlier stages in the making of the knife are less difficult to determine. It started as a long flake removed from the flint core in the same way as was done by the Neolithic men in our own country, for instance. The flake was smooth on the side that left the core, and showed ridges on the other, marking the limits of flakes



FIG. 11.—A HOUSEHOLD AMULET.

This is some ten inches or a foot across, and was hung up as a protection in the house, it is supposed.

about £40) one surface is ground flat, and the marvellous chipping confined to one side. Two rows of flakes have been removed, leaving a slight ridge down the centre of the blade, which follows the curve at the point. Such precision might be attained with our modern tools if the material were different, but the skill that shaped the knife from refractory flint with implements of stone, or just possibly copper, is indeed to be envied.

Furthermore, the finished blade was furnished with a delicate saw-edge, seen also in the spear-heads, which would be most effective for cutting flesh, but for little else beside. Knives of somewhat similar shape, but roughly hewn out of stone, were used for sacrificing animals by the early Egyptians (a stone blade is still used by the Jews in certain ceremonies)

previously removed. The natural twist shown by such flakes was, so far as possible, removed by chipping, followed by grinding.

Equally interesting, perhaps, and showing almost as delicate workmanship, are the double-edged lance-heads (Fig. 8), of which one has been photographed on each side of a pointed spear-like instrument. At first sight the broader end would appear to be barbed, as in the conventional spear-head, but an examination of the comparative finish of the two ends will show almost conclusively that the point was covered up by being inserted in the haft, while a specimen having been found still retaining the means of attachment, leaves no doubt upon the subject. The same example showed the cords (with pear-shaped knobs at the

ends to prevent them from slipping through the hand) which allowed the weapon to be hauled back, after a throw, possibly, without allowing the fragile head to come into contact with the ground. The suggestion is that the hunter hid behind bushes and aimed at the legs of his quarry as it passed.

We give an illustration (Fig. 9) of a long bow and three arrows; the latter have only wooden points, as there shown, but the Arabs—who know a little too much, Professor Petrie tells me—think that they ought to be tipped with flint. Hence a groove is made at whichever end comes first, and a flake inserted for the benefit of the purchaser—with the aid of glue.

Stone mace-heads have been found in numbers, and the picture we give (Fig. 10) represents one in which the original blackened ivory handle is still inserted. Coming to more peaceable objects, we are able to represent (Fig. 11) a fine household amulet carved in limestone and pierced for suspension. The design shows a coiled protecting serpent, "agathodaimon," which is well reproduced. A similar but smaller piece of work in lapis lazuli, as well as other figures of all kinds in Professor Petrie's possession, are considered by him to have been worn on the person. We may indicate a few, such as bulls in carnelian and serpentine, hippopotami in steatite, and claws of wild beasts in porphyry. Necklaces are by no means uncommon, and one which we photographed is shown in Fig. 12.

Of household objects we represent two ivory spoons. The one with the oval bowl (Fig. 13) would not look out of place in a modern mustard-pot; while the second form (Fig. 14) is more common, and wooden examples, but of larger size, are known.

Up to the present we have but hinted at the use of metal; ivory harpoons have apparently been occasionally copied in copper, or possibly bronze, but such things as adzes of this material are very rare, and the number of them can be reckoned on the fingers of one hand.

It only needs attention to be directed to the fact for one to be immediately impressed with the idea that the prehistoric people, while being exceedingly good judges of shape, as seen in their vases and knives, lacked, however, the

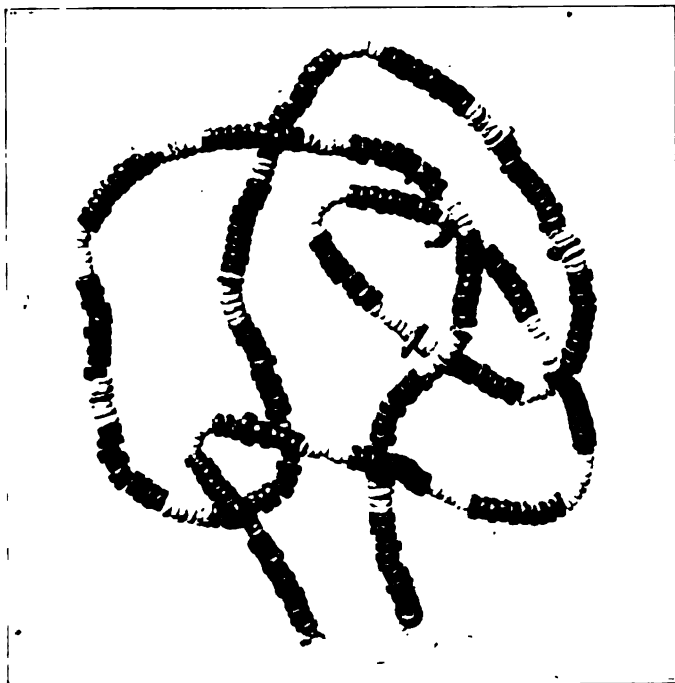


FIG. 12.—A NECKLACE.

Made of pieces of shell, and one of the many in which the beads have been kept in their original arrangement by the patient care of Professor Petrie.

artistic power necessary to catch the form of natural objects which they made bold to represent. This is shown in the decoration on vases and in the paintings

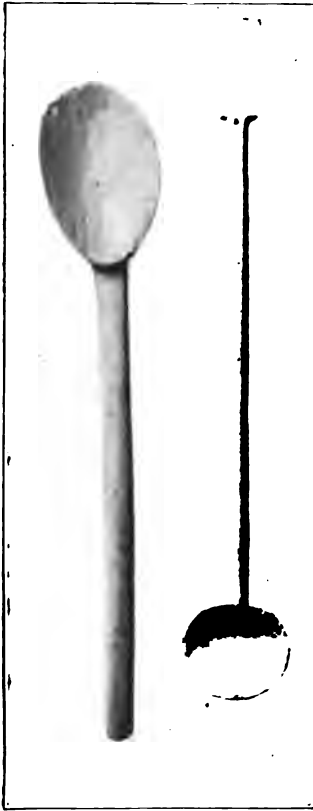


FIG. 13. FIG. 14.
TWO IVORY SPOONS.

seen in the Illustration (Fig. 15). To digress for a moment to explain this portion of the fresco here produced. Between the ends of what are seen to be boats in the complete picture, are a number of animals circling round a leg-trap, while a hunter not far off is despatching another creature

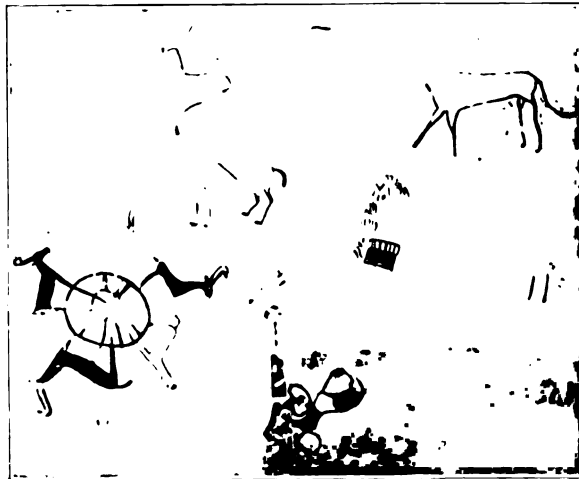


FIG. 15.—PART OF A FRESCO.
From the walls of a tomb at Hierakonopolis.

copied from the walls of a pre-historic tomb at Hierakonopolis by Mr. F. W. Green. The drawings of human figures are often of the class that a school-boy would make upon his slate, while the other animals are but little better, as

whose legs are tied together. Under these circumstances, we might not, perhaps, gain even so much idea as we do of the characters of the people, from their dolls or carved human figures. We will not consider here in any detail the models of abnormally thick-thighed people now only represented in the South of Africa (*e.g.* Hottentots), but formerly distributed even over Europe, and probably representing older inhabitants of the country than the race we are specially considering. One "New Race" doll of vegetable paste (Fig. 16) shows



FIG. 16.—A "DOLL" OF VEGETABLE PASTE,
Showing the wig.

that the head was modelled bald, and the wig put on afterwards, which points to the custom of shaving the head practised by the Egyptians having been followed even in those early days. One well-carved and elegant female figure (Fig. 19), of which we show the back view, has, unfortunately, lost

its face, but shows long pendent breasts. Other figures are more or less grotesque (Fig. 17), while Fig. 18 is of lead.



FIG. 17.—AN IVORY
"DOLL."

A very large number of skeletons were carefully packed up and brought to University College, London, where they were studied in great detail by Mr. Ernest Warren. According to the measurements, the stature of the pre-historic people was not unlike that of the French, generally speaking; but while the female skeletons are the most variable in the latter, the reverse held good in the case of the former. The facets on the bones of the ankle-joint of such savages as are addicted to squatting are present in the "New Race," and the members of it must have indulged in the habit. A monkey-like character in the form of a notch in the sacrum was looked for, but, on the other hand, was not found. In the proportion of the limbs there is some likeness to the negro, but the spine and shoulder girdle are of European type.

The skull is not of the round form, but particularly long, with a "very upright profile"; its smallness denotes a hot climate as the source of the race; the nose was short and prominently aquiline, but not broad.

There seems to be but little doubt but that this hardy and vigorous people, to use Professor Petrie's words when asked for his present opinion upon them, are one with the rest of the North African population, and dwelt on the coast and oases. Probably the latter were their main connection with Egypt, as they have not been traced in Mid or Lower Egypt.

We are indebted to the kindness of Professor Petrie for permission to take the majority of the photographs illustrating this article, while that of the slate palettes is



FIG. 19.—A FEMALE
FIGURE.

Carved in ivory and showing real artistic merit.



FIG. 18.—A LEADEN
"DOLL."

from one of his own negatives. To Mr. Randolph Berens' courtesy we owe Fig. 3. Lastly, the photographs of the flint knives and lance heads were taken from specimens in the fine collection given to Eton College Museum by Major W. J. Myers.

My heart's in the Highlands; my
heart is not here—

My heart's in the Highlands
a-chasing the deer,



A-chasing the wild deer and
following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands
wherever I go.

THE HISTORY OF THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS.

By IMPERIALIST.

AFTER nearly a hundred years of British rule, South Africa is not only divided against herself, with the canker of disloyalty eating at her heart, but a source of serious weakness to the Empire as a whole. The blame must be laid, not at the door of English colonists, who have achieved as much in South Africa as elsewhere, but at the door of the Home Government, whose vacillation can be traced in blood and race hatred from Simon's Bay to Johannesburg. In other colonies, Downing Street, as a factor in the political situation, disappeared with the inauguration of responsible government; in South Africa, owing to the various "treks" of the Boers and the overwhelming number of natives, it did nothing of the kind. Had Ministers been animated by the spirit which animates them now, this would have been a distinct advantage. Unfortunately for

the Empire, their Colonial policy was swayed by the principle that colonies are a source of weakness rather than of strength to the Mother Country, and that

England would be richer and greater without them. Thus they came to be regarded merely as counters in the political game played at Westminster. The destinies of Canada and Australasia were guided by statesmen who worked towards the ideal of Anglo-Saxon unity: hence they are to-day pillars of England's Imperial might. The destinies of South Africa were guided by Colonial Secretaries with more



SIR BARTLE FRERE.

or less pronounced views on separation: hence she is a continual thorn in the flesh of the Mother Country. It is the price she pays for two generations of Little Englandism.

For the Transvaal Question, so far from being a growth of yesterday, is more than sixty years old. Its genesis was the

"Great Trek" of the Boers between 1833 and 1837, since when it has, by slow stages, developed to its present proportions. To lay all the blame on the Transvaal is as false to history as to lay all the blame on England. The Boers were, no doubt, badly treated over the Emancipation Question; they were given to understand that England claimed no sovereignty beyond the Vaal River, in spite of which she annexed Natal, acquired the Diamond Fields, and acted on the principle that once a British subject always a British subject: in spite of the Sand River Convention, she annexed the Transvaal. On the other hand, she has never deliberately wronged the Boers. Her mistakes have always been the result of her lack of a policy, and her inveterate habit of refusing to listen to the man on the spot. Even the annexation of the Transvaal was dictated, not by a desire to increase her territory, but to save the Boers from bankruptcy, and a white people from being annihilated by the victorious Sekukuni. Unfortunately, weakness is as fruitful of evil in political affairs as it is in private life. In this way England lost two golden chances of settling the Boer Question for ever. In 1859, Sir George Grey pressed on the Home Ministry the desirability of a South African Confederation, for which the Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal were all ripe. His proposal was rejected with scorn, and he himself recalled, as every other Governor who understood South Africa was recalled before him. Had his policy been carried out, the various territories south of the Zambesi would to-day be as united as Canada, and the Uitlanders' grievances have no existence. In 1881 the Convention of Pretoria was signed. Now, while there may be a difference of opinion as to the wisdom of the retrocession itself, there can be none as to the circumstances attending it. In spite of the passionate protests of Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Owen Lanyon, and every other whose opinion carried weight, the Government came to terms with the Boers before the disgrace of Majuba Hill was wiped out. In other words,

Ministers treated with rebels in arms against the Queen and red-handed with the blood of Englishmen, slain in warfare or by the blackest treachery. By so doing they sowed the seed of race hatred, which has grown and flourished on the soil of contempt until it is so rank that nothing but the flame of war can sweep it away. For the Boers hate us because they despise us, and they despise us because they are absolutely convinced we gave them back their country for no other reason than that we were too weak and cowardly to stand up against them. Magnanimity is a new word even in English political affairs—the only word which corresponds to it in Dutch is fear.

Excuse may, however, be found for the time chosen to negotiate the Convention of Pretoria, but none can be found for the document itself. So far as the Transvaal was concerned, its provisions were expressed with admirable clearness and precision. On England was bestowed the pretentious and ambiguous title of suzerain. The claims of English subjects to consideration were passed over, the Republic having been established "on the understanding that all its white inhabitants were to enjoy equal rights and privileges," a blunder so humiliating that it is surprising Mr. Chamberlain permits himself to advance it as an argument in support of the British case. "Understandings" are valid neither in international nor in civil law, and the Boers know it. In the suzerainty and omission to safeguard British interests in the Convention of Pretoria is to be found the origin of the present state of things in South Africa, the second being used as a lever to get rid of the first. With singular ability President Kruger has founded his policy on the contempt and jealousy felt by his burghers for a people they regard as a defeated enemy, and the false position in which Great Britain has been placed by the lack of foresight displayed by her statesmen.

The question on which the struggle is being fought is the suzerainty. The Boers dislike the word, not as a word, but as a symbol. Believing, as they do, that they won their independence in fair fight, their

attitude is, perhaps, natural. At all events, from the moment the ink on the Convention of Pretoria was dry, they have steadily worked towards the recognition of their little State as sovereign and international. Their first successful move was the omission of the word *suzerainty* from the Convention of London, which was negotiated in 1884. With the discovery of gold on the Rand, and the consequent influx of English settlers, President Kruger saw the

mines and railway construction except by way of Delagoa Bay. All private schools have been suppressed, so that the children of English subjects are compelled to learn Dutch in the State schools, which are mainly supported by money wrung from the Rand. These are grievances. The petty annoyances which the Uitlanders suffer are legion. They are insulted in the streets; they have no redress against the outrages of an ignorant



Paul Kruger.

SIGNING THE TERMS OF PEACE WITH THE BOERS AT O'NEIL'S FARM, NEAR PROSPECT CAMP, MARCH 21, 1881.

means by which he could exert pressure on England until she gave him his heart's desire; and but for the appearance of Mr. Rhodes on the political stage of South Africa, he might have succeeded. One by one the guarantees for public safety have disappeared. The High Court of Justice, by arbitrary acts of the Raad, has become the tool of the executive; the lower courts are corrupt and ignorant. Huge monopolies, the most oppressive of which is the dynamite monopoly, are crushing the life out of trade. Every effort is made to check the stream of native labour flowing to the

and overbearing police; the use of Dutch in the courts of justice and in all official business is a continual source of irritation; to sell liquor to a native is against the law, yet it is almost impossible to secure a conviction against a Boer—the Press and free speech are gagged. To crown all, life is not secure, as the cruel murders of Edgar and Mrs. Appelbe prove beyond question. We have only to conceive such a state of things in England to understand the daily shame and humiliation of our fellow-subjects in the Transvaal.

For it must be remembered that it is to the Uitlanders the Transvaal owes its prosperity. They are in a majority, they pay five-sixths of the national revenue, and they represent the intelligence, wealth, and energy of the population. Yet they are absolutely denied all voice in municipal affairs, as well as in the government of the Republic as a whole. That Britons would tamely submit to be treated as an inferior race was hardly to be expected, particularly in a new country which was once British territory, and raided from the Kaffirs within the memory of old identities. Hence the discontent in Johannesburg, even before the Jameson Raid, more than once threatened the peace of South Africa. In 1894 President Kruger attempted to commandeer British subjects for the defence of a Republic in which they were denied all civil rights, but an ultimatum from the Home Government induced him to climb down. The same thing happened in 1895, when he closed the drifts, and yet again in 1897, when he was obliged to withdraw his Aliens Bill. The Jameson Raid was merely the breaking out of a festering political sore, which President Kruger could cure by a word. But this word he will not speak. Since the Convention of 1884 was signed he has never yielded a single point except to force. Before the raid a deputation from the National Union of Johannesburg approached him on the subject of their grievances, when he told them that he would give them nothing; if they wanted rights they must fight for them.

In the spring the Uitlanders sent a petition to the Queen praying her, as the paramount Power, to secure for them the justice and equality guaranteed to them by the understanding on which the Convention of Pretoria rests. Before it was received, the President of the Orange Free State proposed a meeting between President Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner, which took place at Bloemfontein. Unfortunately, it came to an abrupt termination because the Boer President attempted to begin an interminable discussion on all the points at issue between the Transvaal and this country, whereas all

that was required was a basis for settlement, which Sir Alfred Milner demanded in a seven years' franchise, with immediate representation for the Uitlanders. His proposal was rejected, and an alternative scheme, so complicated that no one could make anything of it, was offered instead. As a matter of fact, it "took away with the one hand what it gave with the other." Since the failure of the Bloemfontein Conference, the situation has been growing steadily worse. The Transvaal has put obstacles in the way of every proposal made by Mr. Chamberlain. It persists in denying the suzerainty. It addresses England as though the two Powers were, in an international sense, equal. It has conceded nothing. It has taken refuge in a cloud of evasions and subtleties; it has shuffled and bluffed; it has done anything and everything but show a desire to come to terms. It has done its utmost to induce England to agree to arbitration and to abandon the suzerainty for a franchise which would be rendered inoperative the day after it became law. Finally, Mr. Chamberlain proposed a five years' franchise, which would give the Rand about a quarter of the seats in the Raad, and the equality of Dutch and English as it is in the Cape Colony—a proposal so moderate that its rejection by the Boers is a clear proof, if any were wanted, that they have no desire for a permanent settlement. What they want is complete independence, which is incompatible with British supremacy in South Africa. So that it comes to this: the Uitlanders, after fifteen years of ineffective diplomacy, are in worse case than they were the day the Convention of Pretoria was signed.

Things have come to such a pass now that only vigorous action can clear the air. With the conditions which existed before 1881 restored in South Africa, all the miserable unrest of the past twenty years will disappear, the dream of a Dutch Confederation fall to the ground, and the two races resume the harmonious relations of a decade ago in Cape Colony. But the settlement must be complete. The day of the Convention of Pretoria is past.

SIR ALFRED MILNER.

By AFRICANUS.

Author of "The Transvaal Boers: A Historical Sketch."

SIR ALFRED MILNER is not a Scotchman, although, as was said of Shakspeare, "his great abeility might weel warrant the assumption." He is almost the first representative of a type which will more and more, in years to come, administer the affairs of the Empire—an Englishman of the "professional classes," trained at one of the great Universities to think clearly, and gradually empowered, by a varied experience of life, to act decisively. One of the most remarkable facts in his life is that he seemed, at the threshold, to make experiment in several diverse callings before settling down to his life-work. He has stood upon the first step of several ladders, to use a homely metaphor, and for long it must have been a matter of doubt to himself which he would scale.

One of the greatest merits of the great Master of Balliol was that he encouraged his "young men" to enter the public service. Dr. Jowett, one may well believe, found in his Thucydides and his Plato a lesson for the present day. He contrived, at any rate, to give to young Englishmen something of the best public spirit of Greece. And some such exhortation was sorely needed. It cannot be denied that, until quite recently, the public service was considered "not good enough" for young men of ability, except in the case of those whom family influence embarked in diplomacy, or natural predilection enrolled in the Army. We have changed very much in the last thirty years, and the public service, in various forms, now attracts a very large proportion of the highest honours men at Oxford and Cambridge. There is something in the

English character which loathes the idea of "bureaucracy," an intense individuality which, while it has contributed much to the national greatness, has been at the same time responsible for that "absence of ideas" which Matthew Arnold deplored. The Englishman is not content, like the Frenchman, to become a "fonctionnaire." Further, the prizes of public life are of necessity, in an age of democracy, given to men who have made a name or a fortune in some individual pursuit. We recruit our peerage from brewers, and our Cabinets from manufacturers. The abstinence from party conflict necessarily enforced upon civil servants keeps them in obscurity. As for Colonial Governors, they have been, as a rule, selected from peers (such as Lord Harris), diplomatists (as Lord Dufferin), or soldiers (as Lord Rosmead). One Indian civil servant, Sir Bartle Frere, was chosen to become one of the greatest and most misjudged of High Commissioners. But an appointment like that of Sir Alfred Milner is a new departure.

Milner, of Balliol, had a brilliant career in the schools at Oxford, and—a much rarer fate—managed to impress his contemporaries with an idea of his future eminence. Nothing is less usual than for a man great in action to have been recognised as a "coming man" by his University friends. Poets, and writers generally, can sometimes make their influence felt in their undergraduate days. But how can an undergraduate guess that his friend possesses the germ of those peculiar indefinable qualities that make for superiority in the world of affairs? Yet any one who talks with Sir Alfred Milner

to-day feels in a moment that he is speaking to no ordinary man. I know no one except Mr. Cecil Rhodes who so impresses the casual stranger. But the impression is very different: Mr. Rhodes conveys an idea of what one might almost call brute force (though he is absolutely devoid of "brutality"), while Sir Alfred Milner somehow carries with him an atmosphere of power, moral as well as intellectual—to adapt Mr. Kruger's famous phrase. And this idea is given unconsciously: there is not an iota of that priggishness which is sometimes the defect of a great Balliol man's qualities. Perhaps, after all, perfect courtesy is his strongest outward characteristic. And it is rare for an Englishman to be perfectly courteous without casting some shadow of insincerity. His manner is genial, but there is something of melancholy when his face is in repose. Here, one thinks, is a man who knows that the way of duty is not the path of comfort, and who therefore can be indifferent to the murmurings of the crowd.

The *εὐραπεία* — the "versatility" in which as a nation we are lacking, is often, it must be confessed, a sign of instability. And it is curious that Sir Alfred Milner made at least one false start. His Oxford successes led to a Fellowship at New College, but he was not born to live the life of a college tutor. He was called to the Bar, but it is doubtful whether he desired forensic success. There is a certain coarseness of fibre in all great advocates which he does not possess. And then he played with journalism, writing for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Journalism is a dangerous training for a statesman, but at least it teaches a young man to apply his mind quickly to current problems, and to absorb facts. The danger is that the rush of facts will eliminate ideas. Mr. Milner made one attempt upon a constituency in the Liberal interest, and, fortunately, was unsuccessful. It is impossible to imagine him in the House of Commons. He is a man of ideas and not of "programmes." Finally, he became private secretary to Mr. Goschen, a statesman quick to recognise merit,

zealous for the true interests of his friends, and, while endowed by his own brilliant career at Oxford with sympathy for young men of intellectual force, a very practical man of affairs, with an extraordinary gift of seeing complicated facts in a scientific way. To his training with Mr. Goschen one may well believe that Sir Alfred Milner owes his career. His chance came when he was sent to Egypt to work at finance under the auspices of Lord Cromer. Here he was able to see with his own eye the facts that underlie all political questions. Egypt is perhaps the best training-ground that our Empire affords—and yet it is no part of our Empire. In Egypt the British official learns how to recognise that, while perfection is unattainable, it is possible to proceed cheerfully in doing the best that can be done. But what Egypt really is could not be understood until Mr. Milner published his book, "England in Egypt." Then, for the first time, Englishmen learned that a country associated in their minds with the greatest national disgrace of the century was becoming the country in which their sons were doing, perhaps, the best work that has ever fallen to the destiny of England. Reading between the lines of his book—surely the clearest book ever written on an obscure subject—one learns what Egypt meant to Milner.

After a brief tenure of the post of Chairman of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, Sir Alfred Milner was sent in the year of Jubilee to South Africa. Very few people realise the nature of a High Commissioner's duties. To begin, he is Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, constitutional sovereign of a responsible colony, bound by the fleeting policy of Colonial Ministries. Then, as High Commissioner, he is supreme ruler of a great native population in Basutoland and the Bechuana Protectorate, governing semi-independent native chiefs by means of his local Commissioners. Again, he has supreme authority over the territories of the Chartered Company, but no direct share in the administration. A chartered company is not always a satisfactory servant.

Then over Natal, a self-governing colony, with the native annexes of Zululand and Amatongaland, he has, in the last resort, a somewhat shadowy control. Finally, he controls the diplomatic relations of the Imperial Government with the South

Cape Premier and Director of the Chartered Company) are keenly interested in matters outside the political boundaries of Cape Colony. It was Lord Rosmead's great defect that he allowed himself to be too much influenced in his duties as High



SIR ALFRED MILNER: HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

African Republic and the Orange Free State.

It is obvious that it is not easy to be at once an autocrat, an ambassador, and a constitutional ruler. South Africa is so essentially one country—a country where British and Dutch rule an enormous "Kaffir" population—that Cape Ministers (particularly since Mr. Rhodes was allowed to combine in his own person the offices of

Commissioner by the counsels of Cape politicians.

The two positions—Governor and High Commissioner—are incompatible except in the hands of a man of genius. Cape Colony owns large native territories—Transkei and Southern Bechuanaland—and its Governor may have to assent to a native policy within those territories which he must refuse to apply to the

Imperial Protectorates. Moreover, members of the Cape Parliament are in some cases very closely connected with the Volksraads of the two Republics, and a Cape Ministry can, if it chooses, pass "resolutions" which make the High Commissioner's diplomatic task more difficult.

The system which we still maintain in South Africa broke down in India, where it was found impossible to keep the

at a critical time. It is not his fault that the times are now more critical. The Jameson Raid had at once shaken the loyalty of the Cape Dutch and confirmed the obstinacy of President Kruger. It was difficult for the new High Commissioner to suppress Dutch disloyalty where it existed without appearing to identify himself with the discredited Raiders, Mr. Rhodes and his satellites. Yet this difficulty has been overcome.



ROOM WHERE THE BLOEMFONTEIN CONFERENCE WAS HELD.

By Permission of the Proprietor of "South Africa."

offices of Governor of Bengal and Governor-General of India in the same hands. And there was no independent Parliament in Bengal. Some day the Cape must, like Natal, have its own immediate Governor, and the High Commissioner will be the supreme head of a Dominion of South Africa. The present state of things is much as if the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec were also Governor-General of the Canadian Dominion.

Sir Alfred Milner went to South Africa

And now he stands firm in the affections of his South African citizens, exposed to the ignorant criticisms of party hacks in England.

But Sir Alfred Milner can afford to disregard such criticisms. He commands the confidence of the Empire, and he will do the work that lies before him. And it is impossible to believe that his present High Commissionership is to be the crown of his career. For such a man there are other fields when his work in Africa has been done.

PAUL KRUGER AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

By F. REGINALD STATHAM,

Author of "Paul Kruger and his Times," "South Africa As It Is," etc., etc.

THE history of Paul Kruger, it has been well said, is the history of the South African Republic. Born in the year 1825, in the Colesberg division of the Cape Colony, he was a motherless lad not much over ten years of age when he went forth into the wilderness with one of the parties of emigrant farmers who found it impossible to continue living under British rule. At a distance of more than sixty years it is possible to discuss with some degree of impartiality the causes that led up to the remarkable movement into the interior of South Africa which is now universally spoken of as "the Great Trek." That those causes have at times been misrepresented there can be no doubt, and it is only by turning to such a careful and judicious authority as Dr. Theal that a proper conception can be formed of the whole circumstances. It is enough to say that, examined in the light of the facts which Dr. Theal has collected in his valuable "History of South Africa," the causes that led to "the Great Trek," when scores of Dutch families left their farms in the Cape Colony and crossed the Orange River into what was then an unknown wilderness, were not such as reflected discredit upon themselves. On the other hand, an examination of these causes leaves room for regret that the British Administration then established at the Cape did not take more pains to understand those with whom it had to deal. This kind of regret applies to the case of the "emigrant farmers" just as it applies to the case of the "Pilgrim Fathers" who laid the foundations of civilisation on the other side of the Atlantic. And just as their pilgrimage led to the building up of

civilisation in New England, so the emigration of the Dutch farmers from the Cape Colony led to the laying of the foundations of civilisation in the greater part of what is to-day known as South Africa.

As much as this, which is hardly now a matter of political controversy, may be admitted. Coming back to the lad of ten, who in 1836 set out on the perilous pilgrimage, and who was destined sixty years later to occupy so remarkable a position before the world, we find him a member of a family which had for some generations held a leading position among the Cape settlers. Like many of the founders of Dutch families in South Africa, the original ancestor, so far as South Africa is concerned, of the President of the Transvaal went to the Cape in the service of the Dutch East India Company. Jacob Kruger, the son of Frans Kruger (whose name in his will was spelt "Cruger"), was born in Berlin in the year 1686; and his widowed mother, whose maiden name was Hartwigs, was still living at Sadenbeck, in the Potsdam district, in 1720. It was in 1713 that Jacob Kruger took service with the Dutch East India Company, in what capacity does not appear. It seems, however, to have been the policy of the Company to attract into its service capable men irrespective of nationality—France, Portugal, Holland, Germany, and even Scotland, contributing towards the consolidation of the little colony under the shadow of Table Mountain—a colony regarded by the Dutch then, as it has been regarded by the English since, as forming a convenient half-way house on the route to India.

Four years after the arrival of Jacob

Kruger at the Cape, he married, and a year later—that is, in 1718—he successfully claimed from the Company the right of



PRESIDENT KRUGER IN 1881.

burghership and a grant of land. Five sons and three daughters were born to Jacob Kruger, and of these Hendrik, the sixth child and fourth son, married into the Cloete family, still one of the oldest and best-known families in the neighbourhood of Cape Town. Hendrik's eldest son, Johannes Jacob, born in 1748, had an eldest son, Hendrik, whose second son, Casper Jan Hendrik, born in 1796, married one of the Steyn family (to which the President of the Free State belongs), and became, in 1825, the father of Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger. Some time before the close of last century the several families of Kruger were living far away from Cape Town, in what was then the extreme north-easterly district of the colony, where, according to existing records, they occupied a position of considerable social and political importance. Three families of Kruger were included in the second party of "Voortrekkers," consisting of farmers from the Tarka and Colesberg districts of the Cape Colony, who, in 1836, made a start into the wilderness under the leadership of Commandant Andries Hendrik Potgieter. Proceeding more

cautiously than the Triefhard party, which preceded them, and which had hurried on towards the semi-tropical regions that now form the north-eastern districts of the Transvaal, the Potgieter party were more disposed to study the resources of the table-land which is now known as the Free State. Here, in return for a grant of land, they formed an alliance with the chief Makwana, who saw in these newcomers valuable allies against the oppression of the great chief of the Matabele, Mosilikatze, by whom the whole country had recently been laid waste, and whose headquarters were then not far from the modern town of Zeerust, in the western part of the Transvaal. In their ignorance of the paramountcy claimed by Mosilikatze, the new settlers took no trouble to secure his goodwill. The consequence of this neglect was speedily felt in the massacre by the Matabele of two entire hunting-parties, while another detachment of the emigrants, including, there is reason to believe, the boy Paul Kruger, only succeeded in repulsing a Matabele attack after six hours' hard fighting. A still more desperate conflict occurred shortly



PRESIDENT KRUGER TO-DAY.

By Permission of the Proprietor of "South Africa."

afterwards at a spot now known as Vechtkop, situated between the Rhenoster and Wilge Rivers in the Free State. In

this conflict five thousand Matabele vainly endeavoured to storm a laager defended by less than fifty grown men, who were valiantly assisted by the boys and women. The Matabele eventually withdrew, having lost heavily, but in withdrawing drove off all the flocks and herds of the farmers, who would have been reduced to desperate straits but for the timely arrival of another party of emigrants under Mr. Gerrit Maritz, one of the original founders of Natal.

Amid such stormy and perilous conditions was the State founded which is to-day the centre of so much attention. It was not, however, till the year 1852 that, by virtue of the treaty known as the Sand River Convention, the South African Republic was definitely recognised as an independent State. Prior to that date unfortunate personal rivalries between the different leaders of the emigrant farmers had arisen, and though these had in a measure been reconciled, a sense of division remained, which led to further difficulties. Paul Kruger, who had already filled minor positions of authority with credit, attached himself to the leadership of Commandant-General M. W. Pretorius, son of one of the most noted of the "Voortrekkers," whose support was drawn chiefly from those families who had settled in the western portion of the Republic. Opposed to the Pretorius party was the Schoeman party, occupying the eastern and north-eastern districts. Trouble also arose with the Free State, and proceeded, indeed, so far that at one time there was serious danger of a collision between the burghers of the two States. For several years internal divisions continued to disturb the peace of the Transvaal, the Schoeman party always trying to establish itself against the burghers who preferred to follow the lead of Pretorius. It was not until more than one action had been fought that at last, in 1864, Pretorius being elected President by a large majority, peace was restored. During these disturbed times Paul Kruger, who had risen to the rank of Commandant-General, had several times distinguished himself, not only by his determined action in the cause of

order, but also by his suppression of a formidable native rebellion. He had, indeed, obtained such a leading position that, on the retirement of Mr. Pretorius from the Presidency, Paul Kruger might well have been regarded as his natural successor. Owing, however, to the pressure of considerations which seemed important at the moment, he was passed over, and a successor to Mr. Pretorius



A TYPICAL BOER.

was found in Mr. Thomas François Burgers, a Dutch clergyman of advanced theological views, who had been prominently before the public in the Cape Colony in an appeal against a suspension for heresy.

This election, which took place in 1872, proved unfortunate for the Transvaal; it is, indeed, difficult to understand how the strict and orthodox Calvinists of the South African Republic were led to give their support to one whose chief claim to notoriety rested on a suspicion of heresy. Mr. Burgers was a clever man, no doubt, but he was a man devoid either of balance or political capacity. Being full

progressive ideas, he formed great schemes for the future, while managing to lose all touch with the affairs of the present. That in 1876 and 1877 he played, either through weakness or of set purpose, into the hands of the annexationists, there can be no doubt. A stronger man would not have afforded the opening given by Mr. Burgers for the act of annexation, and in all probability much subsequent confusion and heart-burning would have been saved. It was from this moment that Paul Kruger, who had been elected Vice-President of the Republic in 1876, came first into notice outside the boundaries of the Transvaal. In 1877 he visited England in company with Dr. Jorissen, then State Attorney and now one of the Judges of the Republic, in order to represent to Lord Carnarvon the views of the burghers, which were really, as it then appeared, antagonistic to the annexation. The mission, as is well known, was unsuccessful. The two delegates were civilly treated, but informed that the act of annexation was irrevocable. In 1878, Mr. Kruger again visited England, this time having for his colleague General Piet Joubert, only to find Sir Michael Hicks Beach as unyielding as Lord Carnarvon. In 1879, although in the

meantime the disasters of the Zulu War had seriously shaken the Confederation programme advocated by Sir Bartle Frere, there seemed to be considerable risk, if the Cape Parliament agreed to a Confederation policy, of the Transvaal being included in the Confederation by some Order in Council, and thus more hopelessly than ever bound, from the Boer

point of view, to British domination. Mr. Kruger's efforts were accordingly directed to the winning over to anti-Confederation views of enough members of the Cape Parliament to defeat the Confederation policy—a task in which he was successful. And, from his own point of view, his action was certainly justified.

With the advent of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry to office in 1880, the hopes of the Republican party in the

Transvaal ran high. They imagined that the criticisms of the great Liberal leader, while he was out of office, would be followed by a restoration of Transvaal independence as soon as the Beaconsfield Ministry had resigned. They were sorely disappointed at finding that it is one thing to express sympathy when out of office, and quite another thing to give practical effect to that sympathy when in office. If the



PRESIDENT STEYN.

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promises made at the time of the annexation had been carried out, possibly the burghers might have settled down under British rule. The annexation promises were not carried out, and all the world

the counsels of the Transvaal burghers. The more recent events of Paul Kruger's life are so well known that it is hardly necessary to touch upon them. The services he rendered to his own people



OFFICER, BUGLER, AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER, TRANSVAAL STATE ARTILLERY.

knows what followed. As regards the part personally played by Mr. Kruger in the events of the War of Independence and in the negotiations that followed, it is enough to say that those who were acting on the British side fully recognised in him the commanding spirit in

in connection with the struggle for independence, and again in connection with the substitution of the London Convention in place of that negotiated at Pretoria, gave him an ascendancy in the Transvaal which he has never lost; for, although in the Presidential election of

1893 General Joubert seemed to run him somewhat close, that election largely turned upon a dispute between the two branches of the Dutch Reformed Church. As soon as any serious difficulty arises, the burghers, as was shown at the Presidential election last year, come back to Paul Kruger. This continuance of confidence through so many years argues that, at least in the eyes of his own countrymen, Paul Kruger is worthy of that confidence. To those who have had an opportunity of forming an opinion of him, apart from political prepossessions, he appears a



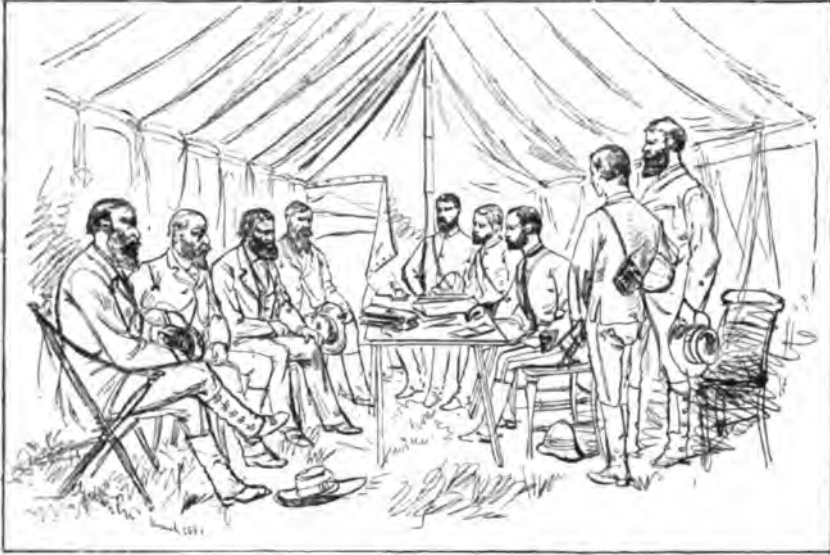
GENERAL JOUBERT IN 1881.

kindly, simple - living man, sincerely religious in a way which is now somewhat out of fashion, intensely patriotic, possessed of immense natural shrewdness, as well as of a sense of humour which, in the estimation of some, suggests a comparison with Abraham Lincoln. That he is capable of acts of wide-minded generosity is proved by his action—action strenuously resisted by some of his advisers—in releasing the Jameson prisoners; whether his policy since that act has been up to the level which might have been expected has been matter of controversy. But it may, at least, be said that the difficulties he has had to contend with have not been small.

Next in importance to Mr. Kruger, as a leader in the South African Republic, stands Commandant-General Piet Joubert, between whom and Mr. Kruger there has always been a certain degree of rivalry and antagonism. The Jouberts, as might be readily guessed, represent one of the families of Huguenot refugees who found shelter at the Cape towards the end of the seventeenth century. The General's father took part in the "Great Trek," but formed one of the party that went over the Drakensberg Mountains into Natal, where he died. General Piet Joubert's home is in the southern part of the Transvaal, not far from the Natal border, and no doubt his personal acquaintance with the country in that direction was found very serviceable during the War of Independence. As a statesman, however, Joubert is far inferior to Kruger, and his desire to be regarded as a "Progressive" has more than once laid him open to be made use of by Uitlander schemers for purposes of their own. The large vote he secured in the Presidential election of 1893 was owing, as has been hinted already, to the fact that the contest was really fought on an ecclesiastical question, Joubert's adherents belonging to the older branch of the Dutch Reformed Church, while Mr. Kruger's supporters represented the stricter Calvinists, generally spoken of as the "Dopper" Church. In the election of 1898, Mr. Kruger's ascendancy was as unmistakable as ever.

Among others engaged in the War of Independence, one of the most notable was the late Vice-President, Nicolaas Smit, who formed one of the deputation to Europe that negotiated the London Convention in 1884. In the more recent conflict, however, with the Jameson invaders, active operations were almost entirely in the hands of Commandant Cronje, to whose singular ability as a strategist the speedy and complete defeat of the invasion was chiefly due.

In respect of administrative matters, the appointment of Dr. Leyds as diplomatic representative of the Republic in Europe has led to the appointment as



SIR EVELYN WOOD AND GENERAL JOUBERT ARRANGING AN ARMISTICE, 1881.

State Secretary of Mr. F. W. Reitz, at one time Chief Justice, and afterwards President of the Free State. A member of the English Bar, and a man of sterling character and high culture, Mr. Reitz

is an official who would reflect credit on any country. If he has a fault, it is that of a bluntness which perhaps does not always fit in with the stricter requirements of diplomacy.



PRESIDENT BRAND ARRIVING AT LAING'S NEK WITH THE NEWS OF PEACE.

SIR GEORGE POMEROY-COLLEY.

By WILFRID MEYNELL.

GEORGE POMEROY-COLLEY was born in Dublin on the first day of November 1835. His father, born a Pomeroy, took the name of Colley on inheriting a part of the property that came to him through the marriage of his grandfather, Arthur Pomeroy, first Viscount Harberton, with the daughter of Sir Henry Colley, of Castle Carbery. In 1837, the year of the accession of the Queen whose soldier he was to be, little George Pomeroy-Colley, not yet two years old, was taken on a "grand tour" that lasted for six years; so that by the end of it the boy was eight; and prolonged stays in Germany and France had added two to the number of languages he could speak. All the same, he was glad to be back again; particularly glad when, after a spell of schooling at Cheam, in Surrey, he rejoined his family at their old Irish home at Rathangan—its garden, its river, its moorland—the very dogs and cats, that seemed "permanent" at last to the travelled child of shifting dwelling-places.

At the age of thirteen, the future General left Cheam School and entered the Royal

Military College of Sandhurst, where he stayed for three years, leaving it in 1852 with a brilliant record, to be at once gazetted Ensign, without purchase, in the 2nd "Queen's" Regiment, having its dépôt at Kinsale, the land of his birth, and being then quartered in South Africa,

ordained to be the land of his death. Destiny, which has been driven out of our language by more commonplace words, seems all in place where Pomeroy-Colley has to be written about. Did he himself not feel the inevitable when, nearly thirty years later, he wrote, on the eve of Majuba, that last letter of his to his wife? "I am going out to-night to try and seize the Majuba



GENERAL SIR GEORGE POMEROY-COLLEY.

Killed at Majuba Hill, February 27, 1881.

Hill, and leave this behind to tell you how very dearly I love you, and what a happiness you have been to me. Don't let all life be dark to you if I don't come back to you. It is a strange world of chances"—even he, within a few hours of his doom, shirked that word destiny and put in a lighter phrase—"one can only do what seems right to one in matters of morals, and do what seems best in matters of judgment, as a card-player calculates

the chances. Good-night, darling. How I wish I could believe the stories of our meeting again hereafter. Think of our happiness together, and our love—not a common love, I think—and think lovingly and sadly, but not too sadly or hopelessly, of your affectionate husband." Not on his own striving, not on his own wishing, would follow the facts and the faiths of the man, the already dying man, who wrote that letter. "There seems a kind of fatality about my staff," he said—forbidding, in the same breath, the arousing of his aide-de-camp and brother-in-law, Lieutenant Bruce Hamilton. "I don't mean to take him to-night. If anything were to happen to him it would kill his sister." Then he set out on the moonlight march that took him to his catastrophe.

But this is to look forward. The making of the man who wrote that letter has still to be traced; and these were yet the early days, the days of sanguine hopes and ambitions, when the young soldier joined the "Queen's"—originally named, by the way, from that Portuguese Princess



who brought to our Charles II. as her marriage dower the island of Bombay, Britain's foothold in the East. Not all his thoughts went to the dry routine of military discipline. At Shannon Bridge, where he was stationed in 1854, we

GENERAL POMEROY-COLLEY'S ASCENT OF MAJUBA HILL.



THE BATTLE OF MAJUBA HILL, FEBRUARY 27, 1881.

find him liberating himself with liberal reading for three or four hours daily, and so nearly fulfilling the rule laid down for enlightened man by Lord Bacon. "I have read Ruskin's 'Modern Painters' and his 'Seven Lamps.' Ruskin has given me twice the pleasure in Nature that I had before; has shown me beauties in the sky, in the water, in ugly landscapes as well as pretty ones, which I had never dreamt of before; and when I take a stroll now I feel something like the old story of Eyes and No Eyes." Then came rumours of war with Russia, that made the young soldier close these delightful volumes, rather regretfully, one supposes, for he complains—"Shut up in Shannon Bridge, we are obliged to take everything the *Times* and *Illustrated London News* say for gospel." Well, gospel it was, that time, at any rate. Birch, a dear comrade of Pomeroy-Colley, was called away

to the Crimea. "We have parted—perhaps for ever." Alas! a few weeks, and the "perhaps" was turned into certainty. By that time Pomeroy-Colley himself was on his way to South Africa. It was on his passage thither that he wrote some sensitive lines as to which subsequent history has added new pathos to the words—

Lord, ere I join the deadly strife
And battle's terrors dare,
First would I render soul and life
To Thine almighty care. [robed,
And when grim Death, in smoke-wreaths
Comes thundering o'er the scene,
What fear can reach a soldier's heart
Whose trust in Thee has been?

You cannot write the life, early or late, of Pomeroy-Colley without being constantly called away to its close. Everything seems to lead, seems even to hurry, up to that tragic moment when he stood to fall amidst the smoke of Majuba heights, deserted by his men, but never by his courage; forgotten by Fortune, but less than ever, in that hail of Boer bullets, forgetful of his faith. Our narrative, too, must hurry on to that last end. Kaffraria, on a first visit, did not offer Pomeroy-Colley activities enough

to keep him from sighing for service in the Crimea, but in vain. Kaffir famines and Kaffir outbreaks had afforded him opportunities for usefulness before he left for China, where he assisted at the burning of the Emperor's Summer Palace at Peking, and had about £50 as his share of the plunder. Another stay in South Africa preceded a return to England, a brilliant Staff College examination, and Staff



THE LAST MOMENTS OF GENERAL POMEROY-COLLEY.

College appointments. Then the Ashanti War, in which Wolseley gave him transport duties rendered well-nigh impossible by the wholesale desertion of carriers, led to the offer, made unsuccessfully, of the Gold Coast Governorship, and to his acceptance of a Colonelcy and Commandership of the Bath. To Natal he went with Wolseley in 1875 as something of a legislator, and made first acquaintance with the Transvaal. Later, a short spell at Aldershot preceded his appointment as Military Secretary to Lord Lytton; and a charming chapter could be written of the intimacy between the Governor-

General of India and this member of his household, now a social as much as a military official. Bad news from Kabul took him in 1878 through the Khyber, and he interviewed Cavagnari at Gandamak. He had just time to earn his K.C.S.I. before he started for Natal to be Chief of the Staff to Wolseley. Familiar episodes come to mind — the field of Isandula, the capture of Cetewayo, the recall to India, and the return, after all, to South Africa, as Governor, High Commissioner, and Commander-in-Chief.



GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD,
General Colley's second in command, in 1881.

Henceforth it is the Boers, the Boers, and always the Boers. The story of the annexation of the Boer Republic need not be retold; nor the story of Laing's Nek, and of Ingogo, where, with insufficient forces, Pomeroy-Colley held, or did not hold, his own against the Boers, whose military talent he respected, and whose character, in the main, he admired.

Then came the night-march to the summit of the Majuba Mountain—the position that was to give him command, as he said in that last letter of his; and as Nature herself, and all the laws of tactics, rather perhaps than his own brooding

conviction, seemed to say. From that eminence, successfully reached, the British force looked down on the camp of the enemy below. Then they saw a strange sight. Of a sudden all the Boer laagers were studded with lights. It was the Sabbath morning, and the burghers had arisen, preventing the dawn, to read their Bibles, to offer their public prayers. The British force, as it looked down, seemed to hold its foes in the hollow of its hand. Tommy Atkins shouted down exultantly, "Come up here, you beggars!" And they came. As they marshalled themselves in groups at the base, it could only be to fly, thought the British. But no; they began the ascent of the apparently impregnable height. Under cover of bushes, of rocks, and of hollows, they climbed and climbed, and the English soldier at the top, if he looked over the edge of his high plateau, fell back with a bullet that had gone straight home, fired by an adversary he could not discover. Yet no doubt as to the result of an assault was felt until that assault suddenly came. The Boers had scaled the heights and made an inrush before which our soldiery fell back. The General, moving towards the point whence the fire came, met his retreating forces. What happened exactly will never be known; but this is said for certain, that no order to retire ever crossed his set lips. "Oh, my men, do not run!" It was thus, says his friend and biographer, Sir William Butler, that he had given, twenty years earlier, the last words of a Kaffir chief. And now, if Pomeroy-Colley had spoken, those words had been his own—"Oh, my men, do not run!" A few lingered about him for a moment. Then he was left alone. "The General," said a corporal, when the story of that dark day's doings came to be told, "never moved from where he was when our men retired. He stood there trying to rally the men, and one of the Boers shot him straight in the forehead some time after the day was lost." That was on Sunday, Feb. 27, 1881.

THREE FAMOUS FIGHTING REGIMENTS.

By GEORGE DOUGLAS.

IF you are interested in the present crisis in South Africa, you may have seen this bald announcement under the heading of Military Intelligence: "To-day the Gordon Highlanders sailed for the Cape." What does this mean? Does it mean simply and only that so many men and so many guns have been shipped for South Africa? No; it means more than that, for a regiment is more than an aggregate of men and arms. A great regiment, like a great family, has a strength from the past. Driving it on there is the power of old and heroic traditions; it *dare* not be unworthy of its high originals.

Noblesse oblige! And so this prestige, this legendary glory, must be reckoned with in estimating a regiment's efficiency. If you would know what the Gordons can do, you must know what they have done. When they sailed for South Africa the

other day, they were not alone. There went with them the history of a hundred terrible years of war.

How shall you know their history? Look at the colours of the regiment. Inscribed there is the list of their chiefest

victories. What a rolling thunder of battle it is! Egypt, India, Mysore, Seringapatam, Egmontop-Zee, Mandora, Corunna, Fuentes d'Onor, Almaraz, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nive, Orthes, Peninsula, Waterloo, South Africa, Delhi, Lucknow, Charasiab, Chitral, Kabul, Kandahar, Afghanistan, Egypt '82-84, Tel-el-Kebir, Chitral,



Photo. by Knight, Aldershot.

THE DRUM HORSE OF THE CARABINIERS.

Tirah-Dargai! What pictures of march and leaguer and desperate assault in romantic or barbaric lands do these names bring before us! Those old Peninsular names above all—Talavera, Vittoria, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz—what glorious

yet pathetic memories they evoke of days when our valorous and mighty dead, now lying in forgotten graves, drove the French invader out of Spain! Why, there is something in the very sound of the word "Talavera" that stirs the blood like a trumpet! What a fitting name for a terrible field of arms! *Talavera!* There is something of swift and glittering onset, of high and impetuous daring, in the very rush of its vocables. 'Tis a word of the bravest significance. The horse of a fierce and gallant leader of dragoons should be christened "*Talavera*." Or cavalry should charge with that for their slogan-yell—" *Talavera!* " Not "Stand fast, Craigellachie!" itself would ring more thrillingly above the fray.

That, then, is the record of the Gordons, and yet they are but a hundred years old. You know the story of their raising? When, a little over a hundred years ago, the then Duke of Gordon was commissioned to raise a regiment for the King, of which his son Lord Huntly should be Colonel, his wife, "the bonnie Duchess," became her son's recruiting-sergeant. When the men-folk were in from the hill, she would ride up to the sheilings and the lonely farms, and with the King's shilling between her lips, she kissed them away to the wars. "Now, lads, who's for a soldier's life—and a kiss o' the Duchess Jean?" was her cry. When such lips tempted, what lad of mettle could refuse to touch them? They kissed—and were captured. But with what sudden-blanching faces of dismay the women must have looked askance at her, big-eyed, with dislike and fear! She was stealing their men-folk away to be lost for ever in the wars, and, worst of all, she was stealing them with a kiss—oh! the randy, the randy!—because of her terrible loveliness. How they must have hated her! It was not the stealing of the men they disliked so much—it was the kiss that stole them.

You have read the record of the Gordons since that romantic raising. But do not imagine that all their desperate deeds are inscribed on that roll of honour. The Duke of Wellington would not allow

the word "*Arriverete*," to be put upon their colours because, although their courage on that occasion was superb (they dashed through the river up to the neck), yet the occasion itself was considered trifling in that age of Titanic warfare. "And it is not worthy of the Gordons," wrote the Duke, "to carry on their blazon the name of a victory of which the whole world has not heard." Never was a compliment greater than that refusal. Only days of world-wide fame were fit to join the victories already inscribed upon those banners, were worthy of that great company. And it was the Duke of Wellington who said so.

Did you ever hear of Arroyo-del-Molinos? I daresay not—and yet it was a fine thing. The 1st Battalion of the 92nd set out on Oct. 22, '1811, and marched every day through lashing rain till the evening of the 27th—when they bivouacked without fires about three miles from the enemy, who were halting at Arroyo, on their way to Merida. At two o'clock in the morning the British stole forward—their approach still concealed by the mist and the beating rain. Outside the village the French were getting ready to continue their march. The British advance guard, peering down through the mist, could see the sumpter-mules as they were brought up and loaded, and could hear hoarse shouts of command. All else was quiet—nothing heard save the constant patter of the rain and the rush of a neighbouring torrent. But suddenly a slogan-yell rang clear, kilted figures were seen hurling on through the mist—and next moment the 92nd and the 71st had carried the village at the bayonet. The 28th, 34th, and 39th had meanwhile made a détour and surrounded the village on the farther side. The French formed into square and began to retreat sullenly—presenting an unbroken front upon every side. That front had to be broken. "Through them!" said the Colonel of the 92nd—and the 92nd went through them. A Prince, a General, and 1400 prisoners were the prize of war.

But we have anticipated. It was at Egmont-op-Zee, in Holland, in the year

1799, that the Gordons of the old 92nd achieved their first great feat of arms by defeating a body of French six times greater than themselves in number. Sir John Moore, who died at Corunna, was their brigadier. He was severely wounded, but his life was saved by two privates of the 92nd, who found him and carried him to the rear. "And now we maun join the lads," said one, "*for we're a' needed the day.*" When Moore, on recovering, wished to trace and reward his saviours, he found that they had been killed. And he observed with pride that not a man in the regiment was capable

of claiming the reward that belonged to none but the gallant dead. The Gordons were with Moore once more at Corunna when he turned and thrashed Soult after a terrible march of 250 miles. But in the interval they had been to the Nile with Sir Ralph Abercromby, and at Mandora and Alexandria had won the "Sphinx" for their

emblem. By 1811 they were back in Spain (they had been home after Corunna), and helped Wellington to victory at Fuentes d'Onor. At Almaraz,

two of them, James Gall and John Somerville, swam the Tagus to bring back the bridge of boats, and so enable the Duke and the army to get at the enemy. They were at Vittoria, at Nive, at Orthes, and on the triumphal march into France in 1814. At Quatre Bras the Duke himself was with them, and held their impatient ardour in check under repeated fusillades and charge after charge of cavalry. "Now Ninety-Second!" he

whispered at last, and in the gloaming the Gordons drove the French out of Quatre Bras and a mile beyond it. At Waterloo their supports on the right and left were driven back, and the Gordons, reduced to 300 men, were left facing 3000 of the enemy. Did Sir Denis Pack order them to retire? Not he. "Charge, and



Photo. by Knight, Aldershot.
COLONEL PORTER,
Commanding Carabiniers.



Photo. by Knight, Aldershot.

THE CARABINIERS IN REVIEW ORDER.

retrieve the day!" was the word, and the Highlanders swept forward. Just then the Scots Greys galloped up, and with a yell

associated with the Gordons on many a terrible field is the "Fighting Fifth" or Northumberland Fusiliers. It is strange



TYPICAL GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

Photo. by Ball.

of "Scotland for ever!" they all dashed at the foe, some of the Gordons clinging to the stirrups of their mounted comrades that they might get the quicker to the combat. A regiment that has been

that this regiment, which has proceeded to South Africa to fight the Boers (if need be), should have been first raised by a Dutch Prince for the service of Holland. In 1674 Prince William of Orange was

allowed by his uncle, the English King, to raise four regiments of British subjects to assist him in his struggles with the French. One of these is now the "Fighting Fifth." It takes the name of the Northumberland Fusiliers in honour of a most popular Colonel, Hugh, Earl Percy, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, who led a brigade in the American War, and commanded the regiment from 1768 till 1784. The Fifth began to earn their nickname early. At the siege of Maestricht, in 1676, 200 of them attacked the Dauphin bastion, to be driven back with a loss of 150 men. This madened the regiment, and in another assault they carried the bastion, outstripping a Dutch forlorn hope in the race for the ramparts. But the defeated enemy had

fired a mine beneath the works, which exploded and sent the victors flying in the air. Those of the Fifth who came down again brushed the dust from their eyes and carried the rampart a second time! For these and other feats they were publicly rewarded by Prince William in front of the whole army. Doubtless, the Fifth remembered his bounty with loyal gratitude when they accompanied him to England to oust his father-in-law in 1688. Macaulay relates in thrilling language how proudly the English peasantry looked on when their countrymen marched by. "There," they whispered to each other, "there be our own lads; there be the brave fellows who hurled back the French on the field of Seneffe!" The Fifth were with



Photo. by Edwards.

COLONEL DICK-CONYNNGHAM,
Commanding and Battalion Gordon Highlanders.



Photo. by Johnston, Banchoy.

THE NEW COLOURS PRESENTED TO THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS BY THE PRINCE OF WALES
ON SEPTEMBER 18.

William at the Boyne, and later, at Athlone, at Limerick, and at Namur. In the war of the Spanish Succession, while their comrades were gaining glory under Marlborough, they were driving the enemy before them in Portugal and Spain. They defended Gibraltar in the first desperate attempt made by the Spaniard to recover it. To relate their history from that date till the time of the Napoleonic wars is to relate the foreign history of England. They were in France in '58, in Germany from '60 till '62, and all through the war

Soon they were rearing their ladders against the walls, which were twenty feet high. Once every ladder was broken or overturned, and in the dread pause, while the Fifth gathered breath beneath, the French above screamed "Victory!" But Colonel Ridge sprang up and at them. He led his men along the rampart, and drove the garrison before him with terrible slaughter through the double gate into the town. Thus was the castle won; but Ridge fell shot through the heart in the moment of victory.



Photo. by Knight, Aldershot.

THE "FIGHTING FIFTH" ENTRAINING AT ALDERSHOT FOR THE CAPE.

in North America; while in 1807 they were driving the Spaniard through the streets of distant Buenos Ayres.

But it was the Peninsular War that witnessed the full flowering of their fame. It was they who stormed the breach of Ciudad Rodrigo. Later, they fought all the way to Paris through Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, Orthes, and Toulouse. But if you would have a taste of their quality, hear how they entered Badajoz.

The second battalion of the "Fighting Fifth," at the head of the storming brigade, passed the Rivellas by a narrow bridge under a raking fire of musketry. Men fell rapidly. Still they pressed on.

Old friends of the Fifth are the 6th Dragoon Guards, or Carabiniers. Their roll of honour begins with the splendid names of Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet, and Oudenarde; and to that they have since added Sevastopol, Delhi, and Afghanistan. They were first raised by Lord Lumley in the stirring times of Monmouth's Rebellion, to support the cause of King James. But Lumley refused to abet James in his tyrannies, and the regiment was taken away from him. No sooner did the Prince of Orange land, however, than the Carabiniers followed the example of their old leader, and entered the service of King William. It is to him they owe their distinctive title

of "The Carabiniers," which was given as a reward for their valour at the Boyne. Louis XIV. of France had select regiments of horse which he called "Carabiniers," and William seems to have formed the design of giving this title to such cavalry regiments as especially distinguished themselves. The design fell through, however, and so this regiment is the only corps which ever obtained the distinction.

At Aghrim, again, the Carabiniers covered themselves with glory. "Saint Ruth laughed," says Macaulay, "when he saw the Carabiniers and the Blues struggling through a morass under a fire which at every moment laid some gallant hat and feather in the earth. 'What do they mean?' he asked, and then he swore it was a pity to see such fine fellows marching to certain destruction." But it was he who was destroyed. Later, at Landen, the 6th Dragoons rendered a signal

service to King William. They were among the small body of brave men who, according to Macaulay, "shared his peril to the last and could hardly keep off

his pursuers as he crossed the bridge."

The incident is referred to in "Tristram Shandy." We have the authority of Corporal Trim for saying that "if it had not been for the regiments of Windham [*i.e.*, the Carabiniers], Lumley, and Galway, which covered the retreat over the bridge of Neerspecken, the King himself could scarcely have gained it." Under Marlborough their service was no less distinguished. At Ramillies

they captured the standard of the Royal Regiment of Bombardiers of France. At Malplaquet they repulsed Marshal Boufflers and the terrible Household Brigade. And since then wherever glory was to be won, in America, India, or Africa, the Carabiniers have been foremost. And so may they aye be!



Photo. by Cribb, Southsea.

COLONEL MONEY,
Commanding Northumberland Fusiliers.



Photo. by Knight, Aldershot.

READY TO EMBARK: MEN OF THE "FIGHTING FIFTH" AT SOUTHAMPTON.

LEADING UITLANDERS: ANOTHER VIEW.

By J. C. VOIGT, M.D.,

AUTHOR OF "FIFTY YEARS OF THE HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC IN SOUTH AFRICA" (1797-1845).

NOTE.—The following article, which is interesting as illustrating the point of view of some who deprecate a warlike settlement of the Transvaal difficulty, must not be taken as in any way an expression of Editorial opinion.—Ed. "E.I.M."

"And now, after the Boer, what of the stranger within his gates? We speak of the Englishing of the Transvaal—by what sort of English is the process somehow getting itself done? Well, to begin with, this great political change is being wrought by men who do not care a straw for politics. Why should they? Of all the Johannesburgers to whom I put the question scarcely a single one avowed that he meant to live at Johannesburg. They no more regard the country as their home than the Mincing Lane broker proposes to marry and rear a family in his City office. What they are there to do is to 'make their pile, and clear.'"

Extract from "The Afrikanerland," written by Mr. Garrett, Editor of the "Cape Times," the principal Rhodesian newspaper in Cape Town.

THE Republic existed in South Africa before the British Government established itself there by force of arms.

The frontiersmen, who founded the Republics of Graaff Reinet and Swellendam in 1795, were the first of the Afrikaners. In their Republics there was a free, although a somewhat primitive and rudimentary, franchise. Every white man was admitted to burghership, and could have a voice in the election of the representatives of the people in the National Assembly.

The first South African Republic was a White Man's Republic. Only those who would destroy the State—the blacks—were excluded.

The Government which followed that of the first Republic—the British Government—debarred from the franchise, absolutely, all inhabitants of South Africa—black as well as white—for it permitted no franchise whatever.

Under the Batavian Republic—the rule of the Dutch Restoration, from 1803 to 1806—all South Africa enjoyed a large amount of freedom and self-government.

The popular institutions of the independent High Court of Justice, Court of Landdrost and Heemraden, Burgher Senate, and Legislative Council; a fiscal policy which had brought into existence almost unrestricted free trade with the outer world; a liberal, non-sectarian education law in which all creeds and denominations were on an equality—such were some of the advantages and privileges accruing to the people from the substitution of the Government of the Dutch Republic for that of Great Britain at that time.

When the British Government, by force of arms, once more established its rule in South Africa in 1806, there was a reversal to the old order of things. One by one the liberties which South Africans had acquired under the Republic were taken from them; and an unlimited despotism—revealing the true character of its administration, first in the curtailment of the independence of the High Court of Justice and of Free Trade, and, subsequently, in the atrocious severity of the Slachtersnek executions and in the suppression of the people's language in the schools as well as in the Courts of Law—an unlimited and a foreign (Uitlander) despotism, came into existence.

During more than the first quarter of this century—from 1806 to the time of the Great Trek—the British Government, the official embodiment of foreign rule, stood opposed to all South Africans, but especially so to the frontiersmen who had created the first Republics of Graaff Reinet

and Swellendam. The British Government itself was the Uitlander. It is important to bear this fact in mind in order to understand later developments.

The white inhabitants of South Africa had carried on a constitutional struggle against the misrule of the Dutch Chartered—the East India—Company for nearly a hundred years. Delivered from that misrule by the Republic, under which they had to a large extent enjoyed the liberties associated with a government of the people by the people, they found themselves, through the British conquest of 1806, once more deprived, not only of the safeguards of individual freedom, but also of their nationality.

They had to resume the struggle for constitutional government and representative institutions.

As they were not allowed to have these in the land of their fathers, the frontiersmen left the British dominions: went into the wilderness and founded the Republic of Winburg and the Republic of Natal.

The emigrants who established these States were the champions of free and of popular representative institutions in South Africa. In their own words—the words used by Boshoff when writing the famous protest of the Volksraad of Pietermaritzburg in 1842—speaking of their grievances: "We ascribe all these evils to this one cause, namely, the want of a representative Government, refused to us by the executive authority of that same nation which regards this very privilege as one of its most sacred rights of citizenship, and that for which every true Briton is prepared to give his life."

As at the close of the last and at the beginning of the present century, so after 1806 until 1854—for nearly another half-

century—the British Government in South Africa absolutely refused the franchise to all white inhabitants.

The Crown desired subjects, and not citizens. By its misrule and misgovernment it drove out of its dominions, into the wilderness, the most industrious and persevering, the best and the bravest, of the Colonists.

The frontiersmen—the emigrant farmers—when they proclaimed and established the Republic north of the Orange and east of the Drakensberg—the Republics of Winburg and Natal—reintroduced the free franchise and popular elective representation which had been suppressed by England when it crushed the Republics of Graaff Reinet and Swellendam, and the Batavian Republic.

The British Government then stood for the total suppression of the franchise. The frontiersmen—the Afrikaner emigrant farmers—were the pioneers of the franchise. They first established self-government in South



Photo. by Russell and Sons.

THE RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES, P.C.

Africa. In the Republic of Natal, as in that of Winburg, the franchise was free and open to all white inhabitants.

The Uitlanders in Natal were chiefly English adventurers and traders from Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. They obtained equal burgher rights with the emigrant farmers who had founded the Republic. But a peasant State, where the officials were unsalaried, was not to their taste; a life of hardships and privations, to assist in the realisation of ideals, did not suit those pioneers of commerce; therefore they called in the help of British bayonets to destroy the little State which had admitted them to citizenship. Their leaders were Ogle, Cato, King, Cowie, and others.

In alliance with the missionaries, who had instigated Faku and the Pondos to ask for British troops to be marched into Natal, the Uitlanders helped to bring about the downfall of the Republic.

Notwithstanding this fact, the Republic beyond the Vaal, founded by the emigrants after the suppression of their government in Natal, did not exclude Uitlanders from the franchise. Not only could they obtain votes and complete political equality with the emigrants in the Transvaal, but a free grant of land was given to every Uitlander admitted to burghership.

In return for this generosity on the part of the men who had been cruelly wronged in Natal, some of the leading Uitlanders, who had been elected members of the Transvaal Volksraad, signed petitions to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the British Commissioner, asking him to take away the independence of the State to which they had sworn fealty.

Still, when the South African Republic again secured its independence—after the war of 1880-81—the law of admission to burghership remained free and unrestricted.

But other men soon necessitated other methods. Mr. Cecil John Rhodes came to the Witwatersrand from Kimberley. After having been a student at Oxford University, and after having spent some time on a farm in Natal, he had proceeded to the Diamond-Fields, where he had become a very wealthy man. He had been elected a member of the Cape House of Assembly, and had already become known as a politician.

The Messrs. Eckstein came from Stuttgart; Mr. Alfred Beit from Hamburg.

There were many other notable financiers among the early arrivals on the gold-fields in the Transvaal. The men of the Kimberley group of politicians and propagandists, however, deserve more than a passing notice.

After the discovery of gold on the Rand there was a large influx of foreigners into the Transvaal. Many of these Uitlanders came from Kimberley. Many of them were British born, others were Cape Colonists—British subjects; many were

German Jews, nearly all of whom were naturalised British subjects.

Having, under the provisions of the Transvaal mining law—the most free and liberal mining law in the world—obtained possession of the richest portions of the gold-producing area on the Rand—the holdings of the Rand Mines and Consolidated Gold-Fields—the leaders of this Kimberley group of financiers soon dominated all the society and all the political life of Johannesburg. Practically the same men ruled and directed the wealthy diamond-mining corporation of the De Beers Consolidated at Kimberley—the largest diamond-mine in the world. By their policy of stifling individual enterprise, in order to carry out their great schemes of consolidation, they had ruined the trade and destroyed the prosperity of Kimberley, where the white population had dwindled from 40,000, in the early 'seventies, to some 10,000 only. They had amassed boundless wealth and riches for the "insiders" of their own "ring" of speculators. The soil of South Africa had made them "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." They used the wealth thus acquired not only for obtaining more wealth, but also for deliberately planning and scheming against the liberties of the little nation which was receiving them hospitably and treating them kindly.

Their grievances were of their own creation; for from the time of their first appearance in Johannesburg their agitators and propagandists lost no opportunity of irritating and insulting the older inhabitants of the State. That they aimed at nothing less than the destruction of the Republic is conclusively shown by the attitude which they took up on the question of the franchise from the very first. They wanted a vote, and at the same time refused to bear any of the greater burdens of citizenship—such, e.g., as serving on commando. They wanted to become burghers of the State without taking upon themselves any inconvenient responsibilities of burghership; and, at the same time, they wanted to retain British citizenship. They made their demands on the Government of the



Mr. Lionel Phillips (centre)

1. Mr. E. H. Mullins.
2. Mr. C. A. Garland.
3. Mr. Clemart.
4. Dr. Hillier.
5. Mr. Alf Brown.

6. Mr. Charles Butters.
7. Mr. Max Langerman.
8. Mr. C. H. V. Melville.
9. Mr. Gilfillan.
10. Dr. W. T. F. Davies.

11. Mr. W. H. S. Bell.
12. Dr. D. J. Duirs.
13. Major Williams.
14. Col. Bettington.
15. Mr. W. Hosking.

16. Dr. H. W. Brodie.
17. Capt. Mein.
18. Mr. S. W. Jameson.
19. Sir Drummond Dunbar.
20. Mr. Fritz Mosenthal.

hook had drawn forth. Even on that little matter he had miscalculated ; even in this little enterprise he had failed. So they called him "Silly Billy." But not for long—at any rate, in his presence. No, he made arrangements to stop that. "Boozing Billy" he did not mind ; the alliteration he could bear ; the rhyme was too much ; to be called "Silly Billy" hurt him beyond endurance. Wherefore, it is to be surmised that whatever had roused him from his mental, moral, and social torpor, whatever had disturbed his vegetative calm, was something potent, reminiscent, sensitising, shocking.

At any rate, the next night he made another search for a suicide's grave : this time a watery one. He met with the same success as his brother. Being in no wise mad, only vexed and tired, he had not the courage to mount the parapet and jump in ; so he crawled down some stairs and crept in. Doubtless, he enjoyed the merry-making usual to his method of dying : saw the pretty lights, the fireworks of the drowning ; saw himself a babe babbling at his mother's knees ; saw himself a corrected child lying across those self-same knees, saw the ancient roof-tree with its colony of wood-lice, and the dear homestead with the jolly rats gambolling upon the marge of the too-near cesspool ; saw the woman he had loved, the woman he had lost ; saw—Certainly, he was served up as the most necessary ingredient of a coroner's inquest ; and, just as certainly, twelve kind silly gentlemen said what a fit of temporary insanity he had had, and how, remembering a clause in the Lord's Prayer, someone ought to see that that tempting river was kept out of people's way. Then he was presented with a grave even more unpopular than that of the suicide's he had found—a pauper's.

The cause of his unwonted energy, his sudden usage of the organ of destructiveness, his unexpected taking to water, was attributed to beer. As a matter of truth, these astonishing actions were the result of sobriety. Also, he had had some two ounces of meat in his stomach, it being a Sunday when the first idea of testing that betraying

hook had formed in his fired brain. But even the meat would have failed to excite him, had not a certain woman delivered a temperance lecture ; and had he not listened. It was given on the very stage that had so often been the scene of his degradation ; being intended solely for theatrical operatives. And "Boozing Billy," wanting a little warmth and light, came, heard, and was conquered—conquered by being driven from the hitherto impregnable mud-hut of his Negation—conquered by This—which was being reminded of That—which-had-been.

The woman who won this victory, although aged about forty-nine and billed as a Miss, was not gaunt, or angular, or livid ; neither was she a specimen of the usual compound of vanity and hysteria that finds enjoyment and relief by disgracing the platform and telling her listeners something they know and the speaker does not. She omitted to rave and rant, or to browbeat and condemn ; also, she refrained from setting her hearers "a-dreaming hell-fires to see." Her lecture was witty, anecdotal, amusing : it combined instruction with entertainment and good with pleasure. This woman remained a woman all the while. She was charming ; she was delightful ; she was glorious. She gave the impression of having been, in her youth, pretty and cajoling, but earnest and affectionate ; even now she possessed of her time of life most of the merits and few of the faults. Where the men—one of whom might have induced her to change her name—could have been disporting during those previous years would be difficult to determine : perhaps in public-houses, denouncing the vices of women.

Doubtless, some such idea was borne in upon Billy : when he saw her face, heard her voice, felt the thrill of her charm. However, he gave no utterance to his thoughts or expression to his feelings, but sat listening quietly and without motion. After a time, as the flow of her sympathetic manner washed away the mud that lay caked about his heart, he began to mumble and stir. Then he asked of his neighbour this woman's name.



"Don't you know me? Oh, have you forgotten me? . . . Ethel, I am William!"

Upon being told, he desired to be retold. When that had been done his face grew full of puzzlement, then void of any expression whatever. Later, with the upward glance of a child striving to recall a forgotten word, Billy fought again and again to find the lost meaning of those few simple sounds. That they had had something to do with William he felt sure;

but what that something had been he could not determine.

Suddenly a shiver ran through the worn fibres on his tired bones. Those eyes, dim and loose-fixed, brightened, grew tense; but those lips, parted and slack, opened yet wider, flabbed still more; and from out that awesome mouth broke a great cry. He had remembered.

HOW THE SERGEANT FELL IN LOVE.

By A. S. APPELBEE.

"THERE are lots of women," soliloquised the Sergeant, "who simply can't resist a uniform—red, blue, bless your soul, any colour under Heaven. From the very day I furst put on my helmit there were plenty of 'em for me to pick from, and I can tell you I was a fine-looking young fellow—six-foot-two, and as straight as they make 'em."

"The Sergeant in love!" cried someone, and all the members of the club present leaned back in their chairs and listened for the story.

The Sergeant expanded his immense chest, and smacked the huge muscles of his thigh.

"Begad!" he said in resonant tones, "I must have been a smart chap even then, and I soon got used to their attentions, the little dears; but the very furst woman I had to do with after I became a peeler turned my head as clean as I turned hers. Would you have thought it possible?"

"No," we chorussed, "certainly not. Tell us all about it."

"Well," said the Sergeant sententiously, "I met her furst under a lamp-post. I was stationed at Fritterfield, a village just outside Fensham, and my beat ran right up to the town. I was just starting back home from Fensham one evening, after making my point, when she came up to where the roads out of Fensham divide, and after peering about all three she came along to me and said—

"Please, Mr. P'leeceman, can you tell me which is the road to Sir George Leppington's?"

"She spoke very nice and pretty, and

cooing-like, and looked up as though she was in trouble. She had a well-developed figure, you know, and a face like a picture-angel, and she was smartly dressed—a lady's maid at the very least, although she was walking to Sir George's at that time of night.

"Cert'nly, Miss," says I; 'I am just on the way past the door myself. Perhaps you would like to walk with me.'

"Oh! I should, please," she said, quite timid-like.

"You're very welcome, my dear," says I.

"We got on fine after that, and by the time we reached Sir George's I had promised to meet her again the next week. Grace Darling, she said her name was. Did ever you hear a name like that? I said it fitted her just like her glove. She had come as Miss Leppington's maid, and she arsked me whether a cottage could be got in Fritterfield for her poor old mother, as she had no other relation in the world, and they liked to be together. As luck would have it, I happened to know of a cottage up in the village, one of George Robinson's, right away from my station, and I said I would go up and look after it. You know, Miss Cicily Leppington was just going to be married to a lord; and as they wanted another servant or two, they were increasing the show in time for the wedding.

"I went for a walk with the girl the next week, and another when it was her day out the week after—to put her mother in comfortable—and I can tell you, by daylight Grace Darling was just stunning, and looked at you—— Lord love you! it



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warnts 'em bad with this weather and her rheumatiz, but I can't take 'em up because of this wedding business, and I know you'll be going by. Do you mind?'

"Of course not," says I, putting them in my pocket, and larfing, but not liking to hurt her feelings. They were simply rolled up like women do these things, and twisted one in the other. Then the rest of the girls turned round, and we stopped chaffering for, it might be, a quarter of an hour. And then we heard Lady Leppington's voice coming—you could hear it some way, you know—and they all started to go out.

"The old dowager came into the room at the same moment, bringing some more people to see the presents: three or four ladies, and among them the Honourable Mrs. Schnaeder, the wife of that South African Johnny with the money, who lived at Whatmough Park.

"These are *dear* Cicily's presents," the old geeser was saying. 'It was *so* kind of you to send that *lovely* di'mond brooch, my dear. See, I have put it *here*, right in front.'

"She walked straight up under the window, and then turned roun' with a sort of a shriek, and cried—

"Great heavens! Why, it's disappeared!'

"I started round at that, and I sor at once that it was really gorne, for I knew the thing she meant—with a big stone in the centre.

"Good gracious!' said the Honourable Mrs. Schnaeder, 'what can have become of it, my dear?'

"It was there right enough a few minutes agorne, me lady,' says I, speaking up. 'I sor it.'

"Who has been in since?' says Lady Leppington, quite savage-like.

"Only the servants, me lady,' says I. 'They went downstairs by the other door as you came in.'

"Good gracious, Caroline,' says me lady, 'we must have a thief on the premises, and Sir George away in Fensham too! Whatever ought I to do?'

"Arsk a p'leeceman, my dear,' says the Honourable Mrs. Schnaeder.

"I ex-cogitated for a moment, and then, like a smart orf'cer, I was ready, and I says—

"They have all just gorne out of this room, me lady and your honour. Lock the doors and have them searched. One of them must have the brooch, and it can't be gorne far, seeing I sor it with my own eyes not ten minutes agorne.'

"Well, we did. There was a fine fuss, I can tell you, when we three went down and locked the door of the kitchen on the whole boiling of the women, and I told them they had got to be searched. The cook used awful language, considering me lady and the Honourable Mrs. Schnaeder was there, although it might have passed at any other time, and she swore they had all seven come down together, and never stopped, nor never parted. All seven stuck to the same tale, nor you could not shake them, so I set to work and searched the whole lot, right under the eyes of those two old dowagers. The women did not like it a bit, and the youngest housemaid and Grace Darling blushed a lot, but the cook up and told them they were two fools to take any notice of a great clod like me, and gave warning on the spot.

"Then Bates, our other man, came on dooty, and we two searched the kitchin till you could not have hidden a pea in it that we would not have found. I can tell you it looked a mess when we had done with all the furniture. Still the di'monds did not turn up, so we locked the women in and searched the blessed house. Sir George came in while that was on, and said he would not have the matter known outside, as the di'monds were sure to be found, seeing none of the women had had a charnce of hiding them properly. So Bates and I had it to ourselves, and there was not an inch of that blooming house between the room where the presents were and the kitchen that we did not overhaul. We had the carpets up, and we had the pictures down, and we had the furniture inside out. I don't believe you could have

hidden a pin's head that we would not have found and dug out, but there was not a sniff of a di'mond in the lot.

"The Honourable Mrs. Schnaeder went home at larst, and said it did not matter ;

clean mizzled, and I daresay they were worth a lot of money—five or ten pounds mebbe.'

"'You're a fool,' says Sir George, quite rude-like ; 'say five hunderd.'



"I started round at that."

"'Good Lor', why that's a fortune !' says I. 'Shall we send for the detectives, Sir George, Sir ? They must have been stole by someone.'

"'I'm not so sure they've been stole,' said Sir George. 'They must be somewhere quite close to us, and I am not clear that they've been stole at all yet. If they had been, we should have recovered them before now. They may have been mislaid in some extraordinary way, and, at any rate, I can't have detectives about my house making

she would send Miss Cicily round another present in the morning, but Sir George and me lady carried on something awful.

"'No doubt it's a great loss, Sir George, Sir,' says I, 'but Bates here and me, we have done our best. Them di'monds have vanished, Sir George, Sir,

arrests at the time of my daughter's wedding. It must wait a day or two, Hurdlestone, and I should not be surprised if the brooch turns up during that time.'

"'Yes, Sir George,' says I."

The Sergeant paused and contemplated the immense boots that creaked under the burden of his weight when he walked.

"Well," I said, "that is not the end of it, is it?"

The Sergeant surveyed his empty glass with a comical air.

"No," he said slowly, "not quite."

We hastened to take the hint.

"As I was just in the middle of saying," he resumed quite pleasantly, "Miss Cicily's wedding was nex' day. They did it well, I can tell you, and had all the village up to tea, and a dance in the evening after the happy pair had gorne in rowt for Scotland, and all the dooks and lords and women had said their say and gorne too. The servants were given a good time in the evening, and there was plenty to drink. An invitation was given to me, and I was there.

"It was a go-as-you-please sort of affair by this time, and thinks I it would be a good charnce to walk Grace Darling about the scrubberies, and apologise for having searched her pretty self, and, mayhap, tell her a few things I had not told her up to then. So I started to walk round and find her. Of course I found all the rest of the seven servants when I did not warnt to, but I could not see Grace, and the more I walked round the more I began to wonder what had become of her. At larst I arsked the chief housemaid, being that she was most sociable, although a bit free with her tongue, and inclined to speak her mind when she was provoked.

"'Why,' says she, 'the hussy's gorne to see her mother, when it would be only respectful to the house to stop and enjoy the darnce along with us. And you not dancing, Mr. Hurdlestone? Come along.'

"'Not in uniform,' says I. 'I'll come

back when I'm orf dooty, and look after you, Bessie.'

"Then Bates came to take my place, and orf I went at quick march for the old lady's cottage. It was a mile and a half, and I felt quite warm by the time I arrived there, and knocked.

"There was no answer, so I tried the door, and found that that was locked.

"'Poor little dear!' says I to myself. 'She's walked all up here to fetch her old mother back to the darnce and fun at Sir George's. And I know what they've done. They've gorne round by the upper road, so as to pass my station and meet me, she knowing what time I was to come orf duty, and all the time I was coming by the lower road here. Poor little dear!'

"Then I went back to my station, and on to Sir George's again, as quick as I could, but I could not see anythink of them. So I cussed my luck, and had to darnce with Bessie, who would keep saying what a fine-looking chap I was.

"You may guess I was more than a bit surprised next morning when Sir George Leppington sent for me all in a hurry. I found out a bit at a time that Grace Darling had never come home that night at all, and her mother had suddenly left the cottage that I took for them, with some hired furniture in it, and the rent still owing. I was put on to investigate Grace's references, who had intended to marry her, and not one of them was genuine, and they took out a warrant for the poor dear's arrest. But the narstiest smack of all was on the day after the warrant was tooked out, when a letter was delivered at my station which had been posted somewhere in London. I carried it in my pocket for years, and I know what was in it by heart. It said—

My dear old thick-headed P'leeceman,—I hope this finds you as well as it leaves me and my husband, who went away from Fritterfield rather under a cloud, but are now again in our happy home, and bear you no ill-will.

Don't worry your poor head any more about the di'monds. They are in Amsterdam. Nor about us. Nobody spotted the disguise, and *we* are not likely to give it away.



MR. LEWIS WALLER.

As the Duke of Buckingham in "The Musketeers."

And when nex' you worry around after stolen property and turn big houses inside out, and accuse innocent women, mind you don't carry the di'monds round in your coat-tail pocket all the time, wrapped up in a pair of old stockings. I was nearly caught, owing to the trifle being missed so soon, only you, none of you, ever thought where to look, did you?—Once, for a short time, your very loving GRACE DARLING."

And the Sergeant wiped a tear from his manly eye.



"We two searched."

one of these soft impeachments was read out to him, Billy answered with silence. Even in his pewters he was reticent—as reticent concerning the past as he was secretive concerning the future. What That had really been, This never told.

As a matter of truth, That was once a prosperous bookseller; making, from the struggling existence of publishers, a comfortable living. He had been industrious and progressive, had wished only for what could be attained, and regretted nothing but the avoidable. Consequently, he had known happiness. Certainly, even in those days, he had had his troubles; but of these only one had made upon him any great impression.

His brother had found a suicide's grave; and the owner of that grave had rewarded the finder by letting him dwell therein. This successful search on the part of his brother had been caused by a drunken wife. . . . Now, a drunken wife is among the finest inventions that the Devil hath yet sought out. A drunken husband is bad; and than most other kinds of husbands is possessed of more demerits. But woman was not made to drink—only to sip; and even *that* at infrequent intervals: Nature having ordained that she shall not consume strong liquor in any great quantity without becoming extremely repulsive. From quite a few bottles most women would contrive to gather more unloveliness, more bestiality, hatefulness, and degeneracy than would most men in a similar time from quite several barrels. This, for many reasons. As they are as obvious as numerous, they may be omitted. Suffice it that, of course, women have compensations: both internal and external: the scent-bottle for instance, a magic phial that so often serves the two purposes. However, it is for men alone, and not for all of those, that Alcohol "captains an army of shining and generous dreams"—captains that army with any pretence of control, dignity, proportion. . . . Most of these things, and many more, William learned from the death of his brother and from the life of that brother's better half. They annoyed him; they appalled him;

they so irritated and shocked him that he became a member of the great army of monomaniacs. . . . These victims of a mental disproportionableness are as myriad and varied as their obsession is monotonous and single. Some think themselves the daughter of the Devil; others, the Son of God. Some say they are made of glass; others, of steel. A few have a fear of open spaces; many, of closed doors. A few imagine that they can fly; many, that they can sing. . . . William's dream and dread was that of getting a drunken wife.

Now, it happened about the time his monomania possessed him most strongly, that he was engaged to marry "the best and sweetest woman in the whole world." However, these excelling qualities did not prevent her lover from asking if she would follow his example and sign the pledge. As the girl sipped only some two or three glasses a week, she—not unnaturally or illogically—refused. This led to a quarrel: which led to a parting: which led to nothing, to nowhere, and to nobody—at any rate, on the side of William.

And yet these two had loved each other: if not with a wild, o'erwhelming passion, at least with a deep and delicate affection. William was rather delightful as a lover. Contrary to the custom of most booksellers, he read the books he sold—some of them. Therefore, he was able to express his emotions with not a little skill—the skill that engenders surprise and does not destroy sincerity. He knew when to please and when to provoke; he was aware how apparently to seem shallow and flippant, and how really to exhibit the depth and gravity of his tenderness. In addition to possessing an ability to show love, he also possessed an ability to feel love. And as the woman he worshipped was more than worthy of his admiration and affection, was fond as fair, loving as lovable, the days when William had been happy were many and splendid.

But that was years ago—six-and-twenty years ago. And to think that he had lost her merely through a little matter of pledge-signing! Slight are the trivialities for which men and women part—slight,

THAT AND THIS.

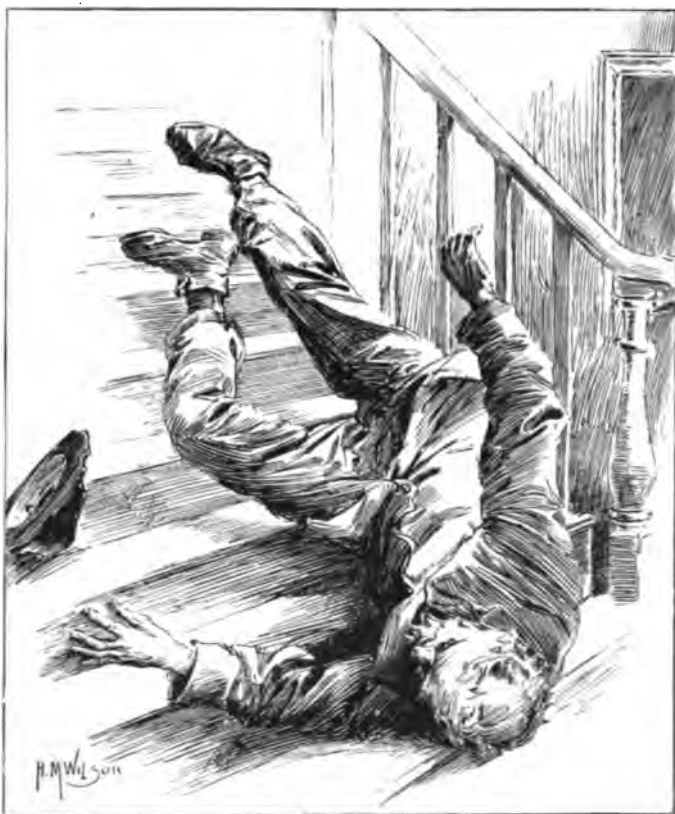
By GEORGE GAMBLE.

Author of "A Farrago of Folly," etc.

HE slid down the stairs on the side of his neck. He poised stiffly for quite a time on his left ear. He up-

suddenly grave. He declared with drunken solemnity that he was perfectly sober.

"Wot ho!" cried a sceptic who chanced



He slid down the stairs on the side of his neck.

staggered to the shape of a fish-hook. He made decorously behind his hand a hissing sound, suggestive of the opening of a screw-stoppered bottle of beer. He smiled the smile of a sleepy fat-wit. He became

that way, "Billy's copped the brewer agin!"

Seeing the truth of this all-embracing assertion, some of Billy's fellow-sinners led him to a disused property-room in the

theatre basement. Then, throwing him gently floorwards and pillowing his head with a block of wood, they left him to sleep his way back from his own form of sobriety to that of other people's.

He was not a derelict; he was a wreck. He had long ceased to drift on the waters of life; he now merely stuck in the mud of existence.

He was tall, but had been taller. The hinges of his knees had worked loose, and because, about that same hour, his spine had curved beneath the weight of trouble, his most upright carriage now suggested a man that had passed his life in letting out his shoulders for leapfrog.

He wore a frock-coat that was green. It had once been black—as might be perceived when on days of rain the collar was upturned. However, this faded glory was well supplied with buttons: at any rate, a-down the front. Buttons are so much cheaper than shirts; if cleverly used they may even conceal an entire absence of those troublesome garments: especially as a “dicky”—cunning combination of breastplate and collar—can be procured for sixpence, if a halfpenny is thrown in to show good feeling. His trousers, about the back-edges, were frayed and fringed, as though his hungry down-trod heels had nibbled them. How those tattered bags were kept in their proper place was a mystery that only some pieces of string could have explained. At times, there was just one button between him and the police; and *that* was mostly loose. His hat had started life on the head of a boy, and now was always full of hair, tufts of which up-sprouted through a rift in the felt like some noxious growth from out the chinks of a coffin. His boots were kept together with mud. If he had cleaned them ever so gently they would have sprung into as many fragments as did Sinbad's ship when the loadstone mountain drew out the nails. They were as ventilated as his hat, as dirty as his hands, and as be-knobbed as his face.

Now, the face of “Boozing Billy” was a study of ugliness sufficiently painful to have pleased Hogarth. Eyes so dim

and loose-fixed that it was matter for astonishment as to why the breeze did not, one way, blow them out, and, another, blow them in. Lips that would no more meet and fasten than does the sprung lid of a lozenge-box. Nose—well, he had invented that nose himself. It was not small, not straight, not pink; it was not smooth, not still, not good; it was merely Billy's nose. As for his mouth—his mouth was the home of a hundred horrors.

These unlovely appearances and realities were not caused by over-eating. A meal and a half a day was all he allowed himself: those fourteen shillings a week he earned had to be laid out with the sagacity of a Chancellor and the cunning of a Scot. On Sundays for dinner he had meat; Mondays, cheese; Tuesdays, bread; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays he counted the railings on the Thames Embankment; Saturdays he had beer. He would have drunk it all the week—if he could have discovered it flowing from the public fountains.

The questions that arise are, What did this man think, What did he believe, What did he hope? The answer to each of which is—Nothing. He had the thoughts of a vegetable-marrow, the beliefs of a blown egg-shell, and the hopes of a moribund dog munching its sores in a ditch. With this man, life was otherwise than with most of us. Him, the past did not haunt, the present did not bore, the future did not frighten. Mentally and emotionally, he was void as a mummy. His brain but controlled his muscles; his heart but pumped his blood. Only his stomach fully lived; and that often was half dead.

Of course, to arrive at such a state of negation had taken many years. But patience and perseverance will accomplish much; and Billy had succeeded in becoming the greatest failure ever known within the walls even of the “Refrigerator Theatre”: where “frosty” nights were as numerous as those of an English spring.

That is what This was; This is what That had been.

First, to the *untruths*. It was rumoured

that Billy once had kept his horses and hounds, and even bred his own foxes—as being, no doubt, the surest way to destroy

that medium, it runs as follows: Billy at some remote period had slaughtered his wife's lover with a meat-axe, and had then



This led to a quarrel: which led to a parting.

these pests. Another legend gave it that Billy had "done time," had walked up the endless stairs, and insomnia-ed on the plank bed. A third was still more wrong. Given in the vernacular that its utterers were wont to use, it would shock; translated from

stretched his legs—to avoid a like treatment of his neck—as far as Southern Italy: where, dwelling among the pediculous lazzaroni, he had lost all his virtues, and acquired from his fellow-shirkers all their vices. But whenever

hook had drawn forth. Even on that little matter he had miscalculated ; even in this little enterprise he had failed. So they called him "Silly Billy." But not for long—at any rate, in his presence. No, he made arrangements to stop that. "Boozing Billy" he did not mind ; the alliteration he could bear ; the rhyme was too much ; to be called "Silly Billy" hurt him beyond endurance. Wherefore, it is to be surmised that whatever had roused him from his mental, moral, and social torpor, whatever had disturbed his vegetative calm, was something potent, reminiscent, sensitising, shocking.

At any rate, the next night he made another search for a suicide's grave : this time a watery one. He met with the same success as his brother. Being in no wise mad, only vexed and tired, he had not the courage to mount the parapet and jump in ; so he crawled down some stairs and crept in. Doubtless, he enjoyed the merry-making usual to his method of dying : saw the pretty lights, the fireworks of the drowning, saw himself a babe babbling at his mother's knees ; saw himself a corrected child lying across those self-same knees, saw the ancient roof-tree with its colony of wood - lice, and the dear homestead with the jolly rats gambolling upon the marge of the too-near cesspool ; saw the woman he had loved, the woman he had lost ; saw—Certainly, he was served up as the most necessary ingredient of a coroner's inquest ; and, just as certainly, twelve kind silly gentlemen said what a fit of temporary insanity he had had, and how, remembering a clause in the Lord's Prayer, someone ought to see that that tempting river was kept out of people's way. Then he was presented with a grave even more unpopular than that of the suicide's he had found—a pauper's.

The cause of his unwonted energy, his sudden usage of the organ of destructiveness, his unexpected taking to water, was attributed to beer. As a matter of truth, these astonishing actions were the result of sobriety. Also, he had had some two ounces of meat in his stomach, it being a Sunday when the first idea of testing that betraying

hook had formed in his fired brain. But even the meat would have failed to excite him, had not a certain woman delivered a temperance lecture ; and had he not listened. It was given on the very stage that had so often been the scene of his degradation ; being intended solely for theatrical operatives. And "Boozing Billy," wanting a little warmth and light, came, heard, and was conquered—conquered by being driven from the hitherto impregnable mud-hut of his Negation—conquered by This—which was being reminded of That—which-had-been.

The woman who won this victory, although aged about forty-nine and billed as a Miss, was not gaunt, or angular, or livid ; neither was she a specimen of the usual compound of vanity and hysteria that finds enjoyment and relief by disgracing the platform and telling her listeners something they know and the speaker does not. She omitted to rave and rant, or to browbeat and condemn ; also, she refrained from setting her hearers "a-dreaming hell-fires to see." Her lecture was witty, anecdotal, amusing : it combined instruction with entertainment and good with pleasure. This woman remained a woman all the while. She was charming ; she was delightful ; she was glorious. She gave the impression of having been, in her youth, pretty and cajoling, but earnest and affectionate ; even now she possessed of her time of life most of the merits and few of the faults. Where the men—one of whom might have induced her to change her name—could have been disporting during those previous years would be difficult to determine : perhaps in public - houses, denouncing the vices of women.

Doubtless, some such idea was borne in upon Billy : when he saw her face, heard her voice, felt the thrill of her charm. However, he gave no utterance to his thoughts or expression to his feelings, but sat listening quietly and without motion. After a time, as the flow of her sympathetic manner washed away the mud that lay caked about his heart, he began to mumble and stir. Then he asked of his neighbour this woman's name.



"Don't you know me? Oh, have you forgotten me? . . . Ethel, I am William!"

Upon being told, he desired to be retold. When that had been done his face grew full of puzzlement, then void of any expression whatever. Later, with the upward glance of a child striving to recall a forgotten word, Billy fought again and again to find the lost meaning of those few simple sounds. That they had had something to do with William he felt sure;

but what that something had been he could not determine.

Suddenly a shiver ran through the worn fibres on his tired bones. Those eyes, dim and loose-fixed, brightened, grew tense; but those lips, parted and slack, opened yet wider, flabbed still more; and from out that awesome mouth broke a great cry. He had remembered.

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According to their natures, his companions soothed or snubbed him; and he hunched quiet with the compliance of collapse. But he did not cease to remember. And those six-and-twenty years were as a mist that rolls away. Full upon his altered face gleamed the sun of former hours; high above his grizzled head flew the birds of other times—singing as they had sung in the morning of his youth. That withered heart—long, long sterile — quickened with a re-birth of the Life Beautiful; and emotions, sweet and tender, rose resurgent. Old kisses, smiles, endearments, old fancies, dreams, and moonrays came circling round about him like homing doves. But it was to a *ruin* that they came. And the stricken man realised this truth—realised what he had missed, what he had lost for ever. All through a quarrel concerning a silly matter of form—a needless precaution against a danger that never existed!

The lecture concluded, he made for the stage-door to watch his old love depart. He had no intention of revealing himself; enough if once again he could look into her eyes, once again brush anear her sleeve. Of course, even *he* did not assume that he loved this woman still: it was only that she had brought about the resurrection of his buried life, the requickening of his dead heart.

Smiling, and talking with a girl friend, she came along the dim-lit passage. Making a futile effort to smooth his hair, he straightened himself. She drew near. He stood erect. She looked at him. He looked at her. Seeing only a drunken scarecrow, much in need of a meal, she slipped a florin into his hand—the hand that was outstretched to touch her sleeve. Drawing back, he let the coin jingle on the ground. She passed him by. He winced and cried aloud—

“Don’t you know me? Oh, have you forgotten me? . . . Ethel, I am William!”

But he was not William; he was only Billy. And that was all she saw. Simple as were his words, they conveyed nothing to his hearer—except that their utterer was the victim of drink. He had learned her Christian name (she thought) from the bill, and was babbling it abroad because she had not given him sufficient. Clearly, an impertinent ingrate. However, she would not expose him, lest he should be made to suffer. For even in the dingy gloom, even with her elderly vision, she could see that this thing was deplorable and an object for mercy.

“Don’t you know me?” he sobbed.

O Time and Change! How *should* this woman know him? Allowing that he had *not*, in a supreme anxiety to be remembered—allowing that he had *not* omitted his surname, it is unlikely that the woman would have recognised in this subject of her pity the man she once had loved—the man through the dear memory of whom she had remained ever single. And as it was, she went upon her way, happily, quite unknowing.

The disappointed wretch screamed for her to stop. But a certain sceptic who once had made an all-embracing assertion concerning the catching of a brewer, dragged his misery-wounded work-mate back into the darkest recesses of the theatre; at the same time repeating his assertion, and avowing sincerely that he was wishful only to do the drunkard a kindness.

Entering a cab and driving off, Ethel turned to her girl friend and with a pitying smile said how afraid she was that *one* man there had not benefited by her lecture, and how devoutly she hoped he would.

He did. For This, thus shockingly reminded of That, took measures (as recorded) to become It.



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ORPHANS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ADAM SIEPEN.

The Artist of this picture has no hands, and does all his work with his toes.

THE HARBOUR-MASTER.

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

CHAPTER I.

BECAUSE it all seems so improbable—so horridly impossible to me now, sitting here safe and sane in my own library—I hesitate to record an episode which already appears to me less horrible than grotesque. Yet, unless the story is written now, I know I shall never have the courage to tell the truth about the matter, not from fear of ridicule, but because I myself shall soon cease to credit what I now know to be true. Yet scarcely a month has elapsed since I heard the stealthy purring of what I believed to be the shoaling undertow—scarcely a month ago with my own eyes I saw that which, even now, I am beginning to believe never existed. As for the Harbour-Master, and the blow I am now striking at the old order of things— But of that I shall not speak now or later. I shall try to tell the story simply and truthfully, and let my employers testify as to my probity, and the editor of this magazine corroborate them.

On Feb. 29 of the present year I resigned my position under the Government and left Washington to accept an offer from Professor Farrago—whose name he kindly permits me to use in this article—and on the first day of April I entered upon my new and congenial duties as general superintendent of the water-fowl department connected with the Zoological Gardens now in course of erection at Bronx Park, New York.

For a week I followed the routine, examining the new foundations, studying the architect's plans, following the surveyors through the Bronx thickets, suggesting arrangements for water-courses and pools destined to be included in the enclosures for swans, geese, pelicans, herons, and such of the waders and swimmers as we might expect to acclimate in Bronx Park.

It was, and is, the policy of the trustees and officers of the Zoological Gardens not to employ collectors, nor to send out expeditions in search of specimens. The Society decided to depend upon voluntary contributions, and I was always busy, part of the day, in dictating answers to correspondents who wrote offering their services as hunters of big game, collectors of all sorts of fauna, trappers, snarers, and also to those who offered specimens for sale, usually at exorbitant rates.

To the proprietors of five-legged kittens, mangy lynxes, moth-eaten coyotes, and dancing bears I returned courteous but uncompromising refusals—of course, first submitting all such letters, together with my replies, to Professor Farrago.

One day towards the end of May, however, just as I was leaving Bronx Park to return to town, Professor Lesard, of the Reptilian Department, called out to me that Professor Farrago wanted to see me a moment; so I put my pipe into my pocket again, and retraced my steps to

the temporary wooden building occupied by Professor Farrago, General Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens. The Professor, who was sitting at his desk before a pile of letters and replies submitted for approval by me, pushed his glasses down and looked over them at me with a whimsical smile that suggested amusement, impatience, annoyance, and perhaps a faint trace of apology.

"Now, here's a letter," he said, with a deliberate gesture toward a sheet of paper impaled on a file—"a letter that I suppose you remember." He disengaged the sheet of paper and handed it to me.

"Oh, yes," I replied with a shrug; "of course, the man is mistaken, or——"

"Or what?" demanded Professor Farrago, tranquilly wiping his glasses.

"Or a liar," I replied.

After a silence he leaned back in his chair and bade me read the letter to him again, and I did so with a contemptuous tolerance for the writer, who must have been either a very innocent victim or a very stupid swindler. I said as much to Professor Farrago, but to my surprise he appeared to waver.

"I suppose," he said, with his near-sighted embarrassed smile, "that nine hundred and ninety-nine men in a thousand would throw that letter aside and condemn the writer as a liar or a fool."

"In my opinion," said I, "he's one or the other."

"He isn't—in mine," said the Professor placidly.

"What!" I exclaimed; "here is a man living all alone on a strip of rock and sand between the wilderness and the sea, who wants you to send somebody to take charge of a bird that doesn't exist!"

"How do you know," asked Professor Farrago, "that the bird in question does not exist?"

"It is generally accepted," I replied sarcastically, "that the Great Auk has been extinct for years. Therefore I may be pardoned for doubting that our correspondent possesses a pair of them alive."

"Oh, you young fellows!" said the

Professor, smiling wearily, "you embark on a theory for destinations that don't exist."

He leaned back in his chair, amused eyes searching space for the imagery that made him smile.

"Like swimming squirrels, you navigate with the help of Heaven and a stiff breeze, but you never land where you hope to—do you?"

Rather red in the face, I said, "Don't you believe the Great Auk to be extinct?"

"Audubon saw the Great Auk."

"Who has seen a single specimen since?"

"Nobody—except our correspondent here," he replied, laughing.

I laughed too, considering the interview at an end, but the Professor went on coolly—

"Whatever it is that our correspondent has—and I am daring to believe that it is the Great Auk itself—I want you to secure it for the Society."

When my astonishment subsided, my first conscious sentiment was one of pity. Clearly Professor Farrago was on the verge of dotage—ah! what a loss to the world!

I believe now that Professor Farrago perfectly interpreted my thoughts, but he betrayed neither resentment nor impatience. I drew a chair up beside his desk—there was nothing to do but to obey, and this fool's errand was none of my conceiving.

Together we made out a list of articles necessary for me, and itemised the expenses I might incur; and I set a date for my return, allowing no margin for a successful termination to the expedition.

"Never mind that," said the Professor; "what I want you to do is to get those birds here safely. Now, how many men will you take?"

"None," I replied bluntly; "it's a useless expense unless there is something to bring back. If there is, I'll wire you, you may be sure."

"Very well," said Professor Farrago good-humouredly, "you shall have all the assistance you may require. Can you leave to-night?"

The old gentleman was certainly prompt. I nodded half sulkily, aware of his amusement.

"So," I said, picking up my hat, "I am to start north to find a place called Black Harbour, where there is a man named Halyard who possesses, among other household utensils, two extinct Great Auks——"

We were both laughing by this time. I asked him why on earth he credited the assertion of a man he had never before heard of.

"I suppose," he replied, with the same half-apologetic, half-humorous smile, "it is instinct. I feel, somehow, that this man Halyard *has* got an auk—perhaps two. I can't get away from the idea that we are on the eve of acquiring the rarest of living creatures. It's odd for a scientist to talk as I do; doubtless, you're shocked—admit it now!"

But I was not shocked; on the contrary, I was conscious that the same strange hope that Professor Farrago cherished was beginning, in spite of me, to stir my pulses too.

"If he has——" I began, then stopped.

The Professor and I looked hard at each other in silence.

"Go on," he said encouragingly.

But I had nothing more to say, for the prospect of beholding with my own eyes a living specimen of the Great Auk produced a series of conflicting emotions within me which rendered speech profanely superfluous.

As I took my leave Professor Farrago came to the door of the temporary wooden office and handed me the letter written by the man Halyard. I folded it and put it into my pocket, as Halyard might require it for my own identification.

"How much does he want for the pair?" I asked.

"Ten thousand dollars. Don't demur—if the birds are really——"

"I know," I said hastily, not daring to hope too much.

"One thing more," said Professor Farrago gravely; "You know, in that last paragraph of his letter, Halyard speaks of something else in the way of

specimens—an undiscovered species of amphibious biped. Just read that paragraph again, will you?"

I drew the letter from my pocket and read as he directed——

When you have seen the two living specimens of the Great Auk, and have satisfied yourself that I tell the truth, you may be wise enough to listen without prejudice to a statement I shall make concerning the existence of the strangest creature ever fashioned. I will merely say, at this time, that the creature referred to is an amphibious biped, and inhabits the ocean near this coast. More I cannot say, for I personally have not seen the animal, but I have a witness who has, and there are many who affirm that they have seen the creature. You will naturally say that my statement amounts to nothing; but when your representative arrives, if he be free from prejudice, I expect his reports to you concerning this sea-biped will confirm the solemn statements of a witness I *know* to be unimpeachable.—Yours truly,

Black Harbour.

BURTON HALYARD.

"Well," I said, after a moment's thought, "here goes for the wild-goose chase——"

"Wild auk, you mean," said Professor Farrago, shaking hands with me. "You will start to-night, won't you?"

"Yes; but Heaven knows how I'm ever going to land in this man Halyard's door-yard! Good-bye."

"About that sea-biped——" began Professor Farrago shyly.

"Oh, don't!" I said. "I can swallow the auks, feathers and claws, but if this fellow Halyard is hinting he's seen an amphibious creature resembling a man——"

"Or a woman——" said the Professor cautiously.

I retired disgusted, my faith shaken in the mental vigour of Professor Farrago.

CHAPTER II.

The three days' voyage by boat and rail was irksome. I bought my kit at Sainte Croix on the C.P.R., and on June 1 I began the last stage of my journey via the Sainte Isolé broad-gauge, arriving in the wilderness by daylight. A tedious forced march by blazed trail, freshly spotted on the wrong side, of course, brought me to the northern terminus of the rusty narrow-gauge lumber railway which runs from the heart of the hushed pine wilderness to the sea.

Already a long train of battered flat cars, piled with sluice props and roughly hewn sleepers, was moving slowly off into the brooding forest gloom when I came in sight of the track; but I developed a gratifying and unexpected burst of speed, shouting all the while. The train stopped; I swung myself aboard the last car, where a pleasant young fellow was sitting on the rear brake, chewing spruce and reading a letter.

"Come aboard, Sir," he said, looking up with a smile; "I guess you're the man in a hurry."

"I'm looking for a man named Halyard," I said, dropping rifle and knapsack on the fresh-cut fragrant pile of pine. "Are you Halyard?"

"No, I'm Francis Lee, bossing the mica-pit at Port-of-Waves," he replied; "but this letter is from Halyard, asking me to look out for a man in a hurry from Bronx Park, New York."

"I'm that man," said I, filling my pipe and offering him a share of the weed-of-peace; and we sat side by side smoking very amiably, until a signal from the locomotive sent him forward and I was left alone, lounging at ease, head pillowed on both arms, watching the blue sky flying through the branches overhead.

Long before we came in sight of the ocean I smelled it; the fresh salt aroma stole into my senses, drowsy with the heated odour of pine and hemlock, and I sat up, peering ahead into the dusky sea of pines.

Fresher and fresher came the wind from the sea, in puffs, in mild sweet breezes, in steady freshening currents, blowing the feathery crowns of the pines, setting the balsam's blue tufts rocking.

Lee wandered back over the long line of flats, balancing himself nonchalantly, as the cars swung around a sharp curve where water dripped from a newly propped sluice that suddenly emerged from the depths of the forest to run parallel to the railroad track.

"Built it this spring," he said, surveying his handiwork, which seemed to undulate as the cars swept past. "It

runs to the cove, or ought to." He stopped abruptly, with a thoughtful glance at me.

"So you're going over to Halyard's?" he continued, as though answering a question asked by himself.

I nodded.

"You've never been there, of course?"

"No," I said, "and I'm not likely to go again."

I would have told him why I was going if I had not already begun to feel ashamed of my idiotic errand.

"I guess you're going to look at those birds of his," continued Lee placidly.

"I guess I am," I said sulkily, glancing askance to see whether he was smiling.

But he only asked me quite seriously whether a Great Auk was really a very rare bird, and I told him that the last one ever seen had been found dead off Labrador in January 1870. Then I asked him whether these birds of Halyard's were really Great Auks, and he replied somewhat indifferently that he supposed they were—at least, nobody had ever before seen such birds near Port-of-Waves.

"There's something else," he said, running a pine-sliver through his pipe-stem; "something that interests us all here more than auks, big or little. I suppose I might as well speak about it, as you are bound to hear about it sooner or later."

He hesitated, and I could see that he was embarrassed, searching for the exact words to convey his meaning.

"If," said I, "you have anything in this region more important to science than the Great Auk, I should be very glad to know about it."

Perhaps there was the faintest tinge of sarcasm in my voice, for he shot a sharp glance at me and then turned slightly. After a moment, however, he put his pipe into his pocket, laid hold of the brake with both hands, vaulted to his perch aloft, and glanced down at me.

"Did you ever hear of the Harbour-Master?" he asked maliciously.

"Which Harbour-Master?" I inquired.

"You'll know before long," he observed, with a satisfied glance into perspective.

This rather extraordinary observation puzzled me. I waited for him to resume, and, as he did not, I asked him what he meant.

"If I knew," he said, "I'd tell you. But, come to think of it, I'd be a fool to go into details with a scientific man. You'll hear about the Harbour-Master—perhaps you will see the Harbour-Master. In that event I should be glad to converse with you on the subject."

lumber until a long, thin whistle from the locomotive and a rush of stinging salt wind brought us to our feet.

Through the trees I could see the bluish-black ocean stretching out beyond black headlands to meet the clouds; a great wind was roaring among the trees as the train slowly came to a standstill on the edge of the primeval forest.

Lee jumped to the ground and aided me with my rifle and pack, and then the train



I started northward, pack slung, rifle over my shoulder.

I could not help laughing at his prim and precise manner, and, after a moment, he also laughed, saying—

"It hurts a man's vanity to know he knows a thing that somebody else knows he doesn't know. I'm damned if I say another word about the Harbour-Master until you've been to Halyard's!"

"A Harbour-Master," I persisted, "is an official who superintends the moorings of ships—isn't he?"

But he refused to be tempted into conversation, and we lounged silently on the

began to back away along a curved side-track, which, Lee said, led to the mica-pit and company stores.

"Now, what will you do?" he asked pleasantly. "I can give you a good dinner and a decent bed to-night if you like; and I'm sure Mrs. Lee would be very glad to have you stop with us as long as you choose."

I thanked him, but said that I was anxious to reach Halyard's before dark, and he very kindly led me along the cliffs and pointed out the path.

"This man Halyard," he said, "is an invalid. He lives at a cove called Black Harbour, and all his truck goes through to him over the company's road. We receive it here, and send a pack-mule through once a month. I've met him. He's a bad-tempered hypochondriac, a cynic at heart, and a man whose word is never doubted. If he says he has a Great Auk you may be satisfied he has."

My heart was beating with excitement at the prospect; I looked out across the wooded headlands and tangled stretches of dune and hollow, trying to realise what it might mean to me, to Professor Farrago, to the world, if I should lead back to New York a live auk.

"He's a crank," said Lee; "frankly, I don't like him. If you find it unpleasant there, come back to us."

"Does Halyard live alone?" I asked.

"Yes—except for a professional trained nurse—poor thing!"

"A man?"

"No," said Lee disgustedly.

Presently he gave me a peculiar glance, hesitated, and finally said: "Ask Halyard to tell you about his nurse and—the Harbour-Master. Good-bye—I'm due at the quarry! Come and stay with us whenever you care to; you will find a welcome at Port-of-Waves."

We shook hands and parted on the cliff, he turning back into the forest along the railway, I starting northward, pack slung, rifle over my shoulder. Once I met a group of quarrymen, faces burned brick-red, scarred hands swinging as they walked. And, as I passed them with a nod, turning, I saw that they also had turned to look after me, and I caught a word or two of their conversation, whirled back to me on the sea-wind.

They were speaking of the Harbour-Master.

CHAPTER III.

Toward sunset I came out on a sheer granite cliff where the sea-birds were whirling and clamoring and the great breakers dashed, rolling in double-thundered reverberations on the sun-dyed crimson sands below the bedded rock.

Across the half-moon of beach towered another cliff, and, behind this, I saw a column of smoke rising in the still air. It certainly came from Halyard's chimney, although the opposite cliff prevented me from seeing the house itself.

I rested a moment to refill my pipe, then resumed rifle and pack and cautiously started to skirt the cliffs. I had descended half-way toward the beach, and was examining the cliff opposite, when something on the very top of the rock arrested my attention—a man darkly outlined against the sky. The next moment, however, I knew it could not be a man, for the object suddenly glided over the face of the cliff and slid down the sheer smooth face like a lizard. Before I could get a square look at it, the thing crawled into the surf—or, at least, it seemed to—but the whole episode occurred so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that I was not sure I had seen anything at all.

However, I was curious enough to climb the cliff on the land side and make my way toward the spot where I imagined I saw the man. Of course there was nothing there—not a trace of a human being, I mean. Something *had* been there—a sea-otter possibly; for the remains of a freshly killed fish lay on the rock, eaten to the backbone and tail.

The next moment, below me, I saw the house, a freshly painted, trim, flimsy structure, modern, and very much out of harmony with the splendid savagery surrounding it. It struck a nasty, cheap note in the noble grey monotony of headland and sea.

The descent was easy enough. I crossed the crescent beach, hard as pink marble, and found a little trodden path among the rocks that led to the front porch of the house.

There were two people on the porch—I heard their voices before I saw them—and when I set my foot upon the wooden steps I saw one of them, a woman, rise from her chair and step hastily toward me.

"Come back!" cried the other, a man with a smooth-shaven, deeply lined face, and a pair of angry blue eyes; and the

woman stepped back quietly, acknowledging my lifted hat with a silent inclination. The man, who was reclining in an invalid's rolling-chair, clapped both large pale hands to the wheels, and pushed himself out along the porch. He had shawls pinned about him, an untidy drab-coloured hat on his head, and when he looked down at me he scowled.

"I know who you are," he said in his acid voice. "You're one of the Zoological men from Bronx Park. You look like it, anyway."

"It is easy to recognise you from your reputation," I replied, irritated at his discourtesy.

"Really," he replied, with something between a sneer and a laugh, "I'm obliged for your frankness. You're after my Great Auks, are you not?"

"Nothing else would have tempted me into this place," I replied sincerely.

"Thank Heaven for that!" he said.

"Sit down a moment; you've interrupted us." Then,

turning to the young woman, who wore the neat gown and tiny cap of a professional nurse, he bade her resume what she had been saying. She did so with deprecating glance at me, which made the old man sneer again.

"It happened so suddenly," she said in her low voice, "that I had no chance to get back. The boat was drifting in the cove; I sat in the stern, reading, both

oars shipped and tiller swinging. Then I heard a scratching under the boat, but thought it might be seaweed; and the next moment came those soft thumpings, like the sound of a big fish rubbing its nose against a float."



Something on the very top of the rock arrested my attention.

Halyard clutched the wheels of his chair and stared at the girl in grim displeasure.

"Didn't you know enough to be frightened?" he demanded.

"No—not then," she said, colouring faintly; "but when, after a few moments, I looked up and saw the Harbour-Master running up and down the beach, I was horribly frightened."

"Really?" said Halyard sarcastically, "it was about time." Then, turning to me, he rasped out: "And that young lady was obliged to row all the way to Port-of-Waves, and call to Lee's quarrymen to take her boat in."

Completely mystified, I looked from Halyard to the girl, not in the least comprehending what all this meant.

"That will do," said Halyard ungraciously, which curt phrase was apparently the usual dismissal for the nurse.

She rose, and I rose, and she passed me with an inclination, stepping noiselessly into the house.

"I want beef-tea!" bawled Halyard after her; then he gave me an unamiable glance.

"I was a well-bred man," he sneered. "I'm a Harvard graduate, too; but I live as I like, and I do what I like, and I say what I like."

"You certainly are not reticent," I said, disgusted.

"Why should I be?" he rasped; "I pay that young woman for my irritability, it's a bargain between us."

"In your domestic affairs," I said, "there is nothing that interests me. I came to see those auks——"

"You probably believe them to be razor-billed auks," he said contemptuously; "but they're not; they're Great Auks."

I suggested that he permit me to examine them, and he replied indifferently that they were in a pen in his back-yard, and that I was free to step around the house when I cared to.

I laid my rifle and pack on the verandah, and hastened off with mixed emotions, among which hope no longer predominated. No man in his senses would keep two such precious prizes in a pen in his back-yard, I argued, and I was perfectly prepared to find anything from a puffin to a penguin in that pen.

I shall never forget as long as I live my stupor of amazement when I came to the wire-covered enclosure. Not only were there two Great Auks in the pen, alive, breathing, squatting in bulky majesty on their seaweed bed, but one of them was gravely contemplating two newly hatched

chicks, all bill and feet, which nestled sedately at the edge of a puddle of salt water, where some small fish were swimming.

For a while excitement blinded, nay, deafened me. I tried to realise that I was gazing upon the last two individuals of an all but extinct race—the sole survivors of the gigantic auk which, for thirty years, has been accounted an extinct creature.

I believe that I did not move muscle or limb until the sun had gone down and the crowding darkness blurred my straining eyes and blotted the great silent bright-eyed birds from sight.

Even then I could not tear myself away from the enclosure; I listened to the strange drowsy note of the male bird, the fainter responses of the female, the thin plaints of the chicks, huddling under her breast; I heard their flipper-like embryotic wings beating drowsily as the birds stretched and yawned their beaks and clacked them, preparing for sleep.

"If you please," came a soft voice from the door, "Mr. Halyard awaits your company to dinner."

CHAPTER IV.

I dined well—or, rather, I might have enjoyed my dinner if Mr. Halyard had been eliminated; and the feast consisted exclusively of a joint of beef, the pretty nurse, and myself. She was exceedingly attractive, with a disturbing fashion of lowering her head and raising her dark eyes when spoken to.

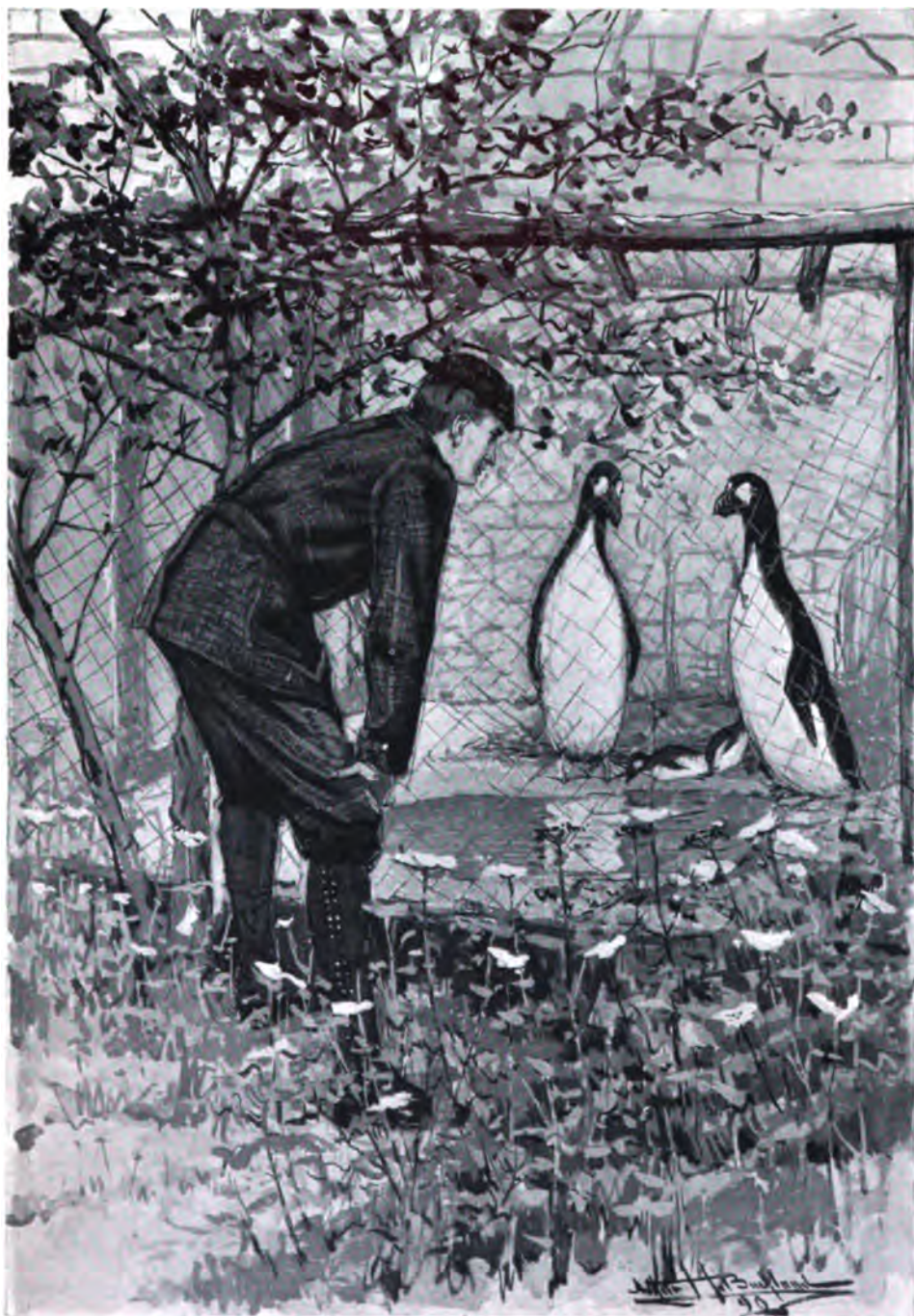
As for Halyard, he was unspeakable, bundled up in his snuffy shawls and making uncouth noises over his gruel. But it is only just to say that his table was worth sitting down to, and his wine was sound as a bell.

"Yah!" he snapped. "I'm sick of this cursed soup—and I'll trouble you to fill my glass——"

"It is dangerous for you to touch claret," said the pretty nurse.

"I might as well die at dinner as anywhere," he observed.

"Certainly," said I, cheerfully passing the decanter; but he did not appear over-pleased with the attention.



There were two Great Auks in the pen, alive and breathing.

"I can't smoke, either," he snarled, hitching the shawls around until he looked like Richard III.

However, he was good enough to shove a box of cigars at me, and I took one and stood up as the pretty nurse slipped past and vanished into the little parlour beyond.

We sat there for a while without speaking. He picked irritably at the bread-crumbs on the cloth, never glancing in my direction; and I, tired from my long foot-tour, lay back in my chair, silently appreciating one of the best cigars I ever smoked.

"Well," he rasped out at length, "what do you think of my auks—and my veracity?"

I told him that both were unimpeachable.

"Didn't they call me a swindler down there at your Museum?" he demanded.

I admitted that I had heard the term applied. Then I made a clean breast of the matter, telling him that it was I who had doubted; that my chief, Professor Farrago, had sent me against my will, and that I was ready and glad to admit that he, Mr. Halyard, was a benefactor of the human race.

"Bosh!" he said; "what good does a confounded wobbly, bandy-toed bird do to the human race?"

But he was pleased nevertheless; and presently he asked me, not unamiably, to punish his claret again.

"I'm done for," he said; "good things to eat and drink are no use to me. Some day I'll get mad enough to have a fit, and then——"

He paused to yawn.

"Then," he continued, "that little nurse of mine will drink up my claret and go back to civilisation, where people are polite."

Somehow or other, in spite of the fact that Halyard was an old pig, what he said touched me. There was certainly not much left in life for him—as he regarded life.

"I'm going to leave her this house," he said, arranging his shawls. "She doesn't know it. I'm going to leave her my

money too. She doesn't know that. Good Lord! What kind of a woman can she be to stand my bad temper for a few dollars a month!"

"I think," said I, "that it's partly because she's poor, partly because she's sorry for you."

He looked up with a ghastly smile.

"You think she really is sorry?"

Before I could answer he went on: "I'm no mawkish sentimentalist, and I won't allow anybody to be sorry for me; do you hear?"

"Oh, I'm not sorry for you!" I said hastily, and for the first time since I had seen him he laughed heartily without a sneer.

We both seemed to feel better after that; I drank his wine and smoked his cigars, and he appeared to take a certain grim pleasure in watching me.

"There's no fool like a young fool," he observed presently.

As I had no doubt he referred to me I paid him no attention.

After fidgeting with his shawls, he gave me an oblique scowl and asked me my age.

"Twenty-four," I replied.

"Sort of a tadpole, aren't you?" he said.

As I took no offence he repeated the remark.

"Oh, come," said I, "there's no use in trying to irritate me. I see through you; a row acts like a cocktail on you; but you'll have to stick to gruel in my company."

"I call that impudence!" he rasped out wrathfully.

"I don't care what you call it," I replied, undisturbed. "I am not going to be worried by you. Anyway," I ended, "it is my opinion that you could be very good company if you chose."

The proposition appeared to take his breath away—at least he said nothing more; and I finished my cigar in peace and tossed the stump into a saucer.

"Now," said I, "what price do you set upon your birds, Mr. Halyard?"

"Ten thousand dollars," he snapped with an evil smile.

"You will receive a certified cheque when the birds are delivered," I said quietly.

"You don't mean to say you agree to that outrageous bargain?—and I won't take a cent less either. Good Lord! haven't you any spirit left?" he cried, half rising from his pile of shawls.

His piteous eagerness for a dispute sent me into laughter impossible to control, and he eyed me, mouth open, animosity rising visibly.

"Doubtless I am not," she said; "this is a night-cap for Mr. Halyard."

A mental vision of Halyard in a night-cap, very mad, nearly set me laughing again.

"Like the King of Yvetot, he wears his crown in bed," I said flippantly.

"The King of Yvetot might have made that remark," she observed, re-threading her needle.

It is unpleasant to be reproved. How large and red and hot a man's ears feel.



Halyard solemnly waved a candle over my head.

Then he seized the wheels of his invalid chair and trundled away, too mad to speak, and I strolled out into the parlour, still laughing.

The pretty nurse was there, sewing under a hanging lamp.

"If I am not indiscreet——" I began.

"Indiscretion is the better part of valour," said she, dropping her head but raising her eyes.

So I sat down with a frivolous smile peculiar to the appreciated.

"Doubtless," said I, "you are hemming a kerchief."

To cool them, I strolled out to the porch; and after a while the pretty nurse came out, too, and sat down in a chair not far away. She probably regretted her lost opportunity to be flirted with.

"I have so little company—it is a great relief to see somebody from the world," she said. "If you can be agreeable I wish you would."

The idea that she had come out to see me was so agreeable that I remained speechless until she said: "Do tell me what people are doing in New York."

So I seated myself on the steps and talked about the portion of the world inhabited by me, while she sat sewing in the dull light that straggled out from the parlour windows.

She had a certain coquetry of her own, using the usual methods with an individuality that was certainly fetching. For instance, when she lost her needle—and, another time, when we both, on hands and knees, hunted for her thimble.

However, directions for these pastimes may be found in contemporary classics.

I was as entertaining as I could be—perhaps not quite as entertaining as a young man usually thinks he is. However, we got on very well together until I asked her tenderly who the Harbour-Master might be whom they all spoke of so mysteriously.

"I do not care to speak about it," she said, with a primness of which I had not suspected her capable.

Of course I could scarcely pursue the subject after that—and, indeed, I did not intend to; so I began to tell her how I fancied I had seen a man on the cliff that afternoon, and how the creature slid over the sheer rock like a snake.

To my amazement she asked me to kindly discontinue the account of my adventures in an icy tone, which left no room for protest.

"It was only a sea-otter," I tried to explain, thinking perhaps she did not care for snake stories.

But the explanation did not appear to interest her, and I was mortified to observe that my impression upon her was anything but pleasant.

"She doesn't seem to like me and my stories," thought I; "but she is too young, perhaps, to appreciate them."

So I forgave her—for she was even prettier than I had thought her at first—and I took my leave, saying that Mr. Halyard would doubtless direct me to my room.

Halyard was in his library, cleaning a revolver, when I entered.

"Your room is next to mine," he said; "pleasant dreams, and kindly refrain from snoring."

"May I venture an absurd hope that you will do the same?" I replied politely.

That maddened him, so I hastily withdrew.

I had been asleep for at least two hours, when a movement by my bedside and a light in my eyes awakened me. I sat bolt upright in bed, blinking at Halyard, who, clad in a dressing-gown and wearing a night-cap, had wheeled himself into my room with one hand, while with the other he solemnly waved a candle over my head.

"I'm so cursed lonely," he said; "come, there's a good fellow—talk to me in your own original impudent way."

I objected strenuously, but he looked so worn and thin, so lonely and bad-tempered, so lovelessly grotesque, that I got out of bed and passed a spongeful of cold water over my head.

Then I returned to bed and propped the pillows up for a back-rest, ready to quarrel with him if it might bring some little pleasure into his morbid existence.

"No," he said amiably; "I'm too worried to quarrel, but I'm much obliged for your kindly offer. I want to tell you something."

"What?" I asked suspiciously.

"I want to ask you if you ever saw a man with gills like a fish?"

"Gills?" I repeated.

"Yes, gills! Did you?"

"No," I replied angrily; "and neither did you."

"No, I never did," he said in a curiously placid voice; "but there's a man with gills like a fish who lives in the ocean out there. Oh, you needn't look that way: nobody ever thinks of doubting my word, and I tell you that there's a man—or a thing that looks like a man—as big as you are, too, all slate-coloured, with nasty red gills like a fish; and I've a witness to prove what I say."

"Who?" I asked sarcastically.

"The witness? My nurse."

"Oh! She saw a slate-coloured man with gills?"

"Yes, she did. So did Francis Lee, superintendent of the Mica Quarry Company at Port-of-Waves. So have a dozen men who work in the quarry. Oh, you

needn't laugh, young man. It's an old story here, and anybody can tell you about the Harbour-Master."

"The Harbour-Master!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; that slate-coloured thing with gills that looks like a man—and, by Heaven, *is* a man!—that's the Harbour-Master. Ask any quarryman at Port-of-Waves what it is that comes purring around their boats at the wharf, and unties painters and changes the mooring of every cat-boat in the cove at night! Ask Francis Lee what it was he saw running and leaping up and down the shoal at sunset last Friday! Ask anybody along the coast what sort of a thing moves about the cliffs like a man, and slides over them into the sea like an otter!"

"I saw it do that!" I burst out.

"Oh, did you? Well, *what was it?*"

Something kept me silent, although a dozen explanations flew to my lips.

After a pause, Halyard said: "You saw the Harbour-Master—that's what you saw!"

I looked at him without a word.

"Don't mistake me," he said pettishly; "I don't think that the Harbour-Master is a spirit, or a sprite, or a hobgoblin, or any sort of damned rot. Neither do I believe it to be an optical illusion."

"What do you think it is?" I asked.

"I think it's a man; I think it's a branch of the human race—that's what I think. Let me tell you something. The deepest spot in the Atlantic Ocean is a trifle over five miles deep; and I suppose you know that this place lies only about a quarter of a mile off this headland. The British exploring vessel, *Gull*, Captain Marotte, discovered and sounded it, I believe. Anyway, it's there, and it's my belief that the profound depths are inhabited by the remnants of the last race of amphibious human beings."

This was childish; I did not bother to reply.

"Believe it or not, as you will," he said angrily; "one thing I know, and that is this: the Harbour-Master has taken to hanging round my cove, and he is attracted by my nurse! I won't have it! I'll blow his fishy gills out of his head if I ever get

a shot at him! I don't care whether it's homicide or not—anyway, it's a new kind of murder, and it attracts me!"

I gazed at him incredulously, but he was working himself into a passion, and I did not choose to say what I thought.

"Yes, this slate-coloured thing with gills goes purring and grinning and spitting about after my nurse—when she walks, when she rows, when she sits on the beach! Gad! It drives me nearly frantic. I won't tolerate it, I tell you!"

"No," said I; "I wouldn't either." And I rolled over in bed convulsed with laughter.

The next moment I heard my door slam. I smothered my mirth, and rose to close the window, for the land wind blew cold from the forest, and a drizzle was sweeping the carpet as far as my bed.

That luminous glare which sometimes lingers after the stars go out threw a trembling nebulous radiance over sand and cove. I heard the seething currents under the breakers' softened thunder louder than I ever heard it. Then, as I closed my window, lingering for a last look at the crawling tide, I saw a man standing ankle-deep in the surf, all alone there in the night. But—was it a man? For the figure suddenly began running over the beach on all fours, like a beetle, waving its limbs like feelers. Before I could throw open the window again it darted into the surf, and when I leaned out into the chilling drizzle, I saw nothing save the flat ebb crawling on the coast—I heard nothing save the purring of bubbles on seething sands.

CHAPTER V.

It took me a week to perfect my arrangements for transporting the Great Auks by water to Port-of-Waves, where a lumber-schooner was to be sent from Petite-Sainte-Isole, chartered by me for a voyage to New York.

I had constructed a cage made of osiers, in which my auks were to squat until they arrived at Bronx Park. My telegrams to Professor Farrago were brief; one merely said "Victory!" another explained that

I wanted no assistance ; and a third read, "Schooner *Borogrove* chartered. Arrive New York July 1. Send furniture-van to foot of Bluff Street."

My week as a guest of Mr. Halyard proved interesting. I wrangled with that invalid to his heart's content, I worked all day on my osier-cage, I hunted the thimble in the moonlight with the pretty nurse. We sometimes found it.

As for the thing they called the Harbour-Master, I saw it a dozen times, but always either at night or so far away and so close to the sea that of course no trace of it remained when I reached the spot, rifle in hand.

I had quite made up my mind that the so-called Harbour-Master was a demented darky — wandered from Heaven knows where—perhaps shipwrecked and gone mad from his sufferings. Still, it was far from pleasant to know that the creature was strongly attracted by the pretty nurse.

She, however, persisted in regarding the Harbour-Master as a sea-creature ; she earnestly affirmed that it had gills, like a fish's gills, that it only had a soft, fleshy hole for a mouth, and its eyes were luminous and lidless and fixed.

"Besides," she said, with a shudder, "it's all slate-colour, like a porpoise, and it looks as wet as a sheet of india-rubber in a dissecting-room."

The day before I was to set sail with my auks in a cat-boat bound for Port-of-Waves, Halyard trundled up to me in his chair, and announced his intention of going with me.

"Going where?" I asked.

"To Port-of-Waves and then to New York," he replied tranquilly.

I was doubtful, and my lack of cordiality hurt his feelings.

"Oh, of course, if you need the sea-voyage," I began.

"I don't, I need you," he said savagely ; "I need the stimulus of our daily quarrel. I never disagreed so pleasantly with anybody in my life ; it agrees with me ; I am a hundred per cent. better than I was last week."

I was inclined to resent this, but something in the deep-lined face of the invalid

softened me. Besides, I had taken a hearty liking to the old pig.

"I don't want any mawkish sentiment about it," he said, observing me closely ; "I won't permit anybody to feel sorry for me—do you understand?"

"I'll trouble you to use a different tone in addressing me," I replied hotly. "I'll feel sorry for you if I choose to!" And our usual quarrel proceeded, to his deep satisfaction.

By six o'clock next evening I had Halyard's luggage stowed away in the cat-boat, and the pretty nurse's effects corded down. She and I placed the osier-cage aboard, securing it firmly, and then, throwing tablecloths over the auks' heads, we led those simple and dignified birds down the path and across the plank at the little wooden pier. Together, we locked up the house, while Halyard stormed at us both and wheeled himself furiously up and down the beach below. At the last moment she forgot her thimble. But we found it ; I forget where.

"Come on!" shouted Halyard, waving his shawls furiously. "What the devil are you about up there!"

He received our explanation with a sniff, and we trundled him aboard without further ceremony.

"Don't run me across the plank like a steamer-trunk!" he shouted, as I shot him dexterously into the cockpit.

But the wind was dying away, and I had no time to dispute with him then.

The sun was setting above the pine-clad ridge as our skiff flapped and partly filled, and I cast off, and began a long tack, east by south, to avoid the spouting rocks on our starboard bow.

The sea-birds rose in clouds as we swung across the shoal ; the black surf-ducks scuttered out to sea ; the gulls tossed their sun-tipped wings in the ocean, riding the rollers like bits of froth.

Already we were sailing slowly out across that great hole in the ocean, five miles deep, the most profound sounding ever taken in the Atlantic. The presence of great heights or great depths, seen or unseen, always impresses the human mind—perhaps oppresses it. We were

very silent; the sunlight stain on cliff and beach deepened to crimson, then faded into a sombre purple bloom that lingered long after the rose tint died out in the zenith.

Our progress was slow; at times, although the sail filled with the rising land breeze, we scarcely seemed to move at all.

"Of course," said the pretty nurse, "we couldn't be aground in the deepest hole in the Atlantic."

"Scarcely," said Halyard sarcastically, "unless we're grounded on a whale."

"What's that soft thumping?" I asked; "have we run afoul of a barrel or log?"

It was almost too dark to see, but I leaned over the rail and swept the water with my hand.

Instantly something smooth glided under it, like the back of a great fish, and I jerked my hand back to the tiller. At the same moment the whole surface of the water seemed to begin to purr, with a sound like the breaking of froth in a champagne-glass.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Halyard sharply.

"A fish came up under my hand," I said; "a porpoise or something——"

With a low cry the pretty nurse clasped my arm in both her hands.

"Listen!" she whispered; "it's purring around the boat!"

"What the devil's purring?" shouted

Halyard. "I won't have anything purring around me."

At that moment, to my amazement, I saw that the boat had stopped entirely, although the sail was full and the small pennant fluttered from the mast-head. Something, too, was tugging at the



We led those simple and dignified birds down the path and across the plank at the little wooden pier.

rudder, twisting and jerking it until the tiller strained and creaked in my hand. All at once it snapped; the tiller swung useless, and the boat whirled around, heeling in the stiffening wind, and drove shoreward.

It was then that I, ducking to escape the boom, caught a glimpse of something ahead—something that a sudden wave

seemed to toss on deck and leave there, wet and flapping—a man with round, fixed, fishy eyes and soft, slaty skin.

But the horror of the thing were the

motionless in the bows under the mast; his lidless eyes were phosphorescent, like eyes of living codfish. After a while I felt that either terror or disgust was

going to strangle me where I sat, but it was only the arms of the pretty nurse clasped around me in a frenzy of terror.

There was not a firearm aboard that we could get at. Halyard's hand crept backward where a steel-shod boat-hook lay, and I also made a clutch at it. The next moment I had it in my hand and staggered forward, but the boat was already tumbling shoreward among the breakers, and the next I knew the Harbour-Master ran at me like a colossal rat, just as the boat rolled over and over through the surf, spilling freight and passengers among the seaweed-covered rocks.

When I came to myself I was thrashing about knee-deep in a rocky pool, blinded by the



Frozen with amazement and repugnance, I stared at the creature.

two gills that swelled and relaxed spasmodically, emitting a rasping, purring sound—two gasping blood-red gills, all fluted and scoloped and distended.

Frozen with amazement and repugnance, I stared at the creature; I felt the hair stirring on my head, and the icy sweat on my forehead.

"It's the Harbour-Master!" screamed Halyard.

The Harbour-Master had gathered himself into a wet lump, squatting

water and half suffocated, while under my feet, like a stranded porpoise, the Harbour-Master made the water boil in his efforts to upset me. But his limbs seemed soft and boneless; he had no nails, no teeth, and he bounced and thumped and flapped and splashed like a fish, while I rained blows on him with the boat-hook that sounded like blows on a football. And all the while his gills were blowing out, and frothing, and purring, and his lidless eyes looked into mine, until,

nauseated and trembling, I dragged myself back to the beach, where already the pretty nurse alternately wrung her hands and her petticoats in ornamental despair.

Beyond the cove, Halyard was bobbing up and down, afloat in his invalid's chair, trying to steer shoreward. He was the maddest man I ever saw.

"Have you killed that rubber-headed thing yet?" he roared.

"I can't kill it," I shouted breathlessly; "I might as well try to kill a football!"

"Can't you punch a hole in it?" he bawled. "If I can only get at him——"

His words were drowned in a thunderous splashing, a roar of great broad flippers beating the sea, and I saw the gigantic forms of my two Great Auks blundering past in a shower of spray, driving headlong out into the ocean.

"Oh, Lord!" I said, "I can't stand that!" and for the first time in my life I

fainted peacefully—and appropriately—at the feet of the pretty nurse.

* * * *

It is within the range of possibility that this story may be doubted. It doesn't matter; nothing can add to the despair of a man who has lost two Great Auks.

As for Halyard, nothing affects him, except his involuntary sea-bath, and that did him so much good that he writes me from the south that he's going on a walking tour through Switzerland, if I'll join him. I might have joined him if he had not married the pretty nurse. I wonder whether—— But, of course, this is no place for speculation.

In regard to the Harbour-Master, you may believe it or not, as you choose. But if you hear of any Great Auks being found, kindly throw a tablecloth over their heads and notify the authorities at the new Zoological Gardens in Bronx Park, New York. The reward is ten thousand dollars.



I saw my two Great Auks blundering past in a shower of spray.

CLERICAL PUBLICANS.

By GEORGE A. WADE.

THE idea of having the public-house of the village managed by the clergyman is not a new one, though it is only very recently it has received any important development. For many, many years it has been seen by the wiser advocates of temperance that the real practical thing to aim at was not to try and close all the public-houses throughout the land—an utterly Utopian scheme, of which even the desirability is extremely questionable—but

movement must be given, undoubtedly, to the Rev. Osbert Mordaunt, Rector of Hampton Lucy, in Warwickshire. Twenty years ago, when the license of the only public-house in that village was open to a new owner, owing to vacation of the tenancy, Mr. Mordaunt took it over. The village inn had, he says, seen much drunkenness up to that time, and his idea simply was that, in any case, under his control and guidance there would be *some* improve-

ment, and that would be something! He tells me that he laid down two guiding principles at the start: (1) the beer to be sold must be *pure*; (2) the person who sells the beer must have no interest in the profits.

To these two principles he has rigidly adhered. When he first took possession, he obtained several temperance reformers' suggestions

for carrying on the inn most effectively, and he acknowledges the help many of them gave him. One of his own outdoor servants, a married man, accepted the situation of manager, having a fixed annual stipend, and living rent-free, besides taking all profits on eatables sold, and on the stabling of horses.

Mr. Mordaunt discontinued the sale of spirits altogether. "There was little need for such," he says, "and at first this part of my scheme proved very unpopular, and



THE FIRST INN OF THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE
ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

to get them under such control that, while the worst features of the drink traffic should be eliminated, the original idea of their being "places of refreshment for man and beast" should be preserved in its best sense.

It is this which has aided the development of what may prove in the future to be a most important factor in regard to village public-houses—namely, their control in some way or other by the clergy.

The honour of being the pioneer in this

I received much abuse for it. I was told that people would die if they could not get spirits in times of cold or sickness.



THE BISHOP OF CHESTER.

However, I may tell you—perhaps it happened providentially—only one adult person out of five hundred in my parish died at all during the next sixteen months, so I heard little more of *that* grievance!”

The Rector did not have the beer brewed upon the premises, but he was exceedingly particular that all supplied by certain firms should be absolutely unadulterated in any way. His opinion was expressed that to this is due the fact that, while all the patrons of the village “public” are now enthusiastic in its praises, the quantity consumed is less than formerly, as, says Mr. Mordaunt, “being pure, the beer is more satisfying, not like the usual vile stuff which only makes the drinker more thirsty!”

The great outcome of this Hampton Lucy experiment has been the formation of a company, called “The People’s Refreshment House Association, Limited.” This company owes very much to its chairman, the present Bishop of Chester, for the success which has so far attended its efforts. Two of its most important Vice-Presidents, from the point of view of this article, are the Bishop of Rochester and his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan; while it may be remarked that the Rector

of Hampton Lucy is one of its executive council.

The aims of this association, so vigorously set forth and propagated by the energetic Dr. Jayne and his colleagues, are—

(1) To promote public-house reform, independently of legislation, by the management of them without private profits to the manager.

(2) To offer help to landowners, individual or corporate, by leasing their public-houses at a fixed rent, undertaking to manage them on the Association’s principles, stated below, wherever local conditions show a fair prospect of success.

(3) To thus open and manage canteens and refreshment-bars where large bodies of men, such as navvies, colliers, etc., are employed on public works.

The People’s Refreshment House Association tries to accomplish these aims on well-thought-out and well-developed lines. Besides adopting the two leading ideas of the Rev. Osbert Mordaunt, it has another most excellent one—namely, that food and non-intoxicant drinks shall be exposed for sale on the counters, and supplied to



THE REV. F. S. M. BENNETT.

customers on an equal footing with intoxicants.

“We make this a very strong point,” said Major Craufurd, one of the directors, to the writer. “Each of our houses has

hung up in it most conspicuously in several places this list of the 'laws of Parliament' respecting the liquor traffic. Hence we give the manager every support. We put these laws to the front, instead of



THE GREEN MAN INN, TUNSTALL.

keeping them in the background as the ordinary publican does.

"Then, as you see, another of our great points is in pushing forward the sale of non-intoxicants and food, and keeping the alcoholic liquors in the background. We keep the latter out of sight as much as possible, and give the consumer every facility for taking tea or coffee, or temperance drinks instead, by putting these prominently before him."

The Association has now, at the end of 1899, four public-houses under its entire control, but so well is it satisfied with its work and results that, shortly, it will acquire three others, making a total of seven. The first inn it took over was the Sparkford Inn, at Sparkford, in Somersetshire, which it opened under its management in 1897. The experiment, Major Craufurd informed me, had answered admirably, and has been much

appreciated by the respectable villagers and neighbours. The Rev. S. Bennett, formerly chaplain to the Bishop of Chester, and now Vicar of Portwood, is part proprietor of the Sparkford Inn, and has given the Association every help and advice.

Two other inns, managed for nearly two years by the Company, are the Meynell-Ingram Arms, at Hoar Cross, in Staffordshire, and the Green Man, at Tunstall, in Suffolk. The owner of the former is the Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, and of the latter the Hon. W. Lowther. Both Major Craufurd and Captain Boehmer, the Secretary of the Association, speak highly of the assistance they have had from these respective owners in managing these village inns.

One thing the People's Refreshment House Association wish strongly to be understood. They are quite prepared to help any village clergyman or local landowner who would like to try and carry out the principles of their scheme in any public-house under the control, or that could be got under the control, of such clergyman or landowner. Their one idea is the "reformation of the public-house and its present system of management," for the absolute benefit, in every way, of the community at large.

Dr. Jayne says, in a letter to me, that no one can speak with more intimate knowledge of the Association's aims and ideas than can Major Craufurd, and I am much indebted to him and to Captain Boehmer for their kind assistance and their valuable information respecting many "clerical publicans."

For some five years or so past the Rev. Frederic Willett, Vicar of Scaynes Hill, in Sussex, has managed the Anchor Inn in that village. He is the local squire, as well as the clergyman, and so is exceptionally well-adapted for the experiment. He has, however—owing to private circumstances—retired from active management of the Anchor Inn. It was, I learn from him, entirely owing to the drunkenness that had been rife that, when the lease fell in some years ago, he undertook the risky and then somewhat novel experiment of becoming the village "Boniface."

A manager in whom he had the greatest confidence in every way was introduced, on similar terms to what the Rector of Hampton Lucy advocates—namely, a fixed salary and rent-free. Mr. Willett and the manager resolved upon one or two novel features. They had the Anchor thoroughly cleaned, renovated, and altered structurally; they introduced a special room to be called a "temperance-room," where the village youths could read, and play such games as chess, draughts, etc.; and they resolved that the inn should not, in any case, be open on Sundays.

Even more unique was the opening ceremony, which consisted of a prayer-meeting in the chief room of the Anchor.

"There has been no small opposition to overcome, especially at first," says Mr. Willett; "but the results have fully justified our wisdom in taking control of

interest in its management and its patrons. His visitors, too, show much curiosity in what they call "the Vicar's inn," and seldom miss going to see it. Some little time ago, however, the long series of agricultural ill-luck told severely upon the Vicar, and very reluctantly he himself had to give up the management of the Anchor, and to turn it over to the manager in charge, who thus practically became his tenant. But Mr. Willett has been thoroughly satisfied as to what can be done in such cases in reforming the village inns of our country, though it is probably the town public-houses that most need reformation.

The Rev. T. P. Brocklehurst, M.A., of All Saints', South Merstham, Surrey, has tried more than once to have a village inn, managed on co-operative principles by himself and the parish. But so far he has



THE MEYNELL-INGRAM ARMS, HOAR CROSS, STAFFORD.

the inn. Drunkenness in the village is now practically a thing of the past, though I can remember its being far otherwise."

The Vicar himself and his family frequently visit the inn, and take a great

not succeeded, though he is so energetic and active in all these up-to-date matters that he will, doubtless, do so yet. A short time ago Mr. Brocklehurst sent round a circular asking his parishioners to vote.

whether they would have a public-house or not, and if they would, how it should be managed. His circular sets forth that—

(1) It would be a public-house carried on "for public good."

(2) It would be free.

(3) It would supply pure beer, under written guarantee.

(4) The manager would *not* have any interest in the sales.

(5) Not more than 4 per cent. would be paid to the shareholders.

(6) All profits would go to some object of general public utility, such as a public hall, recreation-ground, etc.

So far, the Vicar of South Merstham has not got his ideal village inn erected, as his proposal did not get enough support. He informs me, however, that he has got all the plans of it drawn by a well-known architect, and that he is applying again for a license at the next Brewster Sessions. He says that he feels sure this kind of control proposed is the one really needed for all "public-houses," in order to promote temperance, as "the teetotal tracts of extremists are enough," says he, "to *make* a man a drunkard even against his will, if all over the country they are like the ones I have seen so much of here!"

The Rev. T. P. Brocklehurst has done much for cyclists too. He it was who first

fitted up racks in his church-porch especially for cycles, and made a particular feature of inviting cyclists to run down



THE REV. T. P. BROCKLEHURST.

from London to All Saints', South Merstham, on Sundays. So his village and work are well known.

In his opinion the greatest foe to be overcome in the drink traffic reformation is the "publican of the 'tied-house.'" This form of public-house is, he thinks, a veritable curse; and most people will agree with him, except those interested in "tied-houses."

Among "clerical publicans," too, we may include the names of Bishop Bourne, the R.C. prelate of Southwark, and Canon Keatinge, the well-known priest in that diocese. The Canon is the President of St. George's R.C. Club, in Westminster Bridge Road, and one of the great objects of this club, as set forth at its inaugural meeting last year, was to provide a place where the working-man could get his glass of beer without



Photo. by Ralph, Dersingham, Norfolk.

THE OLD INN AT SANDRINGHAM.

all the risks and temptations that surrounded his getting it at the ordinary public-house. It was at this meeting that the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Russell of Killowen), who opened the club, made such sensible remarks as drew forth the almost unanimous approval of the London Press on the following day.

Another public-house which has been erected under the auspices of clergymen

when they found that, from a growing population, an inn would, ere long, certainly come, and he says—

“It is an excellent opportunity, not often occurring, to try and get something better than the average public-house, at all events. Our first hope is that it will be an inn in the good old-fashioned sense of the word. But in this our aims and methods are identical with those of the



Photo. by Ralph, Dersingham, Norfolk.

RECREATION-ROOM OF THE OLD INN AT SANDRINGHAM.

is at Grayshott, in Surrey. The inn belongs to the “Grayshott Refreshment Association, Limited,” which was formed to carry out this scheme on the lines of the Bishop of Chester’s Association. With this Grayshott “public,” the Fox and Pelican, the Rev. J. M. Jeakes, of that place, has had very much to do, and is one of the chief members of the council, of which Sir F. Pollock, Bart., is chairman. Mr. Jeakes told me that they set about this work

parent Association, over which the Bishop of Chester presides.”

The Bishop of Winchester has taken very great interest in this Grayshott experiment, and has written a long letter in support of it. The Rural Dean, Canon Cooper, Rector of Bramshott, was one of the first to advocate the scheme, and his sympathy and help have done much to enlist the interest of others.

For some years past, I believe, the

Rev. Canon F. J. Hervey, Vicar of Sandringham, Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, had the oversight of the village public-house in his parish, of which his Royal Highness was the landlord. This inn was conducted almost entirely on the lines laid down by the People's Refreshment House Association of to-day—long before that body existed—and it did much for the benefit of the Sandringham tenants, owing to its good management. But lately the Prince of Wales has been gradually diminishing the number of public-houses on his estates, and this one in question has, I believe, now become developed rather into a club than a village inn.

From the foregoing examples of our best-known cases of "clerical publicans," and

the results which have followed such management, it would seem as if the new system has come to stay. Much, may, no doubt, as is always the case, be said "for and against it"; but, at any rate, the words of a famous vicar whom I interviewed on the subject cannot be gainsaid—



A CORNER IN ONE OF THE "PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSES."

"However one may view clerical management of these inns," said he, "one thing is certain—they cannot but be much the better for it, in any case; and surely every such improvement is a step onward towards the good of the whole population!"



UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION.

THE YELLOW BOX.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

CHAPTER I.

“AND to my nephew, James Frederick Carlton, I leave my house and the sum of ten thousand pounds.”

The old lawyer stopped, and they all glared at me, while I tried hard to look unconscious of my unexpected good-fortune. Mr. Simes peered at the will again, as if it were just possible that he had made a mistake. But, as he had drawn it up himself, it was quite an unnecessary piece of legal precaution.

“Ten thousand pounds,” he continued, wiping his glasses, “together with the care of my soul, which lies within a small yellow box in the Chinese bureau.”

I regret to say that at this point the conduct of the assembly was not at all suited to the solemnity of the occasion. I only smiled inwardly; but my two cousins, boys from Marlborough, made no efforts to restrain their mirth; while my Aunt Jane, who had been left nothing, sniffed audibly and whispered to her neighbour, “Poor soul! I was always afraid that it was so. Of course, we shall not say anything, but——,” and the rustling of her black silk dress was more eloquent than anything she could have said. Mr. Simes alone preserved an unmoved demeanour, and frowned.

“In the Chinese bureau,” he repeated, looking sternly round, as though someone was going to deny the fact. “The said ten thousand pounds to remain in trust for ten years [naming the trustees, of which Mr. Simes was one], and the interest thereon to be paid to him only so long as he shall preserve the said yellow box and its contents in safety, and in accordance with the conditions set forth in a document

attached to this will. If at any time he shall lose or destroy the box or its contents, or shall break any of the conditions aforementioned, the said sum of ten thousand pounds is to pass with the residue of the estate. At the end of ten years the money is to become absolutely his.”

He laid down the will, and took another paper from the table. It contained the conditions. They were only three in number: that I was not to sleep out of the house more than twenty nights in any one year; that the box was to remain in the house, and remain unopened; that once a year, the anniversary of my uncle's death, the trustees should satisfy themselves of its existence.

There were various other legacies, of no interest to the reader. The residue was left to a Learned Society.

At the conclusion of the reading there was an ominous silence. My uncle had been fairly well off, but not a man of great wealth, and ten thousand pounds represented more than half the estate. They all felt that this was not as it should be. Aunt Jane rose stiffly, and said she must go, and that the lawyer would hear from her later on. The others followed, and each said something to Mr. Simes, the general drift of which was that he would also hear from them later on. The two boys went out whispering something about a Jack-in-the-box, and I heard their laughter in the passage.

At last I and Mr. Simes were left alone. I gave a sigh of relief, and no longer tried to appear melancholy. Indeed, there was no reason for my doing so. I had never set eyes on my uncle in my life, and could feel no real sorrow at his death. The old

lawyer saw my look of pleasure, and stopped turning over a pile of papers which he was examining.

"They will not be able to upset the will," he said quietly; "your uncle was perfectly sane."

"It sounds a bit odd, though, doesn't it?" I said with a laugh.

"Only an idea of his. You cannot upset a will because a man has a single strange idea. Besides, he was a clever man—a noted scientist and philosopher. We are none of us in a position to laugh at him."

I was silent for a few moments, and then I asked to see the box.

"I will show it you," the lawyer replied, cramming all the papers into a shabby black bag. "The bureau is upstairs in the room where your uncle died."

He led the way, and, entering the room first, drew up the blinds, which were still down. The funeral had only taken place that day. As I followed him, my lightness of heart died away, for there is always something indescribably solemn about a room from which the dead have just been taken.

The bureau stood in one corner. It was covered with hideous carved heads, and profusely decorated with Chinese lacquer-work. The old lawyer took out a little brass key with an ivory tab hanging from it, and unlocked the top left-hand drawer. Then he groped about at the back of the drawer, which seemed to be filled with odds-and-ends, and, taking out the box, handed it to me. It was about eight inches square and six inches deep, and was painted a bright yellow.

I looked at it curiously. It was not particularly heavy, and made apparently of wood. The hinges and lock were of thick brass, engraved with what I took to be Chinese characters. I tapped it with one finger; it did not sound hollow, and I gathered that it was filled with something. Then I put it to my ear, and shook it; there was, I thought, a faint rustle inside, but there was no clue to what it contained, and I handed it back to the lawyer. He had not said a word while I was examining it, and when I gave it back he silently

replaced it, and, locking the drawer, handed me the key. I put it in my waistcoat pocket.

"Well," Mr. Simes said, "that is all. If you can keep that box for ten years, the money becomes yours absolutely."

"It will not be difficult," I replied with a smile, "provided no one steals it."

"And your house is not destroyed by fire," he added, as we left the room. "If I were you, I should get a fireproof safe; you will have nothing to fear then."

"I will do so at once."

"I suppose you will sleep here to-night?" he said, as we reached the dining-room, "or, at latest, to-morrow night. You must remember that your nights of absence are limited in number."

"I have to arrange my affairs. I will come down to-morrow."

He took up his hat and umbrella, and held out his hand. "I must go, Mr. Carlton—4.45 the train. I suppose you will come up later. Good afternoon. You have my address? Oh yes; thank you—my gloves. Well, good-day."

The door clanged behind him, and I was left alone. I rang the bell for the housekeeper. She was an old woman, and had, I knew, been with my uncle for a very long time.

"I am going to live here in future, Mrs.—Mrs——"

"Jones, Sir," she said, with a curtsy.

"If you would stay on I should be very glad. If you can't manage it, perhaps you could recommend me a responsible person."

"I should like to stay, Sir," she said. "The old house is like a home to me—I have lived in it for thirty years."

"Very well. I shall have to return to town to-night; but please get my bed-room ready for to-morrow."

"The—the master's room, Sir?"

"No, the one opposite. Expect me to dinner at seven to-morrow."

I returned to town, gave up my business, and came back the next day, with the prospect of residing at Belchester for ten years all but two hundred days. It seemed to be a sleepy, old-fashioned place, and I began to think at dinner that those



The old lawyer stopped, and they all glared at me.

twenty days a year would be very welcome indeed. Afterwards, when I lit my pipe and thought things over, I was not quite sure if the legacy was such a godsend, after all. Ten thousand pounds was a lot of money—at least, it seemed a lot to a man who had been a bank-clerk at a hundred-and-twenty a year. But there was no doubt that Belchester was a wretched hole after London. It had rained while I was coming up from the station, and the dull little streets were peculiarly damp and dismal. It looked, too, like the sort of place where it always rained. And supposing, after all my sacrifices and care, I lost the box. Supposing I lost it in the ninth or even in the tenth year. It would not be pleasant to lose everything just at the end of my time, with ten years wasted.

I resolved two things that night before I went to bed; one, to get some occupation in the town, both for the sake of something to do and as a provision for the future, in case of accidents; and the other to purchase the strongest steel safe that could be made.

The latter of these resolves was easily accomplished, and the thing came down in a few days—a great six-foot cube of steel with sides nearly a foot in thickness. As it was borne through the streets on a trolley drawn by six horses, it was the wonder and admiration of the whole town, and for two days most of the population whiled away their spare time outside my house. I could not help smiling as I watched the place being wrecked to accommodate this huge lump of metal. The wall had to be broken down, and the floor strengthened with iron girders. It seemed such a gigantic undertaking for the safety of a little yellow box.

The former was not so easily obtained. Belchester was one of those places where men spun but little, and toiled not at all. However, in a month's time, when the "best families"—this is a Belchester phrase—had called, and I had made a few acquaintances, I managed to obtain a post in the Bank I dealt with. People sniggered a little at what they were pleased to call my "eccentricity," but I professed a

mania for work, and settled down to the joint position of bank-clerk and owner of Helicon House, as my uncle had chosen to christen the old, rambling mansion he had lived and died in.

I took the yellow box out of the bureau and placed it in the safe, where it looked ridiculously small and unimportant. I amused myself for a little while with examining the complicated machinery of the locks, and wondered if anything but the crack of doom could burst it open. Then, I am ashamed to say, I felt a little curiosity, and, picking the box up again, I looked at it hard, as if it were possible by so doing to see inside it. I shook it, and again heard a faint rustle. I laughed at my childishness, and, remembering how Fatima's curiosity met with its reward, I put it back in the safe. It may have been fancy, but as I was closing the great door, I thought I still heard the rustling. I paused a moment, and, stooping down, listened carefully. There was perfect silence. I rose up, and, clanging the door to with all my strength, shot the triple bolts one after the other with three separate keys. One of these I kept, and one I sent to each of the trustees.

The first year passed placidly enough. I was terribly dull, but I made each of my twenty days into a wild orgy, the effects of which lasted for quite a week afterwards. So I really got a week's dissipation at the expense of one night's absence.

As for the safe, it stood facing me as I lay in bed, and looked like a small steel cottage. No local burglar had been fool enough to try his hand on it, though all the neighbourhood knew of its existence, and hazarded wild guesses at the value of its contents. When the day came for opening it, the box would be found to be still there, unless it had been spirited away. I began to idly wonder if any supernatural agencies had been at work, and when the day actually arrived I felt more curiosity than I should have cared to acknowledge. I had a sort of idea that we should find the safe empty. My uncle, if all accounts were true, was a strange man, and had spent many years of his life among

strange people. Only a few months before his death he had returned from a scientific expedition into the wildest regions of Northern China, and I imagined that a man might learn almost anything in that part of the world. He was besides a great scientist, and might have discovered natural means for working effects that to other men would appear supernatural. Perhaps the box was only an illusion, a tangible illusion; for why should it not be possible to cheat the sense of touch as well as the sense of sight? Perhaps it was made of some material that would vanish into thin air after a certain lapse of time and leave no trace of its existence. One could never tell. There was something peculiar about it, of that I was certain, or why should a sum of money be left to preserve it in safety? Anyone could keep an ordinary yellow box; it would be a senseless condition to attach to a will. Therefore, with some show of reason, I argued that it was not an ordinary yellow box.

The two trustees arrived: Mr. Simes and a younger man, Mr. Willing, a member of a banking firm, I believe. They had lunch, and we all three went up to my bed-room. The banker laughed when he saw the safe, but Mr. Simes nodded approvingly.

"Can't be too careful in a matter like this," he said, and, drawing out his key, he shot back one section of the bolts. Then the other trustee did the same, and my



I looked at it curiously.

turn came. I must confess I put my key in the lock with rather trembling fingers. The last section of the bolts gave a click, and the door swung automatically open. The box was still there.

I took it out, and they each looked at it in turn. Mr. Simes identified it as

being the same box, and handed it back to me.

"The box is all right," I said with a laugh. "Of course, we assume the contents." I started. The box was lying quite still in my hands, but I could have sworn I heard something rustle inside it as I spoke. I put it to my ear, and shook it.

"Papers," I said, though I felt quite sure that papers would not rustle if held perfectly still.

"Perhaps," Mr. Simes replied. I put the thing back in the safe, for I felt a growing repugnance to it, and was glad to get it out of my hands. I closed the door, and we all three locked it and pocketed our keys.

The second year I was more uneasy than I had been in the first. The charge of the box began to prey upon my mind, and I was in constant dread lest it should be stolen. I got the idea into my head that those who would profit by its disappearance would take some steps to remove it. Perhaps they would employ trickery of some sort; perhaps they would even resort to personal violence. The safe was strong enough, but there were a good many ingenious devices nowadays in the hands of dishonest men. I began to employ a man-servant, and he slept in the adjoining room. Then I bought a revolver, and kept it loaded by my bedside, a practice which I discontinued after firing it off in my sleep one night and breaking the looking-glass. But I placed it in a drawer where it would be easily available. I also had fresh bolts and locks put on my own door, and a patent fastener screwed on to every window.

But I was more afraid of other schemes than robbery for depriving me of the money. Perhaps, when I went up to town, I should be forcibly detained and made to break one of the conditions of the will—namely, that I was not to sleep more than twenty nights in the year away from Belchester; and this thought so grew upon me that every day I spent away from Helicon House became a perfect misery to me. I fancied I was being followed everywhere, and avoided all the side

streets. I eyed strangers in the train suspiciously, and if left alone with a man in a compartment, got out of the carriage as soon as possible. I rarely went about unaccompanied by a friend, however short a distance I had to walk. The consequence was, I only took fourteen days of absence that year. The other six I kept in case of an emergency. The emergency never came, and they were wasted.

However, nothing happened in that year, and on the second anniversary of my uncle's death, when we opened the safe, the box was still there, and there was still something inside that rustled.

During the third year I gave but little thought to designs upon the safe or plots against my liberty. This was not because I had no longer any reason for fearing them, but because a new and greater terror began to creep into my mind.

It came to me one night as I lay awake watching the huge safe in the corner, where it loomed like a great black shadow in the faint glow of the night-light I always burned in the room.

Supposing the soul were really there, I thought to myself. Supposing that by some means it were actually caged in that narrow yellow cell. There was something in the box that moved, for I had heard it; and as I recalled the faint rustle, I started up in my bed and leaned forward, listening attentively. There it was again, a faint, almost imperceptible sound coming from the corner. Then it seemed to cross the room with a sort of scratching noise, like tiny legs would make on a rough carpet. Now and then it stopped, and then went on again, sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, brushing and rustling round the room. There was no possibility of locating the sound, and I stared in vain, with parted lips and wide-open eyes, to discover anything in the dim light.

I jumped out of bed, and, lighting a candle, went over to the safe. There was nothing to be seen. I looked carefully all over the floor, but found no trace of any insect or animal whatever. The noise had ceased. I clapped my hands sharply, to startle the thing, but still there was silence, and, blowing out the candle, I

got back into bed, trembling violently. I did not sleep any more that night, for every few minutes I heard the same noise, and, lighting the candle, looked again and again, and still found nothing.

As the days went on, this new idea began to grow in strength and clearness. The noise continued, and I became quite certain that not only was my uncle's soul in the place where he had bequeathed it, but that, night after night, it moved about the room. I never saw anything, but that faint, scratching sound went on for hours, and my nerves became so overwrought with listening for it that any sound whatever was a terror to me.

I tried sleeping in another room, and for a few nights I got some rest. Then it began again, outside, on the landing. I opened the door and listened. It stopped. Then, as I stood there, candle in hand, it seemed to come faintly from my old room. I got back into bed, and left the candle burning on the chest of drawers. In about a quarter of an hour the noise returned, and this time it was close to me, under the bed. I again got up and looked everywhere, but saw nothing.

I realised that little was to be gained by changing rooms, and returned to the one with the safe in it. There, at any rate, I could keep guard over the box and protect it from physical dangers.

As the year drew to a close, I suffered acutely from mental terror and loss of sleep. I think I should have gone mad if it had not been for the few nights I was allowed to pass away from Helicon House. I missed none of them that year.

And yet I felt through it all that I was really only the victim of my own imagination, and found it easy enough in the daytime to laugh at my own fears. When I reasoned quietly with myself, I came to the sound conclusion that I was a nervous idiot. My ideas, I argued, were, of course, utter rubbish. My uncle had got a bit crazed in his scientific researches, and had put a clause in his will which every sensible person treated as a joke, and to take it seriously was to prove oneself madder than the man who made it. I would go to a doctor and get a tonic. I would dismiss

the whole thing from my mind, and go on living my life just as if there were no little yellow box in existence. I was taking too much care of it, that's what it was. One cannot be always thinking of a thing without conjuring up all sorts of wild ideas about it.

So I reasoned in the sunny daytime, when everything seemed bright and cheerful. But when the night came on, all my resolutions and arguments grew shadowy and incomplete. I still trembled and lay awake; as for the tonic, it did nothing but sharpen my powers of hearing—I still heard noises, and looked for explanations of them, and found none. I still felt that there was all around me an atmosphere of darkness and terror that nothing could dissipate.

At last the third anniversary of my uncle's death came round. I must confess that when the trustees arrived there was a secret hope lurking within me that we might open the safe and find the wretched thing gone. But when the door swung back, it was still there. I walked a few steps away while they were handling it, for I wished to see as little of it as possible. I did not shake it this time to see if anything moved inside, but stood at the window, whistling softly, to drown any sound that might come from it. They replaced it, and we locked the safe again.

"Not very well?" said Mr. Simes, looking at me keenly.

"No," I replied sharply; "I want a change. I can't get a thorough holiday anywhere under the present conditions."

"Only seven years more," he said.

"Is that all?" I queried sarcastically.

I had resolved to go away that very evening, and take one of my nights of absence, for I had got the idea into my head that the third anniversary of my uncle's death might be attended with some unusual manifestation of his presence, and that, if I stayed in the house, it would not be altogether pleasant for a man in my present state of nervousness. So I went up to town with the trustees.

However, I left instructions with the man-servant to sleep in my room and see that no one tampered with the safe. I had

no fear that anything would frighten him, for he was a rustic of particularly stolid demeanour, and slept like a top.

We spent a most delightful evening. We all three dined together, then Mr. Simes left us, and we went to a music-hall, and finished up with a Covent Garden Ball. I did not think it worth while going to bed, as I had to be at the bank early; so I left town at 5.30 in the morning, and reached Belchester about 6.15.

It was still dark as I walked up from the station, but a bar of faint grey light on the horizon showed the coming dawn. Not wishing to disturb James or the housekeeper, I let myself in with my latch-key, and closed the door quietly behind me. As I did so, something brushed against my legs and scuttled up the stairs in the grey dawn. My heart gave a jump, and I stepped back close against the wall. Then I laughed, for I remembered that Mrs. Jones always let her cat sleep in the kitchen. The door had evidently been opened, and it was roaming about the house.

I made my way to the dining-room to get a drink, for I was beginning to feel the effects of my dissipation. As I entered it, an indistinct figure seemed to cross the room to meet me. I passed my hands across my eyes, and, standing still, looked again. Yes, there was certainly someone there. It was motionless, and I felt the sweat pouring from all over my body. I seized a chair to strike it with, and, to my surprise, the creature did the same. Then it all broke upon me, and I cursed my cowardice. There was a looking-glass opposite me, and it was only my own reflection, after all.

"Confound this dawn," I muttered, "with its cold, ghostly light! One can see everything, and yet nothing as it really is."

I went over to the spirit-stand on the sideboard, and then remembered that the key was in my bed-room. I was too thirsty to respect James's slumbers any more, and went upstairs to get it. The boards seemed to creak a good deal more than usual, and the whole place appeared to be full of blurred shadows. They were only

hat-racks and other pieces of furniture, but they looked strange enough to be anything.

I turned the handle of the door of my room, but found it locked. I was not surprised, as I always fastened it myself when I slept there. I knocked; there was no answer. I knocked again, more loudly. There was still no answer. I heard a door open overhead, and a voice cry out, "Is that you, Sir?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jones," I replied; "James has locked himself in, and I can't wake him. I want the key of the spirit-stand."

She came down, half-dressed, and we both hampered.

"He sleeps very sound, Sir," she said, beating the panels vigorously.

"He always did," I replied with a laugh; but at the same time I shuddered, for a sudden fear had gripped my heart. I stepped back, and threw my whole weight against the door. The lock was one of the new ones I had placed in the house, but the woodwork was old, and I heard it break away from the screws. I put my shoulder to it again, and it gave way. I went in, and Mrs. Jones stood on the threshold.

"James!" I shouted, going close up to the bed. Then I stamped on the floor and repeated his name. Somehow, I did not like to shake him. He did not move, but I could see him lying there. I went to the window and drew up the blinds.

It was getting much lighter now, and, as I crossed back to the bed, I could see his face quite plainly. His eyes were wide open, staring at something which was not there, and his hands were clutching the counterpane, which was drawn up quite eight inches towards his chin. He was dead.

CHAPTER II.

The doctor said at the inquest that the man had died of heart-disease, and evidence was given to show that he had been suffering from the complaint for a very long time. The incident caused but little sensation in Belchester. It was talked of for a few days, and then the

matter was thought no more about except by his relations and myself.

But I am almost ashamed to admit the extent to which my own thoughts and feelings were affected. For two weeks afterwards I lay absolutely prostrate with weakness and terror. I kept to my bed in a room as far away as possible from that in which my servant had died, and could not bear to be left alone even for five minutes. At this period I can never be sufficiently grateful to a friend of mine, who left his work in town to be with me day and night until I became stronger and more composed. He does not know to this day that I owe my life to him. For I am quite positive that a single night of solitude at that time would have resulted in my death; perhaps I, too, should have been found with open, staring eyes, and fingers twisted rigidly in the counterpane. For every shadow and every noise conveyed some terrible meaning to me, and I would start and get out in the middle

of the night, and almost whimper, until dear old Frank got up and held my hand, and then gave me some medicine that sent me off to sleep again.

Nothing on earth could persuade me that James Thomson's death was due to purely natural causes. I was sure that he

had seen something—something I should have seen if I had not chanced to be in town that night—and that he had died from the effects of terror on a weak heart. While I was drinking and dancing, and



His eyes were wide open, staring at something which was not there.

forgetting all about Helicon House, he was lying there facing the unknown and powerless with terror. When he was found, his eyes were fixed in the direction of the safe. The drawer by the side of the bed where I kept the revolver was not quite closed, as if someone had tried to

open it and get the weapon, and then his strength had failed him and he had sunk back to die. Over and over again I tried to remember if I had left it like that. It would have been a comfort to think that I had; but I could not honestly remember anything about it, and my mind refused to accept anything but the most absolute certainty. Hour after hour, as I lay in bed, I tried to conjure up what had happened, and when I was well enough we both went into the room and examined it carefully, as detectives examine the scene of a murder. Everything was just as usual. We paid particular attention to the safe; there were no marks or scratches on it, and no sign of it having been tampered with in any way. We discovered nothing, and if the secret of the little yellow box had been divulged, it had died with the man, and I was still left to guard it—for seven years. In two months I had sufficiently recovered my health and strength to return to my old room. But I engaged another man-servant, whose sole duty was to sleep during the day, and watch all night in the next room to mine. He had instructions to keep a lamp burning through all the hours of darkness, and to leave his door open. I kept the door of my own room ajar, and, in the feeling of security which this arrangement gave me, I had some good nights of rest. I certainly woke every night, but whenever I did so, I could catch the reflection of his light in the landing through the chink in my door, and could hear him moving softly about and turning over the leaves of a book or a newspaper. Then I turned over and went to sleep again with an easy mind. I also still kept a night-light burning on the washing-stand in a saucer of water.

In this way everything went on quietly until one night in May, the 15th, I think it was. I woke up, as usual, in the middle of the night, and, looking at the clock, which I always placed just behind the night-light, I saw that it was half-past two. Then I heard a slight cough in the other room, and the clink of a plate; the man was having his dinner—he had to take it in the middle of the night, which,

for all practical purposes, was the middle of his day. I turned over, and tried to go to sleep again; but after a few minutes I felt so wide-awake and restless that I lay on my back, and began to count. I fancy this ancient remedy for sleeplessness is of more mathematical than physical value; but I counted up to five thousand, by a peculiarly long and tedious process, which entailed the repetition of the thousands and hundreds for each separate number. At the end, I was still wide-awake, and seemed likely to remain so. I thought it odd, for I had slept very well the last few weeks. Certainly, I invariably woke up, the result of my old habit of sleeplessness and terror, but I never stayed awake for more than a quarter of a hour.

I did not feel inclined to do any more mental arithmetic, and, my eyes wandering to the safe, I began to amuse myself by counting the rivet-heads round the edge. They were about an inch square, and were, I suppose, to bolt the two steel plates together, back and front, the intervening space being filled up with cement. They were painted a rather deeper grey than the rest of the surface, and it was easy enough to see them, but not so easy to count them, as anyone knows who has tried to count a number of things placed in a continuous line; one keeps on losing one's position on the line, and having to start again.

However, I counted them three times, and made the number to be forty-two each time. Having attained this satisfactory result, I turned over on my left side, and had another attempt at sleep. I shut my eyes, but found my ears were beginning once more to pay too much attention to details. I could hear the rustling of a newspaper in the next room, and could almost tell when the man had reached the end of a line by the faint movement of his fingers. I could imagine exactly the position in which he was sitting, and could tell if he shifted that position by a quarter of an inch. Then I heard a soft thud, as if a lump of butter had been dropped on the floor, and I started up, for I was positive the noise had come from some part of my own room.

I got out of bed and looked carefully round, but saw nothing.

"Pooh!" I said to myself. "It's only the old nervousness coming on again."

Yet, in my heart of hearts, I knew that, if it were so, a worse thing than any material or spiritual enemy had come back to me.

I laughed uneasily, and, getting into bed, began to count the rivets again, simply for something to think about. I made them forty-three this time, which irritated me. It is astonishing what trifles will irritate a man who is lying awake. I counted them again, almost savagely. There were still forty-three; again, and yet again, with the same result. "I was wrong before," I said to myself; "there are forty-three." But I counted them six more times, to make sure, and then, just as I was turning my eyes away, I stopped and uttered an exclamation. One of the rivets had moved about four inches nearer the centre of the plate. I rubbed my eyes, and looked again. Yes, it certainly had moved, and, what was more, was still moving. Moreover, its shape was larger and more indistinct about the edge.

I jumped out of bed, and, lighting a candle, went up to the safe. As I

approached, the dark-grey spot ran along a few inches, and stopped. It was an enormous spider, with a body quite covered with a mouse-coloured fur, and eyes



I jumped out of bed, and, lighting a candle, went up to the safe.

glittering like jewels. Its legs must have been about three inches long, but when I came near with the light it drew them up under its body, and was perfectly motionless. Then I recalled the thud I had heard, and shuddered. Supposing I

had stepped on the thing when I had got out of bed. I have all the human dislike of fat-bodied things that squash, and could never kill even a fair-sized moth. As for killing the spider with a boot, which, I suppose, would have been the right thing to have done, I would rather have faced a lion with the same weapon. I called the servant.

"Kill this thing for me, Evans," I said; "and mind it doesn't bite you; some of them are poisonous." Before he could reply, the spider took the matter into its own hands, and swiftly disappeared round the corner of the safe.

We could not find it anywhere, and as I refused to sleep in the room whilst it was still about, I dressed, shaking every article of clothing thoroughly, lest it should have concealed itself in them, and spent the rest of the night smoking in Evans's room.

The next morning, we both made a thorough search of the whole house, but beyond finding a few thick silky threads spun across a corner in the room where my uncle had died, we discovered no trace of the insect whatever. It had vanished as mysteriously as it had appeared. I could not imagine where it could have come from; it must have escaped from some collection and hidden itself in the house. Those sort of things can lie concealed in almost any crack or crevice, attracting no more notice than a lump of accumulated dust. And it had probably returned to its hiding-place. In that case, I should see it again, and I did not altogether relish the prospect.

"Perhaps her crept into the iron chest," said Evans, after our useless search. "I'd never seen her afore, and I'll scrunch her if I see her again." It did not strike him that there was any danger in having the creature about the house. Spiders were to him only things to be "scrunched." The possibility of their being at all venomous was, of course, unknown to him.

I was not so easy in my own mind. The mere thought of that loathsome, hairy lump crawling about the house was enough to keep anyone awake at night. The fact of its being possibly poisonous was a

secondary consideration. The light, creepy touch of those long, thin legs was quite a sufficient horror for me to look forward to. I examined the room carefully and minutely every night just before I went to bed. Then I closed the door. It was a choice of evils; but I preferred to face solitude rather than give the spider a chance of creeping into the room.

After a few days, my old nervous state gradually returned upon me. This time it was a fear of something material. But it kept me awake, just the same, and once more I began to wish Helicon House and all its contents at the bottom of the sea. Every little noise in the night startled me, and I thought I heard the insect creeping about, and waited for the soft thud of a small body dropping to the floor. I lay well in the centre of the bed, and looked fixedly at the white counterpane, expecting to see a dark patch come slowly over the edge of the bed and crawl towards me. I almost forgot about the yellow box, until one day I was reminded of its existence, and, putting two and two together, arrived at the last and worst terror of all.

It was in this way: I particularly wished to discover if the spider was of any known species, and if its bite was at all venomous or not. So, one day when I was up in town, I spent several hours at the British Museum, examining works on Natural History. After a long search, I came upon a coloured plate which closely resembled the creature I had seen. The letterpress confirmed the likeness. I read it eagerly. After a technical description containing a good deal of imaginary Latin, it said: "These spiders are natives of Northern China, and amongst certain tribes are held in great reverence, even if they are not actually worshipped. It is believed by these people that their bodies are tenanted by the souls of the departed."

I laid the book down and stared slowly round the reading-room. I can remember to this day the exact position of everyone who was there, and can recall their clothes and features as well as if I had photographed them. Separate thoughts came rushing into my brain, and whirling round and round it, until they settled down into

a consecutive order. The rustling in the yellow box—a rustling that did not cease when I stopped shaking it—the sounds I had heard in the night all last year! That extract from the book, “The souls of the departed”! My uncle’s sojourn in Northern China! The sudden appearance of the loathsome creature on the safe! Its sudden disappearance; our inability to discover any trace of it. Even rustic Evans’s apparently senseless words, “Perhaps her crept into the iron chest”; and, more vividly than all, the memory of Thomson’s face.

This, then, was the thing he had seen on that night. Perhaps the truth had been made known to him in some way as, half-insect, half-human, it came crawling slowly and steadily up the counterpane towards his terror-stricken face. He had watched the dark, soft body, with its fringe of hairy legs and its glittering eyes, come closer and closer; he had reached for the revolver, and then, powerless with terror, he had sunk back to die.

I returned the book, and, faint and giddy, reeled into the street and called a hansom. As I drove along, the cool air swished in my face, and I felt better; but, before I reached the place where I intended to dine, I had made up my mind—I would never sleep at Helicon House again.

After dinner I wired to the Bank at Belchester that I should not be able to return for two or three days. I thought a

good deal during those days, weighing everything in my mind—my income, my future prospects, the possibilities of my living down terror and sticking to my post for more than six years. I was still hesitating, for one does not throw away ten thousand pounds without proper consideration, when a letter came from the Bank which helped me to a decision—

DEAR SIR,—We are sorry to hear of your illness. [I had said I was ill to account for my absence.] By all means stay away till you are fit for work. We may mention we have received a communication from the Directors asking us if we can recommend a suitable person to take charge of a new branch of our Bank at Pickford. We should like to see you before returning an answer.

I laughed. They had thought to pay me the empty compliment of an offer that they knew I could not accept. I promptly returned to Belchester, and accepted it.

Then I wrote to the trustees, and announced my intention of leaving the house. They both came down, and ex-

postulated with me. I would give no reason for my action, except that I could not stand Belchester any longer, and if the amount at stake was a hundred thousand pounds, I would not stay there.

Mr. Simes looked keenly at me. “You are concealing something,” he said.

“Perhaps,” I replied coldly. “It is enough for you that I never intend to pass another night in this house.”

He bowed, and the other trustee



I reeled into the street.

suggested we should open the safe for the last time.

Mr. Simes assented, and we all three

I picked it up, and turned to the others.

"You see, I have been faithful to the last,"

I said with a grim smile. Then I walked



The dry leaves fluttered to the floor.

went upstairs. I looked sharply round the room as we entered, and was particularly careful to see where I stepped. We unlocked the three bolts, and the door of the safe swung back. The yellow box was there.

to the door. "Evans," I shouted, "bring me up a chisel and hammer!"

"Are you going to open it?" Mr. Simes said. "I am not sure if you are entitled to do so."

"Certainly," I replied; "it still belongs

to me, for I have as yet broken none of the conditions of the will. I am going to break one of them now—with a chisel and hammer."

Evans brought the tools, and I forced the lid off, rather savagely and roughly, I'm afraid, for I was not particularly well-disposed towards the thing or its contents. The others peered over my shoulders. But there was nothing very startling to be seen. The box was full of small, withered leaves.

Mr. Simes gave a grunt, and the other man laughed. "A precious thing to guard in a hundred-guinea safe!" he said, and began to poke about among the leaves with his finger. I drew the box sharply away from him, and he looked at me in surprise.

"You don't know what may be in there," I said half-jestingly, and, taking a pencil from my pocket, I slowly stirred about among the contents on the surface. It may have been my fancy, but I thought the surface heaved a little after I had stopped stirring it.

"What do you expect to find there?"

Mr. Simes said, looking at me closely.

"I know what is there," I said quite quietly.

"You have opened the box before, then?" he queried sharply.

"I have never opened the box before, Mr. Simes," I replied; "but I am quite aware of its contents. You shall see them

for yourself," and I quickly turned the box over. The dry leaves fluttered to the floor; but I saw some heavier substance strike the ground first and dart away almost before the eye could take in its form and colour. I looked at the others. The bed-room was rather dark, and it was a dull day.

"Well," I said, "did you see it?"

"See what?" said the younger man, looking up from the floor. "I saw a lot of old leaves," and he stirred them with his foot.

"No, the other thing; the thing that scuttered away."

Mr. Simes looked at me compassionately, and interchanged meaning glances with his companion. He thought, good man, he had solved the mystery of my departure—I was in the habit of seeing things that did not exist. I did not care to argue the matter, and we went downstairs to lunch.

I went up to town with them, and, as I said "good-bye" to Mr. Simes in Piccadilly, he said gravely to me: "Did you really think there was anything in the box but dried leaves?"

"I know there was," I replied.

"Hum! Well, good-bye. You are not looking very well; I should see a doctor if I were you. Good-bye."

I did not think it necessary to see a doctor, and there the matter ended. For I never wish to discover more of the truth than I already know.





THE MISTLETOE CAROL

*I, BRING come of a weakly folk,
Clasp and cling to my sheltering oak,
While elm and aspen and olive gray
Make their carol for Christmas Day.*

*Reeds find voices, and rushes cry
"Hail!" but sorry and dumb am I:
And knowing not how to praise my King,
I give my laud to my thrush to sing.*

*Fine are my berries; so white and clear
You'll find no pool at this time o' year.
Fine are my berries, and fair my leaves,
Yet never we go 'neath the hallowed eaves.*

*Holly and ivy may clip and bind
Pillar and altar to all men's mind,
But never a berry of mine may bring
Its globed crystal in thanksgiving.*

*Though I have been set in a place on high
And watched the while how a king should die,
Though I have been shrined in a church as fair
With the great red sun for the one God there.*

*Silver sickles might reap me then
Only, in hands of the king's wise men.
Virgins sang for me, clad in white,
I that am lonely and poor to-night.*

*I have made a garland for gods to wear,
But now I droop in the frosty air—
And fain would know why your joy of Yule
Hath dusked the glory of Irminsul;*

*And fain would know why a Child hath laid
His love on the earth, and His royal head
On a peasant's bosom, and hath not come
With splendour of kings to His human home.*

*This would I know, and this might I see
If into your church ye welcomed me:
As welcome ye holly and ivy green,
And leaves of laurel and fir between.*

*I that was proud and am not sweet
Desire to lie at the Christ-Child's feet;
Open His door to me, let me in!
My glory's lost and my love's to win.*

NORA HOPPER.

PLUCK AT THE FRONT.

Some Particulars of the Careers of the best-known Officers engaged in
upholding British Supremacy in South Africa.

IT is surely scarcely necessary at this time of day to say much about the military career of the man who has been placed—and the unanimous opinion in the service is that no wiser choice could have been made—in supreme command of the force which is now so valiantly engaged in upholding the supremacy of the British flag. We have all been talking about Sir Redvers Buller these weeks past, and he must be an ill-informed person indeed who does not know when and where Sir Redvers served his country in the tented field. Yet, at the risk of being tedious, I am going to recount briefly once again the story of how Sir Redvers Buller won that little dull cross which every soldier holds so dear. If ever man earned that guerdon, surely it was he!

On March 28, 1879, Colonel Buller was in command of the mounted troops of Sir Evelyn Wood's column. Buller's task was to clear the Inhlobane Mountain. This he accomplished amid circumstances of great difficulty; but at last, owing to the arrival of enormous Zulu reinforcements, was obliged to retreat down the steep sides of the mountain. Complete destruction seemed to stare the whole force in the face, but although the losses were very heavy, it was saved by the heroic coolness and devotion of its leader.

Three men directly owed their lives that day to the self-sacrificing courage of Buller. First he took up Captain D'Arcy, whose horse had been killed, and carried him out of danger; next to be rescued almost in identical circumstances was Lieutenant Everett; and finally he took up behind him a trooper when the enemy

was only seventy or eighty yards away. That was how Buller won his V.C.; how many men in the world are there who could boast of such a day's work?

Not that Buller boasts of it, or ever did; on the contrary, like the great soldier immortalised in Kipling's poem, "E do not advertise." He is a quiet, unassuming man, with rather a curt and rough manner which does not prepossess you in his favour at a first meeting. He is a severe disciplinarian too. Yet he is a favourite with Tommy Atkins, who is by no means a bad judge. It is true that Buller does not spare his men; but then he does not spare himself. He is admired and respected even when not held in personal affection; instinctively one feels he is a man to be trusted. His stern face, his burly figure, even his very brusqueries of manner, inspire confidence.

Buller's well-known tenacity of purpose—not to say obstinacy—has sometimes been amusingly illustrated in little passages of arms between himself and the authorities. For instance, years ago in South Africa he wanted another horse for some work he was engaged upon, and sent in a requisition for the animal. The reply was in the negative, the official memorandum stating that two horses could only be provided if the work were being done at a distance of over, say, 100 miles from the base, whereas in this instance it was only 95 miles "as the crow flies." Back came Buller's reply, "I don't usually ride a crow." He got that second horse. Another story, which, we are afraid, must be attributed to our old friend, "Mr. Ben Trovato," may be worth recounting. At the

first Aldershot review graced by the presence of the Queen, after Sir Redvers had taken up the command, Her Majesty is stated to have said, "I haven't seen much of you for some time, Sir Redvers." Said Sir Redvers, "That's not my fault, Ma'am." Well, I must leave off talking about him. It is his first campaign as Commander-in-Chief; may he justify the high opinion we all have of him.

General Sir George White, in command in Natal, another V.C. man, is, like Sir Redvers Buller, as "hard as nails." His sixty-four years sit lightly upon him; though a stern disciplinarian and absolutely dauntless in the field, he has a cheery manner and a pleasant smile which endear him to all with whom he comes into contact. The story of his winning the V.C. is best told by a repetition of the bald outline given in the official intelligence. It states that he was awarded the V.C. for conspicuous bravery during the engagement at Charasiah on Oct. 6, 1879, when, finding that the artillery and rifle fire failed to dislodge the enemy from a fortified hill which it was necessary to capture, Major White led an attack upon it in person. Advancing with two companies of his regiment, and climbing from one steep ledge to another, he came upon a body of the enemy, strongly posted, and outnumbering his force by about eight to one. His men being much exhausted, and immediate action being necessary, Major White took a rifle, and, *going on by himself*, shot the leader of the enemy. This act so intimidated the rest that they fled round the side of the hill, and the position was won. Again, on Sept 1, 1880, at the battle of Candahar, Major White in leading the final charge under a heavy fire from the enemy, who held a strong position and were supported by two guns, rode straight up to within a few yards of them, and, seeing the guns, dashed forward and secured one, immediately after which the enemy retired.

Sir George, like Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, is an Irishman, "instead of which" he is Colonel of the Gay Gordons, and much beloved by the boys in kilts, more power to his elbow!

Every Volunteer, and, indeed, one might say nearly every Londoner, is familiar with the commanding presence and handsome face of the man who is commanding the First Division of Buller's Army Corps. Lord Methuen is the youngest of the Lieutenant-Generals, but he is one of those men whom everyone seems to know and like. During the time he was commanding the London District he won for himself golden opinions, although some of his colleagues regarded with anything but pleasure the favourable manner in which he treated the Volunteers. He has had his share of fighting. He took part in the second phase of the Ashanti War, commanded the famous "Methuen's Horse," which distinguished itself so greatly in the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1885, and occupied the onerous position of Press censor in 1882 in Egypt. He endeared himself to all the "pests of modern armies" by his treatment of them; he did all he could to make it easy for them, and after telling them that certain items of news must be kept back, would give them *carte blanche* as to the remainder. Indeed, several correspondents state that he even would sign a blank telegraph-form, after putting the correspondents on their honour to send no news which might help the enemy. Lord Methuen is a great walker and a magnificent swordsman, and takes keen interest in the art of using the "beautiful white weapon." He thinks fencing one of the finest exercises going—it teaches a man how to use his weapon, and, besides, it keeps him young. Although so well able to take care of himself with his sword in his hand, Lord Methuen has none of the native ferocity which tradition ascribes to the swordsman. On the contrary, he is a most humane man, as is proved by the fact that in giving the writer, a few years ago, some particulars of the sword which he wore throughout the South African Campaign, he concluded his letter by saying, "I am glad to say I have never had occasion to use it."

Looking at Sir William Forbes Gatacre, it is hard to believe that he is fifty-six years old—he looks a young man, and if dash



Photo. by Knight.

GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C.

and "go" signify anything he is a young man. Sir William is a rare "devil of a fighter"—he enjoys nothing so much as a hand-to-hand tussle in which he can

Soudan. At the Atbara fight his conduct was not altogether approved of by some well-tried officers: he charged in the front rank, helped to pull down the zareba hedge,



Photo. by Window and Grove.

GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C.

take part. He has seen a good deal of service in India, winning his D.S.O. in the Hazara Campaign, and also distinguishing himself in the Burmese Campaign of 1889-90, and in the Chitral affair in 1895. But his fighting propensities were, perhaps, more fully displayed last year, when he commanded the British Brigade in the

and his sword was soon hard at work in the ensuing hand-to-hand fight. It was said that it was scarcely fitting for the Brigadier to be in such a position. Anyhow, his conduct won him a K.C.B., the "thanks of both Houses of Parliament," and other rewards. He is a tremendous worker, and is known in the barrack-room

as "Bill Backacher." But if he believes in plenty of hard work for his men, he equally believes in it for himself; in order to set them an example, he discarded his

three years old, and he has won his position by sheer hard work. Like most of Lord Kitchener's right-hand men, he is a bachelor. He joined the 4th King's



Photo. by Gregory.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LORD METHUEN.

horse and tramped alongside them day after day on the weary desert march to Khartoum.

Sir Redver Buller's Chief - of - Staff, Major-General Sir Archibald Hunter, is an officer of the new school—the Kitchener school. He is quite a youngster—that is, for a Major-General—being but forty-

Own Royal Lancasters in 1874, became Captain in 1882, and three years later had his first taste of active service under Sir Francis Grenfell in Egypt. At Geniss he was severely wounded, and again at Toski in 1889. The former campaign gained him the D.S.O. His services in the Soudan at Firket in 1896, and last year

under Lord Kitchener, are too fresh in everyone's memory to need repeating. Men in the service say that, far as Hunter has gone for so young a man, he will go a great deal farther. Like Gatacre, he has all those qualities which go to make up the soldier, and those who know him say that, given the opportunity, he will almost certainly show that he possesses the stuff of which great generals are made. Sir Archibald, though born in London, is, of course, a Scotsman.

The author of a book on tactics, which is recognised as a standard work throughout Europe, is Major-General Sir Cornelius Clery, who commands the Second Division. Clery is regarded by some people as merely a bookish soldier, as the General "over a paper country," whom Lord Wolseley objurgates; but Clery has seen service and shown what stuff he is made of, although fortune has not favoured him with many chances of distinction. He served with Lord Chelmsford in the Zulu War, and was present at Isandhlwana and Ulundi. In 1882, in Egypt, he was relegated to garrison duty at Alexandria; but in the Suakim Campaign of 1884, considering the reckless

his red coat, with the natural result that he was the most conspicuous man in the whole force. Major-General Clery is a self-reliant man who thinks long before



Photo. by BASANDU.

SIR A. HUNTER, D.S.O.

acting on advice. Among his decorations he counts the medal and clasp for the Zulu War, the medal with two clasps and Bronze Star for the Soudan Expedition of 1884, and the clasp for the Nile Expedition of the following years. His book on minor military tactics has met with a very great success.

The general public does not know much of Sir Henry Colville, but he has had an adventurous career, and is a man who would probably have achieved distinction in many walks of life. Soldier to the backbone, having seen service at El Teb, Tamai, and Geniss in 1885, in his earlier days he had a passion for ballooning, and almost lost his life when, in company with a brother officer, he was nearly blown out to sea off the Essex coast. Such was his passion for his hobby that he actually went for his honeymoon trip in the air! Sir Henry has explored in Algeria and Africa, and been Governor of Uganda. In his spare time he has written four books, and amuses himself with gardening and photography. In his regiment — the Grenadier Guards — he is known as "Odger" Colville.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Dick-Cunyngham, another V.C. claimed by the



Photo. by Cunningham, Aldershot.

SIR W. F. GATACRE, D.S.O.

way in which he exposed himself, it is a miracle that he ever came out of the fighting alive. Where everyone else wore sand-coloured khaki, he still kept to

Gordon Highlanders, has seen a lot of fighting. It was in the Afghan War of 1878-80 that he performed the act which gained for him the "little bit of bronze." It was awarded him "for the conspicuous gallantry and coolness displayed by him on the 13th Dec., 1879, at the attack on the Sherpur Pass, in Afghanistan, in having exposed himself to the full fire

known. It is to be hoped that he has not been severely wounded. Captain Nesbitt is an old St. Paul's-School boy, and won the Cross in the following circumstances: On June 19, 1896, while serving with the Mashonaland Mounted Police, he was in command of the Mazoe Rescue Patrol, which consisted of only thirteen men. He desperately fought his way through the



Photo. by Cunningham, Aldershot.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR C. F. CLERY.

of the enemy, and by his example and encouragement rallied the men, who, having been beaten back, were at the moment wavering at the top of the hill." Dick-Cunyngham has had experience of South Africa, having served in the disastrous Boer Campaign of 1881.

Still another V.C. man has already distinguished himself in this campaign. Unfortunately, up to the time of writing, the fate of Captain Ralph Nesbitt, V.C., who defended the armoured train so gallantly one other day, is not

Matabele rebels to get to Salthouse's party, and eventually succeeded in bringing them back to Salisbury, after heavy fighting, in which three of his small force were killed and five wounded, and fifteen horses were killed and wounded. Captain Nesbitt is a well-set-up, soldierlike man with a particularly resolute chin and jaw. As one of his old boy friends says, "Nesbitt always had a regular fighting mug."

Much interest will also be felt in Lord Edward Cecil, the Premier's soldier son, who is in Mafeking with Colonel

Baden - Powell. Lord Edward, though not a strong-looking man, has already good service to his credit, having served in the Dongola Expeditionary Force in 1896, where he won his D.S.O. He is a pleasant, genial fellow, and is much liked both in the service and in Dublin society, in which he made himself very popular when he was Lord Wolseley's aide-de-camp. He suffered from a good deal of bad health in the Soudan, but with the pertinacity of the Cecils stuck to the job until the capture of Khartoum.

Colonel Ian Hamilton, D.S.O., who has gone as Chief of the Staff to the Natal Field Force, must take a special interest in this campaign. He has seen plenty of fighting in Afghanistan, Egypt, Burma, Chitral, and Tirah, but he is not likely to

the hill above the slope where the first Boer attack came, and in so doing was very severely wounded. Since then he has devoted himself to teaching our soldiers to shoot, and no doubt he will be eagerly watching to see if his teaching has had the desired effect.

Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel C. O. Plumer is one of the officers who have achieved distinction in South Africa with an irregular force hastily raised for a specific purpose. Experience shows that such forces almost invariably do excellent

work, and Plumer's Mounted Rifles were no exception in the Matabele Rebellion. He belongs to the York and Lancaster Regiment, served through the Egyptian Campaign of 1884, for which he wears the medal and clasp,



Photo. by Mauli and Fox.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. E. COLVILLE.



CAPTAIN RALPH NESBITT, V.C.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DICK-CUNYNGHAM, V.C.

forget his experiences of the Boer War of eighteen years ago, where, on the day of Majuba, he held, with a party of twenty or thirty men, a point on the north side of

Star and Fourth Class of the Medjidieh. He has, also, the South African medal.

The Australian contingent is lucky in being commanded by so capable an officer

as Colonel Sir C. H. Smith, who has been Commandant of the Local Forces in Victoria for the last five years. He has

the gallant Colonial contingent, of whom we are so proud, are just the boys to follow such a man anywhere and to do anything.



Photo. by Elliott and Fry.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PLUMER.



Photo. by Ball.
COLONEL SIR C. H. SMITH.



Photo. by Edwards.
COLONEL J. P. BRABAZON.



Photo. by Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL BADEN-POWELL.

seen plenty of service both in South Africa (he was in the 1881 Boer Campaign) and in Egypt and the Soudan. He has been several times mentioned in despatches. He is regarded by everyone as just the right man in the right place, and

Colonel J. P. Brabazon is a very distinguished soldier and a very popular man in society. In Ashanti, Afghanistan, and the Soudan he has distinguished himself exceedingly, being mentioned in despatches on several occasions. He used to

command the 4th Hussars, and at that time his moustache was the wonder of all his men. It was brushed up literally to his eyes; it is long and fierce-looking enough now, but it does not seem to be quite so luxuriant as it was a few years back.

And now last, but by no means least, I come to the man who appeals to the popular fancy more than any other officer serving under Sir Redvers Buller. I refer, of course, to Lieutenant-Colonel Baden-Powell, who has been making such a gallant defence with his little band at Mafeking against a foe which is numerically so much superior. Before Baden-Powell left England it is said that he was interviewed by an old Army man, who wished him good-luck and God-speed. "It will be all right," said the Colonel; "all I hope is that they will give me a warm corner." Well, the gallant fellow has apparently got his heart's desire, for anyone having any knowledge of him knows that he is the last man in the world to make such a remark in a spirit of vain boasting. As a matter of fact, Baden-

Powell is a modest and retiring fellow, except when there is any danger to be encountered; then he pushes himself forward. He is only forty-two, and is a younger brother of the late Sir George Baden-Powell. He served in Zululand in 1888, and did splendid work in the expedition against King Prempeh of Ashanti. But it was in the Matabele Rebellion of 1896 that he came out strong—indeed, the suppression of that rebellion was mainly due to the efforts of Baden-Powell and Plumer. Baden-Powell soon became known to the natives owing to his daring habit of creeping about in tennis-shoes of nights and spying out their strongholds to their subsequent

discomfiture. They nicknamed him "Im-peesi," meaning "he that creeps about by night," and after a time they came to regard him as more than mortal. As a scout, there is probably no white man in the world his equal. But I must leave off dwelling upon Baden-Powell's many excellent traits. He can do many things, and whatever he does, he does well. In spite of it all, he is perfectly simple and unaffected—and is still a bachelor.

Captain Ronald G. Brooke, D.S.O., who was severely wounded in the thigh and head at Elands-laagte, joined the 7th Hussars in 1866, and obtained his

Captaincy three years ago. He has been aide-de-camp to a Governor of Bombay, to a Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, to the Major-General commanding the Brigade in Egypt and the Soudan last year, to Sir William Gatacre in command of the Eastern District, and to Sir George White in Natal. He has had active service in India—he was at Chitral in 1895—in South Africa, and in Egypt. Among his decorations he counts



CAPTAIN RONALD G. BROOKE, D.S.O.,
Wounded at Elands-laagte.

the Chitral medal with clasps, the Khartoum medal with clasps, and the Bronze Star. He was twice mentioned in despatches.

In an article of this kind it would have been out of the question to deal in any way exhaustively with the many distinguished officers who are at the front, so no attempt has been made to achieve the impossible. The only principle of selection has been to take those officers with whose names the general public is fairly familiar. Of course there are as many, if not more, equally gallant and worthy of mention of whose very names the public is ignorant. But they do not call for mention in the pages of a popular magazine.

THE SERGEANT'S PRIVATE MAD-HOUSE.

By STEPHEN CRANE.

THE moonlight was almost steady blue flame, and all this radiance was lavished out upon a still, lifeless wilderness of stunted trees and cactus-plants. The shadows lay upon the ground, pools of black, and sharply outlined, resembling substances, fabrics, and not shadows at all. From afar came the sound of the sea, coughing among the hollows in the coral rocks.

The land was very empty; one could easily imagine that Cuba was simply a vast solitude; one could wonder at the moon taking all the trouble of this splendid illumination. There was no wind—nothing seemed to live.

But in a particularly large group of shadows lay an outpost of some forty United States Marines. If it had been possible to approach them from any direction without encountering one of their sentries, one could have gone stumbling among sleeping men and men who sat waiting, their blankets tented over their heads; one would have been in among them before one's mind could have decided whether they were men or devils. If a marine moved, he took the care and time of one who walks across a death-chamber. The lieutenant in command reached for his watch, and the nickel chain gave forth the slightest tinkling sound. He could see the glisten in five or six pairs of eyes that turned to regard him. His sergeant lay near him, and he bent his face down to whisper, "Who's on post behind the big cactus-plant?"

"Dryden," rejoined the sergeant just over his breath.

After a pause the lieutenant murmured, "He's got too many nerves. I shouldn't

have put him there." The sergeant asked if he should crawl down and look into the affairs at Dryden's post. The young officer nodded assent, and the sergeant, softly cocking his rifle, went away on his hands and knees. The lieutenant, with his back to a dwarfed tree, sat watching the sergeant's progress for the few moments that he could see him moving from one shadow to another. Afterwards the officer waited to hear Dryden's quick but low-voiced challenge, but time passed and no sound came from the direction of the post behind the cactus-bush.

The sergeant, as he came nearer and nearer to this cactus-bush—a number of peculiarly dignified columns throwing shadows of inky darkness—had slowed his pace, for he did not wish to trifle with the feelings of the sentry, and he was expecting his stern hail and was ready with the immediate answer which turns away wrath. He was not made anxious by the fact that he could not as yet see Dryden, for he knew that the man would be hidden in a way practised by sentry marines since the time when two men had been killed by a disease of excessive confidence on picket. Indeed, as the sergeant went still nearer, he became more and more angry. Dryden was evidently a most proper sentry.

Finally, he arrived at a point where he could see the man seated in the shadow, staring into the bushes ahead of him, his rifle ready on his knee. The sergeant in his rage longed for the peaceful precincts of the Washington Marine Barracks, where there would have been no situation to prevent the most complete non-commissioned oratory. He felt indecent in his capacity

of a man able to creep up to the back of a G Company member on guard duty. Never mind; in the morning, back at camp——

But suddenly he felt afraid. There was something wrong with Dryden. He remembered old tales of comrades creeping out to find a picket seated against a tree, perhaps, upright enough but stone dead. The sergeant paused and gave the inscrutable back of the sentry a long stare. Dubious, he again moved forward. At three paces he hissed like a little snake. Dryden did not show a sign of hearing. At last the sergeant was in a position from which he was able to reach out and touch Dryden on the arm. Whereupon was turned to him the face of a man livid with mad fright. The sergeant grabbed him by the wrist, and with discreet fury shook him. "Here! Pull yourself together!"

Dryden paid no heed, but turned his wild face from the newcomer to the ground in front. "Don't you see 'em, sergeant? Don't you see 'em?"

"Where?" whispered the sergeant.

"Ahead, and a little on the right flank. A reg'lar skirmish-line. Don't you see 'em?"

"Naw," whispered the sergeant. Dryden began to shake. He began moving one hand from his head to his knee and from his knee to his head rapidly, in a way that is without explanation. "I don't dare fire," he wept. "If I do they'll see me, and oh, how they'll pepper me!"

The sergeant, lying on his belly, understood one thing. Dryden had gone mad. Dryden was the March hare. The old man gulped down his uproarious emotions as well as he was able, and used the most simple device. "Go," he said, "and tell the lieutenant while I cover your post for you."

"No! They'd see me! And they'd pepper me! Oh, how they'd pepper me!"

The sergeant was face to face with the biggest situation of his life. In the first place, he knew that at night a large or a small force of Spanish guerillas was never more than easy rifle-range from any marine outpost, both sides maintaining a secrecy as absolute as possible in regard

to their real position and strength. Everything was on a watch-spring foundation. A loud word might be paid for by a night attack, which would involve five hundred men who needed their sleep, not to speak of some of them who would need their lives. The slip of a foot and the rolling of a pint of gravel might go from consequence to consequence, until various crews went to general quarters on their ships in the harbour, their batteries booming as the swift searchlight-flashes tore through the foliage. Men would get killed—notably, the sergeant and Dryden—and outposts would be cut off, and the whole night would be one pitiless turmoil. And so sergeant George H. Peasley began to run his private mad-house behind the cactus-bush.

"Dryden," said the sergeant, "you do as I told you, and go tell the lieutenant."

"I don't dare move," shivered the man. "They'll see me if I move. They'll see me. They're almost up now. Let's hide——"

"Well, then, you stay here a moment, and I'll go and——"

Dryden turned upon him a look so tigerish that the old man felt his hair move. "Don't you stir," he hissed. "You want to give me away. You want them to see me. Don't you stir." The sergeant decided not to stir.

He became aware of the slow wheeling of eternity, its majestic incomprehensibility of movement. Seconds, moments, were quaint little things, tangible as toys, and there were billions of them, all alike. "Dryden," he whispered at the end of a century in which, curiously, he had never joined the marine corps at all, but had taken to another walk of life, and prospered greatly in it, "Dryden, this is all foolishness." He thought of the expedient of smashing the man over the head with his rifle, but Dryden was so supernaturally alert that there surely would issue some small scuffle, and there could not even be the fraction of a scuffle. The sergeant relapsed into the contemplation of another century. His patient had one fine virtue. He was in such terror of the phantom skirmish-line that

his voice never went above a whisper, whereas his delusion might have expressed itself in coyote yells and shots from his rifle. The sergeant, shuddering, had visions of how it might have been—the mad private leaping into the air and howling and shooting at his friends, and making them the centre of the enemy's eager attention. This, to his mind, would have been conventional conduct for a maniac. The trembling victim of an

should take a crack at us to-night, they'd find a lunatic asylum right in the front, and it would be astonishing."

The silence of the night was broken by the quick, low voice of a sentry to the left some distance. The breathless stillness brought an effect to the words as if they had been spoken in one's ear—

"*Halt!—who's there? Halt—or I'll fire!*" Bang!

At the moment of sudden attack,



Dryden paid no heed.

idea was somewhat puzzling. The sergeant decided that from time to time he would reason with his patient. "Look here, Dryden, you don't see any real Spaniards. You've been drinking or—something. Now——"

But Dryden only glared him into silence. Dryden was inspired with such a profound contempt of him that it was become hatred. "Don't you stir!" And it was clear that if the sergeant did stir, the mad private would introduce calamity. "Now," said Peasley to himself, "if those guerillas

particularly at night, it is improbable that a man registers much detail of either thought or action. He may afterwards say, "I was here." He may say, "I was there." "I did this." "I did that." But there remains a great incoherency, because of the tumultuous thought which seethes through the head. "Is this defeat?" At night, in a wilderness and against skilful foes half seen, one does not trouble to ask if it is also death. Defeat is death, then, save for the miraculous ones. But the exaggerating, magnifying first thought

subsides in the ordered mind of the soldier, and he knows, soon, what he is doing and how much of it. The sergeant's immediate impulse had been to squeeze close to the ground and listen—listen—above all else, listen. But the next moment he grabbed his private asylum

asylum came on so hastily that the sergeant found he could remove his grip, and soon they were in the midst of the men of the outpost. Here there was no occasion for enlightening the lieutenant. In the first place, such surprises require statement, question, and answer. It is



The sergeant grabbed his private asylum by the scruff of its neck.

by the scruff of its neck, jerked it to its feet, and started to retreat upon the main outpost.

To the left, rifle-flashes were bursting from the shadows. To the rear the lieutenant was giving some hoarse order or caution. Through the air swept some Spanish bullets, very high, as if they had been fired at a man in a tree. The private

impossible to get a grossly original and fantastic idea through a man's head in less than one minute of rapid talking, and the sergeant knew that the lieutenant could not spare the minute. He himself had no minute to devote to anything but the business of the outpost. And the madman disappeared from his ken, and he forgot about him.

It was a long night, and the little fight was as long as the night. It was heart-breaking work. The forty Marines lay in an irregular oval. From all sides the Mauser bullets sang low and swift. The occupation of the Americans was to prevent a rush, and to this end they potted carefully at the flash of a Mauser, save when they got excited for a moment, in which case their magazines rattled like a great Waterbury watch. Then they settled again to a systematic potting.

formidable troops. It mattered little whether it was daylight or dark; they were mainly invisible. They had schooled from the Cuban insurgents to Spain. As the Cuban fought the Spanish troops, so would these particular Spanish troops fight the Americans. It was wisdom.

The Marines thoroughly understood the game. They must lie close and fight until daylight, when the guerillas promptly would go away. They had withstood other nights of this kind, and now their



They fought more like Red Indians.

The enemy were not of the regular Spanish forces. They were of a corps of guerillas, native-born Cubans, who preferred the flag of Spain. They were all men who knew the craft of the woods, and were all recruited from the district. They fought more like Red Indians than any people but the Red Indians themselves. Each seemed to possess an individuality, a fighting individuality, which is only found in the highest order of irregular soldier. Personally they were as distinct as possible, but through equality of knowledge and experience they arrived at concert of action. So long as they operated in the wilderness, they were

principal emotion was probably a sort of frantic annoyance.

Back at the main camp, whenever the roaring volleys lulled, the men in the trenches could hear their comrades of outpost and the guerillas pattering away interminably. The moonlight faded and left an equal darkness upon the wilderness. A man could barely see the comrade at his side. Sometimes guerillas crept so close that the flame from their rifles seemed to scorch the faces of the Marines, and the reports sounded as if from two or three inches of their very noses. If a pause came, one could hear the guerillas gabbling to each other in a kind of

drunken delirium. The lieutenant was praying for daylight.

A black hour came finally, when the men were not fit to have their troubles increase. The enemy made a wild attack on one portion of the oval which was held by about fifteen men. The remainder of the force was busy enough, and the fifteen were naturally left to their devices. Amid

This croak was as lugubrious as a coffin. "Who is it? Who is it?" snapped the lieutenant. "Stop him, somebody."

"It's Dryden, Sir," said old Sergeant Peasley, as he felt around in the darkness for his mad-house. "I can't find him—yet."

Please, oh please, oh, do not let me fall!
You're—gurgh—ugh—



The lieutenant arose among them. . . . "Now where is that idiot, sergeant?"

the whirl of it, a loud voice suddenly broke out in song—

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
An angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Who the hell is that?" demanded the lieutenant from a throat full of smoke. There was almost a full stop of the firing. The Americans were puzzled. Practical ones muttered that the fool should have a bayonet hilt shoved down his throat. Others felt a thrill at the strangeness of the thing. Perhaps it was a sign!—

The minstrel boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.

The sergeant had pounced upon him.

This singing had had an effect upon the Spaniards. At first they had fired frenziedly at the voice, but they soon ceased, perhaps from sheer amazement. Both sides took a spell of meditation.

The sergeant was having some difficulty with his charge. "Here you, grab 'im. Take 'im by the throat. Be quiet, you devil!"

One of the fifteen men who had been hardly pressed called out, "We've only got about one clip a-piece, lieutenant. If they come again—"

The lieutenant crawled to and fro among his men, taking clips of cartridges from those who had many. He came upon the

sergeant and his mad-house. He felt Dryden's belt and found it simply stuffed with ammunition. He examined Dryden's rifle and found in it a full clip. The mad-house had not fired a shot. The lieutenant distributed these valuable prizes among the fifteen men. As they gratefully took them, one said, "If they had come again hard enough, they would have had us, Sir—maybe."

But the Spaniards did not come again. At the first indication of daybreak they fired their customary good-bye volley. The Marines lay tight while the slow dawn crept over the land. Finally, the lieutenant arose among them, and he was a bewildered man, but very angry. "Now where is that idiot, sergeant?"

"Here he is, Sir," said the old man cheerfully. He was seated on the ground beside the recumbent Dryden, who, with an innocent smile on his face, was sound asleep.

"Wake him up," said the lieutenant briefly.

The sergeant shook the sleeper. "Here, Minstrel Boy, turn out. The lieutenant wants you."

Dryden climbed to his feet and saluted the officer with a dazed and childish air. "Yes, Sir."

The lieutenant was obviously having difficulty in governing his feelings, but he managed to say with calmness: "You seem to be fond of singing, Dryden. Sergeant, see if he has any whisky on him."

"Sir?" said the mad-house, stupefied. "Singing—fond of singing?"

Here the sergeant interposed gently, and he and the lieutenant held palaver apart from the others. The Marines, hitching more comfortably their almost empty belts, spoke with grins of the mad-house. "Well, the Minstrel Boy made 'em clear out. They couldn't stand it. But—I wouldn't want to be in his boots. He'll see fireworks when the old man interviews him on the uses of grand opera in modern warfare. How do you think he managed to smuggle a bottle along without us finding it out?"

When the weary outpost was relieved and marched back to camp the men could not rest until they had told a tale of the voice in the wilderness. In the meantime the sergeant took Dryden aboard a ship, and to those who assumed charge of the man, he defined him as "the most useful — crazy man in the service of the United States."



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM SYMONS.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand.

TYRTAEUS: MARTIAL ELEGY.

“ONE of the most likable men I have ever met,” was the remark made about Sir William Penn Symons by a brother officer, when the news of his brilliant feat of arms at Glencoe first came to hand. At that time it was not certain that the wound would prove fatal; some slight hope was entertained of his recovery. But it was not to be; he was struck down on the day of his crowning triumph; he met the death which he himself would probably have chosen, and the Empire mourns his loss.

Such an end to such a career is not without its elements of tragedy; for, much as Symons had done, those who had followed his career felt that here was a man who only needed a fitting opportunity to reap the highest distinction in his profession.

For Symons was a man who had not been dealt with very kindly by fortune. Unlike many of our younger officers of to-day, his early military career was an uneventful one. Indeed, until the year 1877, when he was thirty-four years old, he never saw any active service, and his promotion was slow in consequence. His first experience of actual fighting was in Africa. He took the field with his regiment—the South Wales Borderers, the old 24th—against the Galekas, and again in the Zulu Campaign; but though he distinguished himself in the fighting, his prospects were by no means of the brightest. He was over thirty-five, and had just got his company.

He missed Isandula through being sent elsewhere on duty; but owing to the thinning of the officers through that

disaster he got his Majority, the first stroke of good luck he had had. Still, several years passed without any further opportunities presenting themselves, and it was not till '85, when the Burmese Campaign started, that he had another chance. In India he came under the eye of Lord Roberts, who, sharing his enthusiasm for shooting, and recognising the sterling material of which Symons was made, took care that his abilities should not be wasted.

From that time until his death Symons had no reason to complain that he had not enough to do. Indeed, for the last fourteen years he was almost constantly employed. From 1885 to 1889 he saw most of the fighting in Burma; he commanded a brigade in the Chin Lushai affair in 1890; also commanded a brigade in the Waziristan Expedition of 1894-95; and in the last operations on the North-West Frontier, and afterwards was in command of a division in the Tirah Campaign. For an officer whose promotion and chances of distinction came so late he had probably a unique record. He had the Second India General Service Medal with four clasps, and the Merit Medal with two clasps. He was twice given the thanks of the Government of India for his services, and for the part he took in the Tirah Campaign was awarded a K.C.B.

A quiet, self-contained man—indeed he used to be known as “Quiet Symons”—the hero of Glencoe was not one who would be popular in the ordinary acceptance of the word. Withal he was kindly and genial, and had the capacity of winning the devotion and affection of those who were privileged to get beyond

his outer reserve. At home he was a typical country gentleman, fond of hunting, shooting, and fishing, and attached to the home of his ancestors at Hatt, in Cornwall, where he was beloved by all who knew him.

There is a parallel not wholly imaginative between the fate of General Symons and that of Sir John Moore. Both met their

few medical officers and a few civilians attended. "No useless coffin enclosed his breast," for his body was simply shrouded in the Union Jack; there was no martial music, no farewell shot. The service was read by the Rev. Mr. Darby. By an act of courtesy entirely to the enemy's credit, General Joubert imme-



THE VICTOR OF DUNDEE: THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. P. SYMONS.

fate in the moment of victory, and at the same time the forces which both led, though victorious, were executing a movement of retreat. In the story of Symons' burial, too, which later despatches brought to us, the parallel is strikingly maintained, with the melancholy difference that Symons died practically a prisoner in the enemy's hands. He was buried on Oct. 24, the morning after he died, close to the English church at Dundee. A

diately notified Symons's death to General White at Ladysmith. Thus died and thus was buried an able General, a gallant gentleman, whom Fame discovered only at the moment when Fate snatched him away. But his name is added to the long roll of Britain's glorious dead, and if it be the supreme happiness of the leader to fall in the moment of victory, then Symons may indeed be called *felix opportunitate mortis*.

THE DUBLIN FUSILIERS.

By GEORGE DOUGLAS.

TO the Dublin Fusiliers, who stormed the Boer position in the first great fight at Glencoe, belongs the glory of establishing the British supremacy in India. They were a chief instrument in the hands of Clive; at Wandewash and Porto Novo they helped Coote to carry out the great designs of Warren Hastings. Their name is written in letters of blood



LIEUTENANT CHARLES NOEL PERREAU,
Wounded at Dundee.

on every page of our Indian history. It is more than two hundred years since the regiment was raised, but till 1871 it never saw the shores of England. All that time it was warring in the East. It had whipped the Dutch once and again ere the charge of Glencoe, but until the day of Glencoe it never fought outside the borders of Asia. Its badges are the Royal Tiger of Bengal and the Indian Elephant. Round these are the

great words, "Plassey," "Mysore," "Buxar," and "The Carnatic." The long list of victories that glitters on its colours is entirely made up of Indian names—and of these names fifteen are peculiar to the "Blue-Caps," and are shared by no other regiment. That list of victories is the story of Britain's lordship in the East: "Arcot," "Condore," "Wandewash," "Sholingur," "Nundy Droog," "Amboyna," "Ternate," "Banda," "Pondicherry," "Mahidpoor," "Guzerat," "Seringapatam," "Kirkee," "Beni Boo Ally," "Aden," "Punjaub," "Mooltan," "Goojerat," "Ava," "Pegu," "Lucknow"! Such is the great record. The history of the Dublin Fusiliers is the history of British India.

The Dublin Fusiliers is the territorial title of the great regiment made up of the old 102nd and 103rd Foot; in other words, of the Madras Fusiliers and the Bombay Fusiliers. As early as 1645 various companies of the Madras Fusiliers were asserting the British supremacy in India. But it was not till 1668 that the regiment was finally established. For a hundred years they defended the scanty foothold of England in the East. And there, with Clive, they leapt into fame. Fully to appreciate the part they played, one must understand its relation to the larger drama of world-empire slowly evolving through the centuries. The French threatened to be masters of the whole of India. As Macaulay says, the natives of India "had seen the French colours flying on Fort St. George; they had seen the chiefs of the English factory led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry; they had seen the arms and counsels of Dupleix

everywhere successful. . . . At this moment the valour and genius of an obscure English youth turned the tide of fortune."



CAPTAIN M. LOWNDES,
Wounded at Dundee.

The Dublin Fusiliers were the chief instrument by which Clive turned it.

The French were besieging Trichinopoly. If it fell, the whole of India must be theirs. Clive conceived the daring plan of raising the siege of Trichinopoly by making a sudden attack upon Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the favourite residence of the Nabobs. The odds against him were tremendous. He was only twenty-five years of age; hitherto he had been a clerk in a mercantile office, with little or no military training. To carry out his plan he had only 200 of the Dublin Fusiliers and a force of 300 Sepoys. Arcot was a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and was defended by 1100 trained soldiers. But nothing daunted Clive. He marched straight to the gates of Arcot through a terrible storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. The garrison fled in a panic, and Arcot was won.

Clive and his little band were immediately besieged by an overwhelming force of ten thousand men. The situation was desperate. The English garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. There were now only 120 of the Dublin Fusiliers and 200 of the Sepoys. Four of the eight officers had fallen. "The walls of Arcot

were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers." But for fifty days Clive, with his Fusiliers and Sepoys, held the enemy at bay. The besiegers sent elephants to carry battering-rams against the walls; the defenders maddened the huge beasts by a fusillade which sent them plunging back to spread ruin and death through the enemy. It was during this siege that the Dublin Fusiliers, in the person of one of its officers, performed the greatest service it has ever rendered the Empire. From an embrasure one of the enemy was seen to be taking sure and deadly aim at the unconscious Clive. Escape was impossible. Only a human barrier could arrest the swift-coming death. Lieutenant Trewith, of the 102nd, deliberately leapt forward and received in his own heart the bullet that was meant for his General. He fell dead, and Clive lived, to win Plassey—and India—for England.

After a last desperate assault, which was foiled, the enemy were forced to retreat from Arcot. Clive, his Fusiliers with him then as always, was quick to pursue his advantage. Pondicherry, Trichinopoly,



CAPTAIN DIBLEY,
Wounded at Dundee.

and Tanjore were taken in rapid succession. Finally, at Plassey the Fusiliers were among the thousand British soldiers who, with 2000 Sepoys, routed Surajah

Dowlah and 60,000 men. Henceforth, wherever fighting occurs in India, the Fusiliers have a habit of "occurring" too. Keene, of the 102nd, at the head of 200 British soldiers and 400 Sepoys, won the Battle of Coverpauk, capturing nine field-pieces and three mortars. A curious thing happened at Baboor. The Fusiliers and a French regiment, after raking each other with repeated volleys, started to charge at the same moment, as if moved by the same impulse, and crossed bayonets at half-way. This happens very rarely — an infantry regiment generally



THE LATE CAPTAIN WELDON,
Killed at Dundee.

waits to receive an attack of another regiment of infantry or cavalry; in this case each rushed to meet the other. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that the French regiment was driven off the field. The Fusiliers were foremost in the great fights at Condore and Wandewash. At Buxar, under Major Munroe, they routed the enemy; and they were part of our army of 11,000 men which at Sholingur vanquished Hyder Ali's force of 60,000, capturing seventy guns and destroying 3000 of their foes. At Cuddalore they had a romantic adventure. They captured a young French sergeant, and brought him forward to the warmth of their own camp-fire. The flickering light revealed the face, quick-eyed and

resolute, of one born to command. And the French sergeant who that night warmed his hands at the ruddy firelight of the Dublin Fusiliers was indeed destined to a strange and glittering career. His name was Bernadotte. He married the ex-fiancée of Napoleon Buonaparte, lived to be a Marshal of France, and died King of Sweden. Napoleon consented to stand godfather to Bernadotte's first child, partly to conciliate him, and partly to please his wife, who, as Desirée Clary, had been the Emperor's first sweetheart. Now the only book for which Napoleon cared was "Ossian," and Oscar is the hero of "Ossian." Therefore Napoleon gave that name to Bernadotte's baby. Hence the present King Oscar of Sweden derives his name from a literary whim of the great Emperor.

The next thrilling feat of the Dublin Fusiliers was performed at the capture of Nundy Droog by the British. Though lucky in everything else, the "Blue-Caps" are certainly unfortunate in the names of their victories. It needs a very strong regiment to bear up against the burden of names so comical as Nundy Droog and Beni Boo Ally—just as you don't expect a man to be a poet if he's christened Jeremiah Swigglesbig! Nundy Droog!—why, it's a ridiculous name, appropriate to nothing so much as a bandy-legged Hindoo water-carrier. But if the name be ridiculous, the place is terrible. The story of its capture by the Dublin Fusiliers shows that long before the Battle of Glencoe the "Blue-Caps" were famous for storming inaccessible positions. Nundy Droog is a fortress perched on a precipitous rock which is over 2000 ft. high. When the Mahrattas held it against Hyder Ali, he was forced to besiege it for three long years ere it surrendered. The British captured it in just three weeks. The 4th Battalion of the 102nd was selected for the final assault. Doveton was the man that led it. A broad, bright Indian moon glared down upon the craggy peaks, that towered high and far, casting long black shadows. So high was the fortress above the British position that the bugle-calls of



Photo. by Chasodier, Dublin.

HEROES OF DUNDEE: THE ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS ON PARADE.

the enemy seemed to come floating down from an infinite distance. At last the assault was sounded, and the Fusiliers dashed at the steep. Hell opened above them. Cannon-shot ploughed through them, musketry raked them, rockets blasted them, great boulders rolled down from above and carried them away. But they never stopped. They walked up the face of that cliff—and then they dropped the enemy over it.

Next the "Blue-Caps" went into Seringapatam under Wellesley. Then they captured Amboyna from the Dutch. They landed in the island at two o'clock one afternoon. By twelve o'clock next day 1500 Dutchmen had surrendered, and the whole island was in British hands. But the Fusiliers had never enough of it. They went on to the capture of Ternate, Banda, and Kurnool. Then they had a spell of service at Rangoon, fought with the army of Ava, captured Basseim and Pegu, and then came the Mutiny.

Neill, their Colonel, wanted to get on to Benares to check the mutineers. The station-master refused to keep the train waiting till the full force of the Fusiliers arrived. Neill ordered two of them to cover the guard and the drivers with their guns, and to shoot them on the spot if they dared to stir until the regiment had come. During the Mutiny the Fusiliers were everywhere. Fifteen of them were lured into a death-trap by Nana Sahib. They were especially mentioned by Havelock for their conduct at the Battle of Futtehpoore; they relieved Wheeler at Cawnpore. The floor of the room where the English women had been killed was still two inches deep in blood when their countrymen marched in, and little baby-shoes were floating in the blood. The Dublin Fusiliers were among those who wept, with bursting sobs, at the awful sight; they were among those who avenged it. The high-caste native of India believes that if he touches blood his soul is lost to all eternity. Neill, the Colonel of the Fusiliers, now made Brigadier-General, ere he blew the black scoundrels from the guns, made them wipe

up the blood of the women and children they had slaughtered!

It was at this time that the Fusiliers gained their nickname of "Blue-Caps." A despatch of Nana Sahib was intercepted, in which he referred to "those blue-capped English soldiers that fight like devils." The name soon stuck. At the siege of Lucknow the bridge of Char Bagh was raked by four guns, and defended on the flanks by four others. "Who is to carry it?" said Outram. "My Blue-Caps," said Havelock. And they carried it. Before that, at Mungurwar, Sergeant Mahoney of the Fusiliers—have you noticed, by-the-bye, how often Irish Roman Catholic names occur in the annals of this regiment?—at Glencoe, the other day, the list of killed and wounded was full of—

O'Rourkes and Donellys,

O'Briens, O'Kellys,

Fitzpathricks, and good fellows all, *wirrasthoo!*

Fitzpathricks and good fellows all.

Well, at Mungurwar, Mahoney of the Fusiliers captured, by his own single and desperate endeavour, the flag of the First Bengal Regiment of Mutineers. No wonder that Neill adored the men he led. And they adored him. A wild yell of rage and despair went up from their ranks when he fell dead from his horse in the streets of Lucknow. You may see almost any day in Pall Mall the officer who lifted his dead body and took it along with him on the carriage of his gun. It was General Sir William Olpherts, V.C., K.C.B., "Hell-Fire Jack" of the Indian Mutiny, the chief of that band of Lucknow veterans whose loyal motto is "*Donec mors nos separaverit.*"

The 2nd Battalion of the Dublin Fusiliers consists of the old Bombay Fusiliers, raised in 1660 to protect the "Island of Bombay," which Catharine of Braganza brought as part of her dowry to Charles II. of England. Its record is practically the same as that of the 1st Battalion.

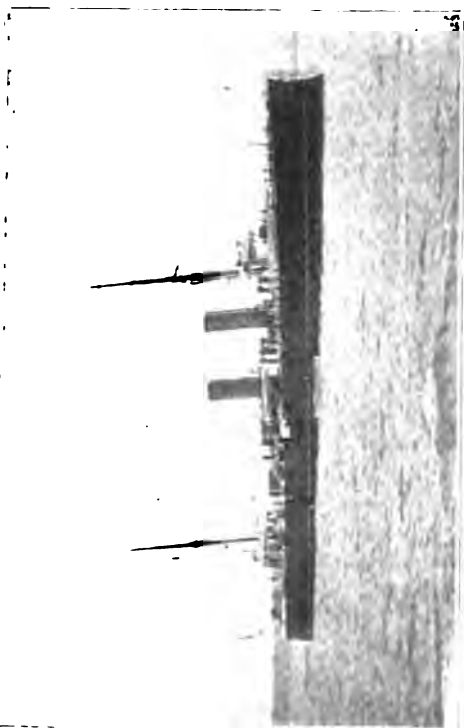
All kinds of good stories—humorous, thrilling, and pathetic—cluster round the annals of the old Bombay Fusiliers. At one of their terrible sieges—it was Seringapatam, so far as I remember—a

sergeant of the Fusiliers named Grahame mounted a breach in the ramparts, and, amid a perfect hail of bullets from the defenders, planted the colours of the regiment. But still he was not satisfied. "Hang 'em!" he cried, "I'll show 'em what a British soldier can do!" He leapt to the very summit of the rampart, and stood there with the colours in his hand, heartening on his followers, who were still clambering up the piles of débris beneath him. He had been promised a commission if he succeeded in his terrible adventure. "Here's to Lieutenant Grahame!" he cried. Scarce had the words left his lips when he fell dead, with a bullet through his heart.

Then there is that other great story which recalls a touching incident that happened the other day in Natal. In one of the recent engagements, you may remember, Captain Paton, the son of Sir Noel Paton, was left wounded on the battlefield, and one of his privates crept to his side and lay all night with his arms round him in the beating rain that warmth from his own body might keep the spark of life burning in the officer's. 'Tis a great story that, but an incident more touching still is related in the annals of the Dublin Fusiliers. Sixty or seventy years ago there were two foster-brothers in the regiment—Connaught men they were—one of them a fair-haired young officer, the other a wild gossoon of a private. "Ye'll be looking after Terence!" the "ould leddy at the Castle" had said to Pat Murphy appealingly, when the two boys left Slieve-Annan for the wars. "Sure and I will!" said Pat. Well, ere three years were over, they were both of them wounded almost to the death on a mountain battlefield in India. When they were found on the following morning the officer was living, the private was dead. And yet of the two he was the less seriously wounded. But he had stripped himself of all his clothing, and heaped it above his unconscious master, in order to guard that feeble remnant of life from the bitter frost of the mountain-side. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

FOUR OF OUR GUARD-SHIPS ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN COAST.

From Photographs by Giddi, Southport



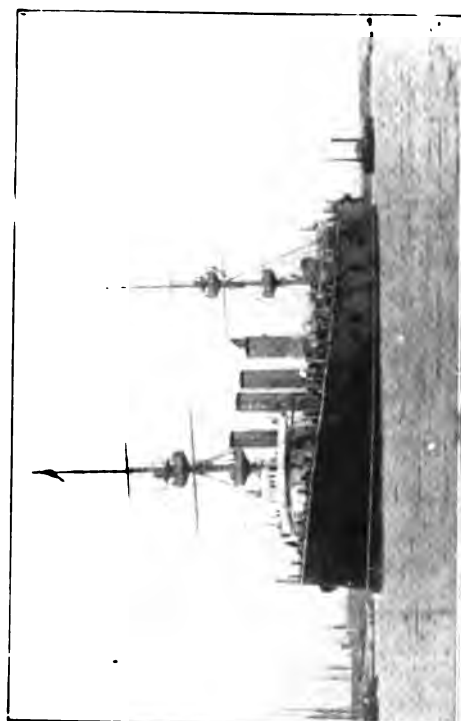
H.M.S. "THETIS."



H.M.S. "FORFE."



H.M.S. "MAGICIENNE."



H.M.S. "TERRIBLE."

THE SERVANT OF COLONEL SOONG.

By C. W. MASON,

*Author of "Max," "Merlin," "Shen's Pigtail," "Chest of Opium," "Chinese Horror,"
"One of the Lost," etc.*

COLONEL SOONG was dreadfully dull-witted; you had to tell him just what to do and how to do it, and be very clear and definite with him, saying neither too much nor too little, because he never missed a word of his instructions and took each word *au pied de la lettre*, carrying it out in a faithful, dogged, and complete fashion, which made him the bugbear of commanders. It is a mistake to suppose that England has the monopoly of bull-dogs, or America of sleuth-hounds; I think I could match you, from the eighteen provinces of China, every type that you can find in European caricature, without in the least going outside the normal idiosyncrasies of Han. Soong was not only bull-dog in character—stupid, grave, docile, and tenacious—but he was John Bull in form—big, burly, heavy-handed, and handsome; sparing of words, deficient in delicacy, but always beaming with a slow, simple, and robust good-heartedness. He was now an old man, though still just as robust, simple, and slow-witted as ever; he had never got on, owing to his stupid honesty, modesty, and lack of ambition, and was always employed in the most dangerous, hopeless, and unprofitable tasks, which, to the disgust of his superiors, he always accomplished exactly according to his instructions, neither realising their difficulty nor staying his hand for any considerations of tact.

It was owing to these qualities that he was put in command of the forts on Liu Kung-tao Island, in the centre of Wei-hai-Wei Bay, at the beginning of the war. When the Japanese at length began

the blockade in earnest, having bottled up Ting's squadron, Li-Hung-Chang smiled his old smile and rubbed his bony hands. "Now, your Highness," he said to Prince Kung (since deceased), "I think I have put both my enemies at home and my enemies abroad in the mouth of the tiger. Wei-hai-Wei will not be sold to the Japanese, nor will it be evacuated." "Then what will happen?" asked the Prince, who had no dearer wish than the final degradation of the Viceroy. "The British Government will see, as I told them when they first set eyes on Port Arthur, that Wei-hai-Wei is an impregnable harbour for them; and the Japanese will pull another burnt chestnut out of the fire for the jackals." "And that is your Excellency's patriotism?" sneered the Prince. But the old diplomatist is not accustomed to commit himself for the sake of a retort. "When you cannot fight, you must set your enemies to fight each other," he replied with affected despondency, quoting an old proverb.

It is unnecessary to point out that his words have come true. The Japanese, after an expensive war, have gained nothing from China. Russia has Port Arthur, and Britain Wei-hai-Wei. Port Arthur was taken easily, Wei-hai-Wei was not.

But this is digressing. As generally happens in this well-ordered but inscrutable world, where the genius marries a servant and the giantess a midget, where the crocodile is guarded by a bird and the lion catered for by the jackal, the big and stupid Colonel was watched over by a devoted servant. This man's name was

Fang Chu-i. Fang was officious, prying, and cantankerous; crafty, vigilant, and indefatigable; small, ugly, and wizened; ill-tempered, fault-finding, and unscrupulous; but devoted to his master. Perhaps this was because no one less easy-going and stupid than sturdy Soong would have tolerated his services for a week. Fang was disgusted with his master's lack of ambition, and with the Government's unjust neglect; and when Soong was appointed to the command of the forts he determined that it should be a good thing for Soong.

I am not going to describe the blockade and bombardment of Wei-hai-Wei. Probably in the few particulars I shall give you will find mistakes. The fact is I have forgotten all about it, and have no books or papers with me in the remote spot where I write. This does not matter at all. I am describing a personal matter, and history is neither here nor there.

Fang had resolved to enrich his master after the traditional fashion, so well exemplified in the preceding actions of the war. The Colonel commanded the central island, and kept the keys of the

passage. For the first time, therefore, he held a position which was worth money. With great risk and difficulty, and after long and irritating negotiations, Fang managed to fix up a price for bringing the enemy's torpedo-boats undiscovered into the harbour.

When Fang had completed the arrange-



The Shantung corporal dropped his rifle across the door.

ments, he ferreted round about the fort in search of his master. The soldiers disliked him, but they loved and feared the Colonel, and therefore put up with Fang's inquisitive and domineering officiousness with the good-humour which is the characteristic of the northern brave. As Fang bustled into the howitzer battery,

the Shantung corporal dropped his rifle across the door, saying, "Wait awhile, *ho-chi*; the General is asleep."

"What is that to me?" retorted the fiery and fearless little busybody. "Mind your own business, sheep's head."

The large sentinel grinned genially and dug his bayonet into the opposite post of the door, and leaned back with crossed legs—that being his business; but as Fang had already dodged under the barrel and disappeared, he restored his rifle to the easy and scratched his head, muttering, "Sheep's head it is—*ren ni-ty ma ma-ty cho-pi*."

Soong was sleeping in a bamboo arm-chair, his hands crossed on his portly stomach, and a genial, but somewhat grave, smile on his handsome dirty face. Soong did not wash, undress, or go to bed in presence of the enemy, and he had had a good deal to do during the past week. But if Fang Chu-i did not spare himself, he did not spare his master, and, indeed, he was not backward in expressing the opinion that the Colonel was growing luxurious in his old age. He therefore plucked his sleeve with no little irritation. "A pretty thing," he snapped, "for you to take your ease while I have been freezing in a sanpan to make your fortune. Yes, you may well rub your eyes. Oh, yes, it is only Chu-i—only Chu-i, who has been two hours in an open boat risking his life for a master who goes to sleep directly he thinks I don't see him. I suppose you will say you were tired, now?"

"Oh, no, not tired, Chu-i; just forty winks, comrade. But hungry, yes. Yes, I think I am hungry, Chu-i. Now you have got a bowl of rice for me somewhere, I'll be bound."

"Rice!" snorted the little man contemptuously. "Of course, you must want rice, when you know the men have hardly a bowl apiece for themselves. No, *tung-chia*, I've got something better than rice. I've got a prize. I want a torpedo-boat at once. You must come with me to the Admiral, and tell him to send out a torpedo-boat under my command. There is a Japanese cruiser feeling her way into the harbour, and I can guide the boat right under her quarter."

"*Hao; hao-te-hén!*" said the Colonel in his big cheerful voice, rising with ponderous alacrity; and informing his second in command of the reason of his absence, he stepped into the sanpan with Fang, and was rowed through the inky darkness to the Admiral's flag-ship, anchored behind the island. He had no difficulty in obtaining the torpedo-boat for Fang, and the latter, with no lights showing, wormed its way through the mines towards the mouth of the bay. The Colonel was an old friend of Ting's, a man like himself, big, simple, and brave, although arrogant and careless; and Soong made no bones about asking him for a meal. When Ting heard that the stores of the garrison were already giving out, the gloom which had already been remarked by his officers for some days deepened into the weariness of utter dejection. "I can't help you, comrade," he groaned; "to-morrow—to-morrow, perhaps. That — Huai is intercepting all the rice for his damned Hananese, a wretched useless mob who will only run away and leave us at the mercy of our own forts. *Ai ya*, why did I ever quarrel with Lang?"

"You always were a stubborn fool, comrade," Soong replied sympathetically.

"At least we can die at our posts," murmured the Admiral half to himself.

"What else?" replied the Colonel in surprise. "You don't want to die in your bed. I suppose?"

This expression, while possessing the ordinary meaning, is also used as a euphemism for death by order of the Emperor. "At least my bed shall be on my own ship," replied Ting gloomily.

"You're poor company, *ho-chi*," said Soong, rising as he completed his meal. "That rat Chu-i of mine is worth the lot of us, *wo-tsou*."

"Stay, Colonel," said the Admiral, recovering himself, and exhibiting a grave authority different from his usual weak-mindedness. "This servant of yours—is he trustworthy? Mistrust everyone! Mistrust everyone! We were sold at Port Arthur. We were betrayed at Yalu. I suspect that the cliff batteries overlooking us are sold. For God's sake hold the island!"

only are they subject to a power they both hate and despise, but they have lively remembrances of the cruelties practised on them by Abel Erasmus, the Boer representative in their midst, described by Lord Wolseley, then Sir Garnet, as "a fiend in human form." An instance

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Instantly, of course, flash-lights shot out from the ironclads, and the undisciplined artillerymen of the various ships and forts blazed wastefully into the darkness. But it was too late; a thundering explosion shook the bay, and the glare of a bursting magazine revealed the sister ironclad of the flag-ship settling down by the stern, while long rat-like forms scurried back into the darkness. Fang had shown the way through the mines to the enemy's torpedo-boats.

Fang rushed into the battery mad with reckless anger, but Soong took him with gentle force and drew him out of earshot of the gunners. "You mustn't come into the battery while firing is going on, my good Chu-i," he said, with his usual bluff good temper. "Your place is with the sutlers."

"When I see my master blowing up his own boats, I consider it time to give my attendance," he retorted bitterly. "I think you are mad, Soong Kua."

The Colonel administered a kindly buffet on poor Fang's ear which nearly stunned him. "*Man man-ly*, comrade," he said good-naturedly. "A little firing makes me rough with the hand, and I wish not to hurt my faithful Chu-i. It was best not to leave that crew to speak of our good-fortune, eh, *I-tsu*? And, besides, it was good. The Admiral would have suspected you."

Fang gasped with astonishment; this unwonted promptness and perception in his master's brain stunned him more than his master's heavy hand. He became quite docile, and voluble of the most genuine admiration. "But it will be difficult now to go ashore with the treasure, master?" he said questioningly.

"We must not take it ashore, Chu-i. We must conceal it here. It will be time enough to take it to Shanghai after the war, eh?"

The silver, which by Fang's forethought had been put up in ammunition-boxes, was removed by two of the Colonel's most trusted privates to the reserve magazine, located *under the Commandant's hut*, as a precaution against mutiny. The Kung-tao forts, like every other Chinese arsenal,

floating and fixed, were, of course, unsupplied with reserves, and the cave was empty save for some boxes of dynamite and a barrel of gunpowder which Soong had borrowed from the flag-ship. All firing having ceased above, the Colonel dismissed the braves and set to work himself against the cement wall with a pick, to make a hole in which to conceal the Japanese bribe.

"But the dynamite? The dynamite, master?" cried Fang, his knees trembling.

"In good time, Chu-i; in good time," Soong replied with his usual cheerful stupidity. "The first thing is to hide this silver, lest someone should one day say that the servant of Soong Kua had betrayed his master. That would be the same as if Soong Kua himself had betrayed his country, would it not, Chu-i?"

Fang flung himself on his knees and beat his head on the flags, uttering wailings.

"Master, my beloved master, I did it for the best," he cried. "What has your country done for you? General Huai has allowed the enemy to land behind, and to-morrow he will run away, leaving the forts in their hands. They put you here to save their face, knowing that you will die. I will not let you die! You shall escape to-night, and afterwards you will come back here and find your money, and be able to sleep on a bed and eat lily-flowers in a quiet old age. If you do not do this, I—I myself, I swear—will say when you are dead that you were a traitor."

The simple-minded soldier seemed puzzled by this alternative; but he shook his head like an old bull-dog, and lifting the ponderous little chests single-handed, poured their shoe-shaped nuggets into the pit he had made. As soon as the heavy work was done, he sent Fang out for a bucket of lime, and plastered the wall up again.

"Ee!" he said, wiping his forehead, for he sweated easily, in spite of the intense cold. "Let us go up, Chu-i, and you shall make me a cup of tea before we talk any more. And tell the captains I am ready for their reports."

crushed only with the greatest difficulty ; so that a considerable force must be able to take the field. There must also be a large number of Sekukuni's people in the Transvaal, and they will hardly forget that

of every burgher on the march ; yet he cannot take any measures to avert the danger, nor can he tell when or where it may break out. He has, as it were, to contend with secret foes of his own



Photo. by Gear, Chidley and Co.

BASUTO DISMOUNTED.

their chief not only defeated the Boers, but made them appear cowards in the face of all South Africa. The prospect of meeting an enemy in battle is wholesome and stimulating ; the fear of a rising of virtual slaves is demoralising. It hampers every military movement, and haunts the mind

household as well as with the enemy at his gates.

There is very little likelihood of a native rising in Cape Colony or in Natal, where Kaffirs, Bushmen, Fingoes, and all the other races with which we have been brought in contact are happy and

scheming, active, and nervous brain, and could not take a tranquil nap in a chair with the shells bursting round, like his healthy, bucolic master. Besides, he had but one thought—to get his master off the island before the inevitable end; and with this single object before him, he was careful to do nothing to increase the old soldier's obstinacy. So he went down into the magazine, and dug the deep hole in the ground. But as each booming shell made the solid masonry tremble, he cast terrified glances at the dynamite.

Presently Soong came down.

"Made it deep?" he said, nodding in his genial, easily satisfied way. "Deep enough, I think; a little wider here, perhaps, eh?" He took the pick and increased the size of the hole until it was of the shape of a coffin. It was about two feet deep.

A great shell burst near the entrance, and part of the stonework was driven in, striking the Colonel on the hip. He sat down on the powder-barrel to rest, smiling reassuringly. "They've got the range at last, Chu-i," he said; "we haven't much time if we want to get away with whole bodies. Oh! I must rest a little longer; that stone has bruised me."

The expression "with whole bodies" is, again, one of those colloquialisms which have a double meaning in Chinese. Although they have no definite conceptions of resurrection, Chinamen are very particular about being buried whole.

At length Soong managed to stand up. He placed his left hand on Fang's shoulder and looked down at his little hungry, wizened face with big-hearted affection.

"You have been a good friend to me, Chu-i," he said, with smiling moist eyes; "a faithful servant and a good friend. You have made me rich; you have schemed for your stupid old master, and you would rather see him a traitor to his Emperor than the victim of traitors. Yes, a good friend, Chu-i, and I love you for it, ugly mug."

"O my master, my master!" simpered Fang, looking up with a sort of adoration, and tears streaming down his grimy,

wrinkled face. "I could die now to hear you say you love me. But we must be quick, master; we will have many years for you to love me with your heavy hand, and for me to love you with my treachery! The books, master—the other treasure?"

Another shell burst near the wrecked door of the hut above, and its roar belled through the vaulted cave mournfully. The Colonel's hand still pressed on Fang's shoulder, while his other hand went up as if to support the low ceiling from crumbling.

"Yes, you have been a good treasure to me, Chu-i," he said, with the same affectionate smile, "and be sure I love you! And yet you would brand your old master for a traitor if he died!"

The lifted right hand then caught hold of a silk noose rove through a block in the ceiling and gently dropped it over Fang's head. With a little push, he shoved Fang towards the grave, so that his feet dropped and his weight tightened the noose, and then he caught the other end of the cord in his left hand, and hoisted him toward the ceiling.

"Yes, yes, kick away, my poor faithful friend," he said mournfully, looking up with the same affectionate smile, as the wretched man writhed and struck his master's portly chest with his felt-shoed feet; "you cannot hurt me so much as I hurt myself. Is it hard to die? And yet I placed it well under your wind-pipe. Ah, you are still now; you begin to choke, hey? Well, hang there a little time until you are quite dead; I will come back to bury you and keep you company."

The Colonel carefully hitched the end of the cord to a stanchion, so that Fang might remain suspended, patted his waist and legs, and then strolled slowly out, his hands tucked in his sleeves across his noble belly, and his eyes downcast and thoughtful. For the first time in his life, perhaps, Soong was sad and weary, and had some perceptions of the melancholy side of life. The suicide of his old friend Ting had astonished him, for in his subordinate position he had never realised the despair of defeat, and it seemed to him a matter of course to fight cheerfully

to the end, without troubling himself much about the result.

His handful of faithful gunners were therefore surprised to hear him actually speak bitterly. He chided them angrily for their idleness: "You lazy scamps," he roared, "is this the way you show those monkeys how a Han-man would behave if he had true officers and food? Is this the way you show your loyalty to a fatherly Government that has preserved you from war all these years? Load your guns and

by a rifle-ball; and the veteran gang squatted down behind the battered bastions and chatted volubly about the probable issue of the war. Then the Colonel rose and borrowed a rifle.

"Now, boys, you had better swim for it before I blow up the fort."

Cheerfully grinning, those that could swim threw off their heavy coats, ransacked the bodies of their comrades for coin, and taking messages from the rest, ran out and down to the water. Others



Another of the men passed the Colonel his little brass-bowled pipe.

fire, you scamps, until I give the word to cease."

"No more shells, Colonel," said a brawny gunner, grinning broadly. "And there's too much iron in the rice. *Chih chà, pa?*" With fond familiarity the fellow handed his Colonel a cup of the tea which the always smiling and active cook had just brought out. The men had had nothing to eat for two days, but as long as there was hot tea they did not mind so much.

Another of the men passed the Colonel his little brass-bowled pipe, the glass mouthpiece of which had been shot off

scuttled off to be out of reach of the explosion and wait for the enemy's landing parties, while a few more hardened and indifferent ruffians continued to smoke their pipes where they were. The Colonel went down, released Fang's body, and buried it carefully so that it might, if possible, escape dismemberment; then he arranged the dynamite in the corner remote from the grave, in hopes also that the shameful silver might not be disclosed, and fired it.

It was this act which justified Governor Li's prediction that it could be but a burnt chestnut the Japs would pull out.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVE AND THE WAR.

By C. DE THIERRY.

TO most Englishmen South Africa is one of the great divisions of England's Colonial Empire. This is misleading, because it assumes that South Africa bears a family resemblance to Canada and Australasia, which is not correct. She has all the main features of a British Colony with the vast native population of a tropical province: and herein lies the origin of nearly all her sorrows. It has been her great problem in the past, it is the problem of the present, and it will be the problem of the future. For South Africa is not, as we are inclined to conceive it, a white man's country with a black fringe; it is, like India, a black man's country with a white ruling caste. In Cape Colony the Kaffirs are in the proportion of three to one of the European population; in Natal twelve to one; in the Republics two to one; in all the other territories of South Africa under British rule hundreds to one. It must be remembered, too, that the natives are steadily increasing; they are not dying out like the Maori of New Zealand, the Red Indian of British North America, or the black of Australia. Forty years ago Natal was a wilderness; to-day it has a coloured population 700,000 strong. Even more disquieting than their numbers is their warlike character. So recently as the 'seventies the military organisation of the Zulus was so thorough as to render them the terror of their neighbours. The Basutos, the Matabele, the Bechuanas, and the Swazis have all fought either with ourselves or with the Boers during the past fourteen years. With the war now in progress between the

two white races in South Africa there looms up the danger of a native rising, whose horrors can hardly be realised even by old and experienced Colonists, certainly not by average Englishmen, with their dislike of war in the abstract. Should it be averted, the credit will be due, not to President Kruger and the Dutch, but to the British, who, in spite of their many mistakes, govern the Queen's native subjects with justice and humanity.

For, up to the discovery of gold on the Rand, the main point at issue between England and the Boers was their cruelty to the natives. Indeed, since the "Great Trek," the only definite aim to be found in our Colonial policy is a generous desire to obtain fair treatment for the Kaffir. It was not Colonial government which drove the Dutch from Cape Colony to Natal, and thence across the Vaal, but a hatred of English law; it was not injustice that sent them into the wilderness, but their Old Testament ideas on subject races. Like the Americans of the Thirteen States, they regard the unfortunate aborigines in war-time as heathens to be exterminated; in time of peace as creatures no higher than the wild animals of the veldt. It is, therefore, absolutely false to assert, as Little Englanders are in the habit of doing, that they fled from British rule because they were wronged. As a matter of fact, they fled because British rule would not allow them to wrong the natives. The Boer road from Cape Town to Pretoria, and from British citizenship to the repudiation of British supremacy, has been one long struggle between Old Testament doctrine and New Testament doctrine, between humanitarian civilisation

and mediævalism. Even the annexation of the Kimberley Diamond Fields, to which moralists partly ascribe Dutch distrust of the suzerain Power, was due to the hopeless inability of the Dutch to govern a motley mining population of diggers and

political rights for the few, oppression for the many, and practical slavery for the native. Hence the former is respected; the latter is hated and feared. On the west of the Transvaal are the Bechuanas, which, in defiance of the



Photo. by Gear, Childley and Co.

A BECHUANA WARRIOR.

natives. For the policy pursued at that time ample justification is to be found in the condition of Johannesburg at the present moment.

England and the Transvaal are thus sharply defined in South Africa on two main issues. British rule is based on equal rights for white races without distinction of nationality, and fair treatment for the native: Boer rule is based on

Convention of Pretoria, were raided by the Boers. In revenge for their loyalty to England during the war of 1880-81, Montsioa and Mankaroane's people and cattle were carried off in scores, their property destroyed, and atrocities committed on their women and children. Other chiefs were similarly treated, and so bold did the Boers become that they actually occupied the most valuable portions of the territory,

setting up two Republics, which they called Stellaland and Goshen. Owing to the exertions of the Rev. John Mackenzie, the attention of the Home Government was directed to these lawless proceedings, with the result that an expedition was sent to Bechuanaland under Sir Charles Warren, and the Boer filibusters had to retire. But it can be readily

Governments, it has become a shadow. In spite of the prayers of the Swazis, and their proved loyalty, it was agreed between Lord Loch and President Kruger that the Transvaal should exercise jurisdiction over Swaziland, subject to the consent of the native government. The Swazis, being in full possession of their senses, absolutely refused to give it, and another



A SWAZI CHIEF.

imagined that the Bechuanas have not forgotten what they suffered from 1881 to 1885, and would be only too glad to avenge their wrongs if they saw a convenient opportunity. On the east are the Swazis, whose grudge against the South African Republic is a thing of yesterday. Their independence was also guaranteed by the Convention of Pretoria; but owing to the encroachments of the Boers and the weakness of the Home and Colonial

Convention was drawn up in 1893, which practically handed them over to the tender mercies of the Boers, but fortunately provided that their territory was not to be annexed to the Transvaal. This has been a sore point with President Kruger ever since, and is one of the many differences between ourselves and the Republic. Of all the native foes on the border, then, the Swazis are the most likely to give the Boers trouble. Not

only are they subject to a power they both hate and despise, but they have lively remembrances of the cruelties practised on them by Abel Erasmus, the Boer representative in their midst, described by Lord Wolseley, then Sir Garnet, as "a fiend in human form." An instance

In Zululand the Boers played exactly the same game, and so successfully, that they acquired a large slice of territory in the New Republic. On the north they were kept in check by the numbers and military organisation of the Matabele. The Orange Free State has a hereditary



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foe in the Basutos, who have fought the burghers at intervals for two generations. Moshesh, their chief, was for half a century one of the great figures in South Africa, and it was only when his people were threatened with destruction that he appealed to Great Britain for protection. At present, Basutoland is administered by an English Resident. The two Republics will thus have to reckon on the possibility of having to face a hostile force of not less

than sixty thousand Basuto warriors, not less than fifteen thousand Swazis, who were strong enough to defy Chaka and Dingaan, and not less than twenty thousand Bechuanas. Naturally, England,

danger within even more menacing than the danger without. The Transvaal natives, with the support of the Zulus, are neither warlike nor brave. But scattered as they are over every farm in the country, they



Photo. by Gear, Chidley and Co.

MOUNTED BASUTO

for her own sake, will do all in her power to restrain the natives under her rule, but the Dutch know very well that, with British energies directed elsewhere, there is no telling what may happen. Nor is this the worst. Like the slave-holding States in the American Civil War, they have a

have opportunities for mischief which can hardly be estimated. They are cruelly ill-treated, and receive no more consideration than the beasts of the field. Yet they come of a fighting race, and know something of the art of war. Moreover, lately a chief was in rebellion, and

crushed only with the greatest difficulty; so that a considerable force must be able to take the field. There must also be a large number of Sekukuni's people in the Transvaal, and they will hardly forget that

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household as well as with the enemy at his gates.

There is very little likelihood of a native rising in Cape Colony or in Natal, where Kaffirs, Bushmen, Fingoes, and all the other races with which we have been brought in contact are happy and

contented. The native administration of British Colonies in South Africa, in spite of ignorant enthusiasts sitting safe at home in their arm-chairs, is all that can be desired. For twenty-five years they have known absolute peace, a fact, considering the overwhelming numbers of the native

general rising in South Africa. The Kaffir is first of all a fighting man. The lust of war is in his blood, and it is only a few years since he was able to gratify it. Moreover, he is a savage; civilisation has put on him only a veneer. Hence, when he sees the two white races at issue he may

imagine that now is his opportunity to come by his own. Only that native races are rarely moved by the same spirit at a particular moment, and that the forces of law and order are stronger in some territories than in others, a general war would be one of the possibilities of the present situation. Fortunately, however, measures have been taken to hold down the Matabele in Rhodesia, in Natal the Imperial Army will restrain the warlike Zulu, and the same is true of the Cape Colony. But should the Basutos and Swazis rise there will be great difficulty in keeping the natives quiet anywhere. The smell of blood will be in the air, and wild tales of carnage will arouse all the savage



A MATABELE WARRIOR.

population, infinitely to their credit. Not that it is for a moment suggested that the conquered Bantu peoples love us; but they respect us, and appreciate the order and justice which are inseparable from our rule. If they must have a master—and, as things go in the world now, they must—England is the one of all others which they would, and do, choose.

There is, of course, the danger of a

in them to madness. Only by a miracle will they be kept in their kraals, and the day of miracles is past. The obstinacy which has kept the political atmosphere in South Africa charged with electricity since May will surely reap a harvest in devastated homes, wholesale murder, and horrors without end. Is it for this that the peace party in England have hardened President Kruger's heart?

OUR LOYAL COLONIES.

By JOHN OLDCASTLE.

THE great responsibilities of an English Prime Minister were once described in a memorable speech made by Lord Beaconsfield in Edinburgh: "When I know," he said, "that not a sun rises on a British Minister that does not bring him care, and even inexpressible anxiety—an unexpected war, a disturbed and discontented colony, a pestilence, a famine, a mutiny, a declining trade, a decaying revenue, a collapse of credit, perhaps some insane and fantastic conspiracy, I declare I very often wonder where there is the strength of heart to deal with such colossal circumstances." Well, it is no case now of "discontented colonies." All are for the Motherland. As long ago as last Christmas, when the omens began to be noted in South Africa, and forebodings of war went out through the world, the Colonies began to cast about to see what could be done for the old country. The first men on whom that duty of sonship fell were the Prime Ministers of our Dominion of Canada and of the various colonies of Australasia, already a confederation in fact and in affection. Into their hands was given this power of life and death, into their competent and responsible hands. Not lightly have they undertaken their

tasks as elected colleagues of Lord Salisbury in distant quarters of the globe, colleagues who share more than ever before in those "inexpressible anxieties" of Empire, but also more than ever in its glories and its triumphs.

What manner of men these Prime Ministers may be has, therefore, a growing interest with the home populations. The Golden and the Diamond Jubilees of the Queen's reign gave her Majesty the opportunity of seeing face to face these loyal Ministers of hers, and furnished to London the occasion for a display of enthusiasm with no parallel in any history of the past. To renew relations with these old friends and to make new acquaintances among fresh comers, is a timely enough episode of the season of re-



Photo. by Topley.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER,
Premier of Canada.

unions, and a seemingly recognition of the new tie created between these Ministers and ourselves by their willing offer of support for our arms in South Africa.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who figured for Canada in the great Jubilee Procession of 1897, and attracted by his personality no less than in his representative capacity the homage of Londoners, is now fifty-eight years of age. He is a Privy Councillor, a Baronet; he has the wig of a Q.C., the gown of a D.C.L., and the Grand

Cross of St. Michael and St. George. These he has won; but he has by right of birth his greatest distinction of all; for this son of Carolus Laurier by his wife Marcella Martineau, when he took the Premiership in 1896, was the first French-Canadian to hold that post. That was a double triumph—a triumph for the race

Ministry in 1877 he showed qualities which led to his election as leader of the Liberal Party in the Dominion in 1891, by which time he was—what he still is—member for Quebec (East). Sir Wilfrid Laurier was one of the first to offer England a regiment to fight against the Boers; and he did so under



TYPES OF CANADIAN TROOPS.

from which he sprang, and a triumph surely for the English system of government, which made it possible for the fittest man in Canada—Frenchman by blood and Catholic in religion as he was—to succeed Sir Charles Tupper. Sir Wilfrid was still in his twenties when he married Miss Zoë Lafontaine, of Montreal, and was scarce out of them when he entered Parliament. As Minister of Inland Revenue in the Mackenzie

difficulties that have no existence in Australasia. Nobody can read with more feeling than Sir Wilfrid the speech in which Lord Beaconsfield further refers to "the differences of race, which, however blended, leave a very significant characteristic." That is just the difficulty in Canada, and particularly in Sir Wilfrid's Quebec, where the sons of French settlers do not care to send out troops to fight the Boers, lest, on some later occasion, they

should be sent on the same basis to fight against the French. That difficulty of Sir Wilfrid, the "in," was, of course, the



Photo. by Talma, Melbourne.
SIR GEORGE TURNER,
Premier of Victoria.

opportunity of Sir Charles Tupper, the "out," whose loyalty lost no opportunity of expressing itself. Those feelings of Frenchmen, romantic and honourable as they are, England, no less than Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is able to respect. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier, no less than England, was able to see that the dreaded precedent was by no means involved; and that, in fact, the offer of a thousand fully equipped men for service against the Boers stood on its own basis, was self-contained, and was acknowledged by Great Britain with a gratitude that included no sense of favours to come. The Queen's despatch of a special message of thanks to the Dominion served to increase the enthusiasm. One manifestation of that enthusiasm was to be found in the adhesion of twenty officers, who resigned their commissions so as to join the ranks of these defenders of the Motherland, as well as in the actual enrolment of a number of French-Canadians.

The Victorian and Tasmanian contingents, numbering about three hundred men, keen to serve in South Africa, left Melbourne in the steam-

ship *Medic* at the end of October amid a scene of great enthusiasm, explained by Lord Brassey in his "send-off" address as an expression of the filial feeling of colonists to the old country in the hour of her conflict. South Australian and Westralian contingents, two hundred and fifty strong, were picked up by the *Medic* at Adelaide and at Albany, names which sound loyalty in every letter. The Premier of Victoria, the Right Hon. Sir George Turner, K.C.M.G., LL.D., was born not quite fifty years ago in Melbourne, a city in which he had successfully practised as a solicitor before his return to Parliament for St. Kilda in 1889. The first four years of his Parliamentary life saw him Commissioner of Trades and Customs, Minister of Health, and Solicitor-General, and the fifth year found him at the head of a Government that made moderation and economy its watchwords. With Victoria may Queensland appropriately be named; and there, when first the whisper of a Boer war began to be mooted, we had a Premier well stricken in years—the Right Hon.



VICTORIAN HORSE ARTILLERY.



VICTORIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

Sir Hugh Muir Nelson. Edinburgh High School and Edinburgh University educated him before he went forth, at the age of eighteen, to Queensland. Not till thirty years later did he enter Parliament. He was Secretary for Railways in the Ministry of Sir Thomas McIlwraith in 1881, and on the departure of that statesman for England in 1895 he became Premier of Queensland, holding also the posts of Chief Secretary and Treasurer, as well as being Vice-President of the Executive Council. Sir Hugh, who married, in 1870, Janet, daughter of Mr. Duncan McIntyre, received his K.C.M.G. in 1896. When Sir Hugh's leadership passed last year to another, his tradition of loyalty to the Motherland passed with it; and we have but a new friend in the place of an old one, by the accession to office of the Hon. J. R. Dixon.

In South Australia, the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Charles Cameron Kingston, is also Attorney-General. His father, the late Sir George Strickland Kingston, was one of the pioneers who came to the colony before it was a colony in the good ship *Cygnet*, and in the gallant company of Colonel Light. That was in 1836, and Sir George, when he died in 1880, had been for twenty years Speaker of the South Australian House of Assembly. His youngest son, the present Premier, was born at Adelaide in 1850. At the age of twenty-three he was admitted to the Bar; and in 1881, before he "took silk," he entered Parliament for West Adelaide, which he has represented ever since. A variety of portfolios had been held by him with credit when, in 1893, he formed the advanced Liberal Government in which he was at once Prime Minister and Attorney-General. He was President of the Australasian National Convention in Adelaide in 1897; and, great Colonial and stickler for Colonial rights though he is, he it was who originated the cabled message of sympathy with the Motherland, when the German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger after the

Jameson Raid set all England thinking. Mr. Kingston is a good Parliamentary draughtsman as well as a Radical reformer, and his powers in both respects were called into play by his Government's grant of the franchise to women. His special study of the needs of the industrial classes has resulted in excellent factory laws; he passed progressive succession duties before Sir William Harcourt made the same venture, and his conciliation scheme between Capital and Labour has resulted in New Zealand alone, according to the testimony of its Premier, in a saving of over a million sterling.

The name of that Premier of New Zealand is familiar enough—that of the Right Hon. Richard John Seddon. A Lancashire man (with a Scotswoman for

his mother), he was born fifty-four years ago at Eccleston, near St. Helens. The son of a schoolmaster, he nevertheless left

school when he was only twelve to work on a farm, and then to be apprenticed at a foundry. At eighteen he was in a foundry in Liverpool. But the spirit of the rover with a purpose was upon him, and in 1864 he emigrated to Melbourne, where he worked in the Locomotive Department of the Victorian Government. The Castle-maine gold-diggings drew him away from Melbourne, to which, however, he returned

nuggetless. Gold was the attraction that took him to New Zealand, where, at the Waimea diggings, he had the first taste of that luck which was never henceforth to desert him. The miners picked him out as their spokesman and more when the gold-fields had to be supplied with water.



Photo. by Wiley, Brisbane.
SIR HUGH NELSON,
Ex-Premier of Queensland.



QUEENSLAND MOUNTED INFANTRY ON PARADE.

Photo. by Lomer, Brisbane.



Photo. by Wigglesworth, Wellington.
THE HON. RICHARD J. SEDDON,
Premier of New Zealand.

Some experiences as a store-keeper, and then again as a gold-digger, this time at Kumara, preceded his entry into public life, first as Mayor of Kumara, and later, in 1879, as the representative of Hokitika in Parliament. His first speech gave his name something more than local importance, and he was soon regarded as the member for the miners. In 1891 he became Minister of Mines, and two years later took the Premiership, a post he has held in conjunction with those of Colonial Treasurer, Minister of Customs, Postmaster-General, Minister of Labour, and Minister of Native Affairs. Mr. Seddon is, in fact, the Government of New Zealand. He, too, has passed good factory laws and granted female suffrage. Thirty years ago Mr. Seddon

married Louisa Spotswood, daughter of Captain Spotswood, of Victoria, whose grandfather was at one time Governor of Bombay.

In the Right Hon. Sir John Forrest, K.C.M.G., LL.D., Western Australia possesses its first Premier. Born in that colony in 1847, he was brought up to be a surveyor, and he did some exploration work in that capacity under Government in the early 'seventies, telegraph-poles a little later marking a portion of his route. One of his journeys, two thousand miles in extent, brought him the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society of London in 1876, and a grant of 5000 acres of land from his Government. Much work to the same purpose led up to his appointment to the post of Acting Commissioner of Crown Lands and Surveyor-General. Sir Frederick Weld, writing to Lord Carnarvon in



Maori Officer.

White Officer.

OFFICERS OF THE NEW ZEALAND MOUNTED RIFLES.



NEW ZEALAND MOUNTED RIFLES . MAORI TROOPERS.



Photos. by Gregory.

NEW ZEALAND MOUNTED RIFLES: NATIVE AND BRITISH-BORN TROOPERS.



Photo. by Adcock, Adelaide.
THE HON. C. C. KINGSTON,
Premier of South Australia.

1874 of Mr. Forrest's services, said: "His expedition has bridged the gap that separated Western Australia from the other colonies, and led to its connection with the rest of the world by electric telegraph. I never doubted of



WEST AUSTRALIAN
ARTILLERYMAN.

the success of Western Australia from the day when the news of Mr. Forrest's success reached Perth." In 1890 he became Premier of the colony he had done so much to create. He had married, fourteen years before, Margaret Elvere, daughter of Mr. Edward Hammersley, niece of Mr. Hugh Hammersley, of Pyrton Manor, Oxfordshire. Italy has sent him several honours, including the ribbon of a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy. Of all his achievements, perhaps one of the most enduring will be his

system of a free grant of 160 acres of land to all persons willing to inhabit and cultivate it. State loans to agriculturists for improvements have also been a feature of his particularly liberal Administration—an Administration which has been allotted its basis in manhood suffrage. Cambridge gave him the honorary degree of LL.D. on the occasion of his visit to England in 1897, a visit which left behind it the pleasantest of impressions.

On the same occasion the Right Hon. Sir E. Braddon came to London as the Premier of Tasmania, a post he held with an aptitude gained from long experience, civil and military, in India, where he faced the Mutiny. Sir Edward's Cabinet was defeated by one vote only in the House of Assembly during October. His successor, the Hon. Neil Elliott Lewis, is a native of Hobart, and only forty-one years of age.



Photo. by Greenham, Perth.
SIR J. FORREST,
Premier of Western Australia.

Coming to England, he graduated with distinction at Balliol College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1883. Returning to Tasmania, he practised at the Bar, and was elected for Richmond in 1886, a seat he still holds. He was Attorney-General before he was Prime Minister, and now he takes both offices at once.

New South Wales—the New South Wales whose Lancers made London gay one otherwise sombre morning last October—sent to London at Jubileetide

the Right Hon. G. H. Reid, the son of a Presbyterian minister in Scotland. He, too, in his Prime Ministry has made room



Photo. by Falk, Sydney.

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE H. REID,
Ex-Premier of New South Wales.

for another—the Hon. William John Lyne, a giant in figure, who follows the pursuits of a squatter and has represented the Home District as a Protectionist. Born in Tasmania, with a Scotswoman for his mother, he made a stay in Queensland before he settled in New South Wales. Mr. Lyne has seen past service in the



NEW SOUTH WALES LANCER.

Ministry as Secretary for Lands and Secretary for Public Works.

The military force of New South Wales is nearly 8000 strong, and is divided into regulars and volunteers, the former about 600 strong. The reserve is formed by the many rifle-clubs which flourish in the colony. To these, as becomes a British colony, must be added a naval force numbering nearly 600 men. At Garden Island, Sydney, there is a naval establishment. Torpedo and other boats have been provided in addition to the works on shore. During the years 1897-98, New



CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES.

South Wales spent a sum of £264 427 on her defences.

These men are the Empire-makers who have created, or who inherit, the tradition of brotherhood in Empire that finds its memorable expression during this year of conflict near that cape which, in this respect at any rate, renews its name of meaning—the Cape of Good Hope.

CATERING AND CARRYING FOR AN ARMY.

By CHARLES LOWE.

IT was said of Wellington that if he wished an Irish regiment to reach a particular place by a given time, all he had to do was to promise it an all-round service of grog on arriving at its destination ; that if, on the other hand, he desired to work the oracle in a similar manner with a Scotch regiment, it was only necessary for him to hold out the certain prospect of its pay ; but that roast-beef, not bawbees, was the bait which the Iron Duke employed as a corresponding stimulus to an English corps. Napoleon, too, used to remark that an army was a thing which crawled upon its stomach, which was

only the Satanic Corsican's way of expressing the fact that the British soldier can be made to go anywhere and do anything if but you keep his belly full, though it must be owned, in his honour, that he has also done some wonderful feats of fighting on an empty bread-basket. Agincourt, for example, one of the greatest of our battles, was won on several days of filberts and hedgerow roots ; while Omdurman, on the other hand, was fought on biscuits and "bully beef."

Time was when no great thought and foresight were expended on the feeding of Tommy Atkins in the field, and when his



Photo. by Cribb, Southsea.

DETACHMENT OF ARMY SERVICE CORPS READY FOR SOUTH AFRICAN SERVICE.

sustenance was practically left to chance. But we have now changed all that, and come to this—that quite as much care is bestowed upon the biscuits and the beef,

German War, the year of awakening for our military reformers, who have made the British Army what it now is—we replaced our faulty and inefficient Civil



Photo. by Cribb, Southsea.

THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS : TRANSPORT WAGONS.

be it but of the tinned kind, as upon the bullets of the British soldier. The armies of Wellington, to go no further back, were fed by the rickety and uncertain attentions of civilian transport and supply; while the hosts of Lord Wolseley are splendidly catered for by our Army Service Corps, a background body of men which, though very much less showy than our dashing combatants of the first line, may be said to contribute quite as much to brilliant victories as our horse batteries and our crack battalions.

Our calamities in the Crimea were mainly due to the fact that our transport and commissariat system was quite unequal to the simple task of procuring and conveying supplies over the eight miles which separated Balaclava, our base, from the trenches before Sebastopol; while our reconquest of Khartoum was equally due to the circumstance that Lord Kitchener's army was regularly fed from its base, hundreds of miles away! And all because in 1870—the year of the Franco-

Commissariat and Military Train by a homogeneous and highly meritorious body called our Army Service Corps, the nucleus of which was formed by the volunteering of non-commissioned officers and men from the cavalry, artillery, and infantry, so that at the outset it received a stamp or efficiency derived from these several arms.

And not only has the A.S.C. kept up to this original mark of excellence; it has also improved upon it. All round there is no finer body of men, physically and morally, in the British Army than the men who look after its belly and its bedding, "its gear and its grub." High pay and hard work has been the making of it. The high pay attracts, and the hard work perfects. Broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and burly, the men of the "Muck Train"—a popular corruption of "moke" or mule train—are physically the finest specimens of the British soldier. They rank as combatants, though never, of course, placed in the line of battle; and, indeed, the feeders of the Army must necessarily

be good fighters, seeing that at any moment they must be prepared with sword and carbine to fend off hostile attacks upon their stores. That the A.S.C. officers and men are as doughty with the spear as they are deft with the "spurtle" is proved by the number of prizes for prowess in feats of arms which they annually bear away from the Royal Military Tournament at Islington.

But their primary function is to carry and issue rations for men and horses, to bake the bread, slaughter the beef, and

companies attached to units—brigades, batteries, etc.—of the fighting force, supplying transport to field hospitals and bearer companies, with two bread-making companies—twenty-two in all, which may be supplemented by hired transport. Here it may be mentioned that an Army Corps of 36,000 men in the field requires the transport service of about 1500 various vehicles, most of them four and six horse wagons. In South Africa such wagons require a team of sixteen mules.

The horses and harness, and, indeed,



Photo. by Cribb, Southsea.

THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS : HARNESS AND SADDLES FOR THE FRONT.

furnish transport for an army in the field, their administrative chief being the Quartermaster-General. They are close upon 5000 strong, with a reserve of about half that number, and are divided into thirty-eight companies—mounted and dismounted—distributed among the headquarters of our chief military districts. When an army corps is on foreign service—bar India—it has at its base three companies, each of 270 officers and men, 345 horses, and 66 vehicles, most of them four-horsed: one at the advanced dépôt, charged with supply service, and fourteen

the entire *matériel* of the A.S.C., are all of the very finest kind, being surpassed by that of no other army in the world. According to Archenholtz, the eloquent historian of the Seven Years' War, what chiefly moved the admiration of the Germans in the English contingent which went over to fight for the cause of the Great Frederick was the magnificent horsing and harnessing of the artillery; and they would now be moved to equal wonder by the spectacle of one of our A.S.C. companies taking the field with material which has been as carefully

inspected and tested in every detail as the boilers and engines of a new war-ship. For great and crucial issues depend on the excellence of axle-trees, wheels, harness, and tracing-ropes—the question of whether Master Tommy Atkins is to fight his country's battles with the courage which cometh of a full stomach, or with the comfortless desperation resulting from an empty haversack and broken-down commissariat wagons far in the rear.

The necessity for punctuality and efficiency in our A.S.C. is all the greater as the British organisation, unlike that of the great military Powers, relies for supplies on its line of communication between front and base, and presupposes that the troops will not move more than one day's march from the advanced dépôt. Accordingly, with us carriage by regimental carts, etc., is only provided for three and a half days' (including emergency) rations, while in the German army

transport is provided for eight, and in the Russian for twelve days.

It will thus be seen that the duty of



Photo. by Cribb, Southsea.

INSPECTING BEDDING.

safeguarding our line of communications connecting our chain of provision and ammunition dépôts, like those sprinkled along their route by Arctic travellers, is a duty of the first importance, and, in the case of a theatre of war like South Africa, demands the detachment from our main army of a very large body of troops to protect the industry of the A.S.C. Where a railway is available, the furthering of



Photo. by Cribb, Southsea.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS LEAVING PORTSMOUTH TO EMBARK FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

supplies is an easier task; but where it is non-existent, or is cut-bridge blown up by the enemy, etc.—an enormous strain will thus be put upon the resources of the 'moke train.' No wonder that we have bought up and shipped to South Africa from all parts of the world so many thousands of mules.

The nature of the duties of the A.S.C. in the field may best be seen by considering the work of a company, or supply column, attached to a brigade of four battalions. Of the four executive officers employed, one assumes charge of the supply duties for the brigade, collects or receives all food-



Photo. by Cribb, Southsea.

METHOD OF PACKING RIFLES.

supplies, meat, bread, groceries, and forage; directs their distribution to the troops, and accounts for the same, ensuring the replenishing of the reserves as daily exhausted. He is charged with the custody and employment of the miscellaneous equipment for killing and dressing meat by the butchers of the company. A second officer remains with and commands the headquarters of the company,

carrying with him in his own transport all the equipment, baggage, tools, and materials for repair, etc., required for the proper up-keep of his company. A third is responsible for the men, horses, and



Photo. by Cribb, Southsea.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS EMBARKING AT SOUTHAMPTON.

carriages of the brigade supply column, and for the punctual performance of its duties; his column is the connecting link between the troops of his brigade and the nearest store or dépôt in the field. The fourth, in a similar way, commands the section providing transport for the bearer company, receiving the medical officer's directions and giving all orders needed to give effect to the medical officer's wishes. The theatre of war itself may always be

the commencement of operations; and that was why, when orders were issued for the mobilisation of our first Army Corps to proceed to South Africa, the lion was preceded by the jackal—that is to say, the A.S.C. was mobilised and sent out in advance to accumulate stores as well as to organise the necessary transport which would have to meet the contingency of its being impossible for us to use the railway lines beyond a certain distance. A railway



A FIELD BAKERY AT WORK.

relied upon to provide a certain amount of sustenance of various kinds for the troops—men and horses—which is requisitioned and paid for by civilised belligerents who respect private property, but the bulk of supplies for such an army as is now operating in South Africa must be sea-borne, and perhaps it may be said that the greatest blessing enjoyed by modern armies is their supply of tinned meats. But South Africa itself may be counted on to furnish a certain amount of food.

It is a primary principle of all warfare that supply must be arranged for prior to

train with two engines and thirty-five ten-ton wagons may be calculated to convey 350 tons a distance of 200 miles in a day; and it would take 10,000 general service wagons to do the same amount of work.

But enough has now been said in general terms to indicate the nature of the very onerous and important duties which fall to the officers and men of our Army Service Corps as the caterers and carriers of an army in the field—a corps whose merits are to be measured by the extreme devotion of its members to their very difficult and delicate work.

OCEAN LINERS CHARTERED AS TROOP-SHIPS BY THE GOVERNMENT.

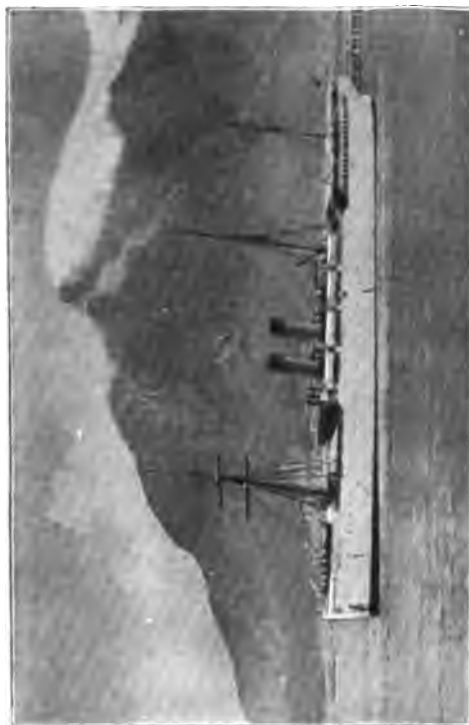
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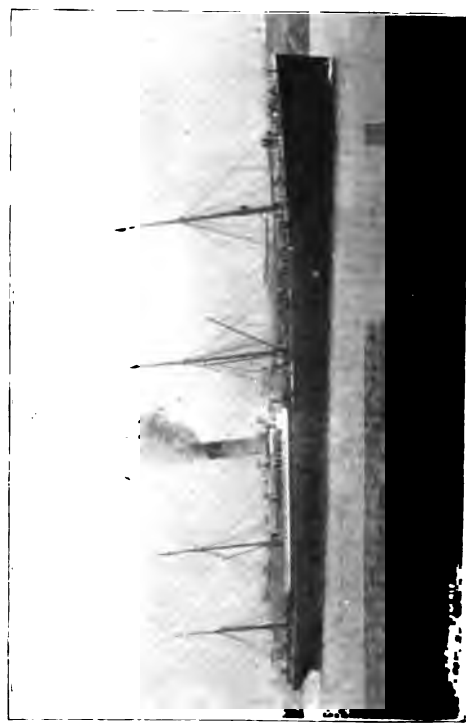
THE P. AND O. LINER "ORIENTAL" (5284 tons, took out Royal Welsh Fusiliers).



THE UNION LINER "GAIR" (6288 tons, carried Ammunition Column).



THE CASTLE LINER "DONOTTAR CASTLE" (5645 tons, took out Sir Redvers Buller and Staff)



THE LIVERPOOL LINER "ARMENIAN" (3800 tons, took out 10 troops, 40000 lbs. Ammunition).

THE BEAUFOY ROMANCES

No. I.—HOW BEAUFOY WENT A-WOOING.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

RAIMOND DE BEAUFOY, hereditary Suzerain of the fief of that name, had at three-and-twenty little cause to quarrel with the world. As for the world, or that portion of it which lay in touch with the borders of Beaufoy, when it was in quarrelling mood it found time and again that the young Seigneur had a hard hand, a strong arm, and a long reach—three things which make mightily for tranquillity. It therefore came about that the Seigneurie enjoyed a larger peace than its weaker neighbours.

Peace was much. Peace was internal growth and consolidation, but to peace were added wealth—as wealth went in that year of little grace and great famine, 1438—health, strength, and power. For hard on a score of miles in one direction, and well-nigh as many at right angles, so as roughly to form a square, Raimond de Beaufoy was lord of life and death. A dozen villages called him master. His cornfields filled the valleys and his vineyards covered the southern slopes. To crown all, his Château of Beaufoy, with its great girdle of grey walls, was victualled and garrisoned as became the house of a man who ruled by love or terror as the mood took him.

Beaufoy, left an orphan when a twelve months' babe, had been nursed by his uncle, Bertrand de Freyne, as if the babe were his own, as, indeed, he designed it to be; but Death having said a brusque "No" to Bertrand's project, the young heir gathered the fruits of the elder's labours, while the whole suzerainty chanted its "Te Deum." Bertrand de Freyne had been a hard man.

It is the man who already has his hands full of this world's blessings that looks

abroad to add one to their number, and so Raimond de Beaufoy gave himself much thought as to whence he would bring a wife home to the Seigneurie. Birth she must have; generations to match his own. Youth and health she must have; for the descent of the line was as much a sacred trust as the transmission of the fat acres undiminished. Of what use to leave his heir his four hundred of square miles if he had not wit and strength to rule them? Acres of her own were desirable, not essential, for Beaufoy was a healthy-minded man, and set no great value on wealth that was not his own: not essential, no, but a weight in the scale. Temper, good looks, the domestic virtues: these he set no store upon. For the first, if it was bad he would cure it; for the second, he lived much abroad; for the third, if she knew little of the care of a great house, there were those who did to be had for the hiring. So for many weeks he weighed and measured the damsels of Augoumois, and in the end he pitched upon Denise de Vaucourt.

A week past he had come to this conclusion, and now, as he rode across the summer fields with Marmontel, his squire, at his elbow—for seven generations there had not lacked a Marmontel to serve a Beaufoy—he was confirmed in the wisdom of his decision.

When three-and-twenty plumes himself upon his wisdom, you may be sure that not the lever of Archimedes—could it be mentally applied—would stir him a hair's-breadth. But in this instance wisdom was justified of its child.

"A day's ride there," said he to Marmontel; "it will be that at least with

a pack-horse hanging behind. Four days at Vaucourt, or three may be—no need to waste a man's time over such work—and a day home. The week should see us back at Beaufoy."

"Three days," answered Marmontel cautiously, "is but scant time to win a maid's fancy."

"Chut!" and Beaufoy broadened his shoulders, "we met once before, seven years ago, I think, and if the girl be won the fancy will follow after—or bide away as it lists. The thing fits well, Marmontel. Away to the south there, Vaucourt marches with Beaufoy for a full three miles, and that there is neither father nor brother to poke fingers into Beaufoy's business counts for much."

"I have seen three towns taken by surprise," said Marmontel, "but never one woman. The jades love a siege, and if they be honest they get it but once in their lives."

"Nor is there surprise here," answered Beaufoy. "Why, man, Roger has been at Vaucourt these eighteen hours, and if Madame the Countess guesses not the meaning of my message, then Denise comes of a dull stock. Am I the man to fling away five days on nothing more than a woman's chatter?"

"She may guess, and Mademoiselle may guess, but, Seigneur," persisted Marcel, out of his fifteen years' longer experience of life, "there are forms."

"Chut! Beaufoy will balance the forms," and the Seigneur laughed. "This is no match of Bet of the charcoal furnace with Peter the herdsman. If Madame be pleased, and if I be pleased, the thing's done. Hold thou thy peace with thy forms."

"There is little to choose between Bet or Denise, seeing they have, by your leave, women's hearts in them," answered Marmontel, "and if it be the land alone she is after, then God help Beaufoy, man and acres."

"Did I not tell thee, man, to hold thy peace? I can see to myself and my acres too!" And grumbling to himself, Marmontel, like a good servant, did as he was bid.

The road to Vaucourt was across the suzerainty, through the broad girdle of forest that framed its fatness on every side, and into a broken country where thicket and pasture-land fought hard for the pre-eminence. A poorer country than Beaufoy, and one that showed clear signs of a loose rule. Here was a herd's cottage blackened and unroofed, there a haggard in grey heaps of sodden ashes, or a mill with the wheel splintered and great stone blocks thrust beneath its floats in sheer wantonness. That the masterless men who found harbour in the wood preyed as they listed on Vaucourt was plain to be seen. Beaufoy, by reason of its many hangings, they left unharmed.

"By the Lord, Marmontel," cried the Seigneur wrathfully, as they reined up abreast of a still smoking desolation, "these rogues have sore need of a heavy hand, and a heavy hand they shall feel. There will be changed times at Vaucourt when Beaufoy grips the reins! Shall we hunt the rascals to-morrow, just to give them a foretaste of what's to come?"

"Best hunt the damsel, Seigneur," answered Marmontel. "Rogues are plenty and ripe for the hanging any day; a damsel is but one, and must be caught when the will moves her."

"Wrong!" said Beaufoy, shaking up his horse. "Wrong. 'Tis the other way round; but let us get forward in daylight, lest the rope find the wrong men. What a 'Te diavolum laudamus' they would raise if they laid hands on Raimond de Beaufoy!"

It was on the edge of dusk when the Seigneur rode up the slope and into the glade where stood the Castle of Vaucourt, a pile less ancient and less massive than Beaufoy, but lichened and mossy with age. It fronted south, with a semicircle of open space, some six hundred yards radius, on three sides, while behind, a long bowshot off and sheltering it from the north, stretched a dense thicket of pines, oaks, and underbrush. A flight of seven short steps, unguarded by any balustrade, led up to the heavy Norman doorway, with its rounded columns set half within the wall.

There they were awaited by a man apparently of Beaufoy's own age, who, as the Seigneur checked his gallop before the door, came down to meet them, and, stretching out his hand, caught the bridle.

"Give you good evening, Master Seneschal," cried Beaufoy, flinging down his reins. "By Saint Francis, thou art young for a major-domo. Surely a greyer wit would better match a service that hath no head but a woman."

"That I am Madame de Vaucourt's humble servant, is true," answered the other, "and in these times youth is a pear that soon mellows."

He slipped the bridle over his right arm, and turned towards the door. "Here, two of you, see to the beasts; and you, Seigneur, have come, like the welcome guest you are, in the nick of time."

"Marmontel," and Beaufoy paused as he dismounted, his weight swung upon one stirrup, "see thou to the beast's housing. No offence, Master Seneschal, Beaufoy might go Seigneurless all for a horse's colic."

Now, man, what of thy mistress?"

"That she is in trouble, holds council, and is in need of thy grey wisdom."

"Hark thou!" and Beaufoy tapped the other on the shoulder, "Keep thees and thous for thy fellows, lest thou tastest leather. What is thy name?"

"Mark de Vaucourt; at your service, Seigneur de Beaufoy," answered the other, laughing.

"What? Madame's nephew? Was this a jest, Messire de Vaucourt?"

"No jest, Seigneur de Beaufoy, and if your grey wit failed to discern between a lackey and a gentleman——"

"Right," and Beaufoy, pausing in his walk, looked him full in the face.

"Right, my wit failed to discern. What then?"

"Spare your impertinence, Seigneur de Beaufoy, I understand you well enough. To be frank; we have already a cause of quarrel within the walls, but the lady's name is best kept out of the business. Is that plain?"

"Sits the bird on that tree? Now I see the point of the jest, but no man makes Beaufoy twice a laughing-stock; no, by St. Francis, not twice. Let us settle the matter, Messire de Vaucourt."

"Make no doubt we shall settle it,



"By the Lord, Marmontel, these rogues have sore need of a heavy hand."

Seigneur de Beaufoy, but not to-day, nor to-morrow. As I told you the Countess is in trouble, and has need of us both. First shoulder to shoulder for Vaucourt's sake, then face to face for our own."

They had reached the centre of the great square hall, having paused at intervals in their wrangling, and now Beaufoy, from his two inches of greater height, looked frowningly on the other. It was a new thing to him to be belittled, or even to be claimed as an equal, and his pride was in arms.

"H'm, is this some new jest? For, by the Lord, Messire, I give you fair warning——"

"No jest, but sober earnest. Here it is

in a nut-shell, and if there is a jest the laugh is on the sorrowful side of the mouth. César Vigogne has debts, César Vigogne has also a son, and he proposes, with much insistence and a thin veneer of courtesy, that his son shall pay his debts by taking to himself the lands of Vaucourt with Mademoiselle Denise, since he cannot, in reason, seek the one without the other."

"César Vigogne?" said the Seigneur; "I know the rascal. A suave bully, he will bless you with all unctuousness and cut your throat as 'Amen' to the benediction. César Vigogne! Beaufoy's men will settle his insistence once and for all."

"Beaufoy's men will have small chance," answered Vaucourt. "César Vigogne is four hours behind his messenger, and brings his priest with him."

"And how long since——?"

"Three hours, maybe, or a little more."

"Then we are caught like rats in a trap? To think there are two score of men rusting at Beaufoy, and we pent up to starve in a hole! Send me Marmontel. Though he risk hanging in his own reins he must ride for Beaufoy within the hour. In a day, or a day and a half, we shall snap our fingers at César Vigogne."

"In a day, or a day and a half," answered Mark de Vaucourt, "neither you nor I will have fingers to snap. It's odds that your squire will do us better service here than charging pell-mell through the black of the woods."

"Is Vaucourt so weak as that? Then, by St. Francis, we're shent. Let us to the Countess, Messire, and here's my hand on it, we are brother and brother until we have found God's mercy in this world or the next."

"Brother and brother, Seigneur," answered the other, taking frankly the outstretched hand so frankly offered; "and from my soul I believe we have sore need that the mercy be not stinted."

From the back of the great hall three passage-ways opened—one to right, one to left, and a third facing the entrance. Down one of these—that to the left—Vaucourt led the way, with the Seigneur at

his heels, and clanging his long huge rowelled spurs as he walked. Pausing at a door, across which there fell a heavy curtain, Mark turned and laid his hand on the other's arm.

"Be brief in counsel that we may be ready in action," he said, "and, indeed, there is but one course open—to hold Vaucourt to the last." Then he flung open the door. "The Seigneur Raimond de Beaufoy," he announced, and drew the door hard behind him.

The room was small, but so ill-lit by its narrow, pointed windows, closely barred, that the three by the table seemed little better than shadows. Of the three two were women, and seated, while the third, a man, stood behind their chairs. From his deference of attitude, Beaufoy judged him to be present by sufferance rather than by right, and the event proved him to have been the body-squire of the old Count, now many years dead.

As Vaucourt spoke the two rose, and the elder answered—

"The Seigneur comes in a happy hour for us, but an evil for himself. If there were time, Messire de Beaufoy, I would say ride hence until a day when peace and Vaucourt are better friends."

"No, Madame"; and Beaufoy went forward to meet the Countess. "Rather the best of hours for me, since, by the grace of God, I will prove that my love for Vaucourt is no courtesy love."

"Truly a sturdy growth for so young a plant. Mushrooms have no long life," said Mademoiselle Denise, under her breath, but with a strain of mocking in her voice.

"Sturdy and speedy is Beaufoy all over," answered the Seigneur, "and with the help of St. Francis you yourself will say so with six-and-thirty hours. Madame, let us leave compliments aside and come to profitable talk. Messire de Vaucourt has told me of the insult thrust upon you by César Vigogne. To answer that is no woman's work, and, with your leave, we two will take upon our shoulders the form and method of reply."

"We have no right, Seigneur de Beaufoy——" began the Countess, but



A PRAYER TO ALLAH.

the Seigneur, guessing what she would say, stopped her with a gesture.

"You have a double right, Madame. One, the common right of every woman to be defended against the violence of a

castle, and there is an end to rights and to defences also. All the talk in the world will not change that. For the Lord's sake let us get to work."

"My thought, too, Messire. With your



"The Seigneur comes in a happy hour for us."

scoundrel; the other"—and he bowed to Mademoiselle Denise—"but for the present we will let the other stand; that is the agreement, is it not, Messire de Vaucourt?"

"Let César Vigogne set foot inside the

leave, Madame, our old friend in the corner, who, I doubt not, knows every nook and hole in the castle, and we two, will make a round of inspection. Be at ease, Mademoiselle, if there is a bridal at Vaucourt this night, I promise you,

faith of a gentleman, the priest will have light enough to read his book by and witnesses in plenty, though they be dumb ones."

With which strange comfort Beaufoy led the way back to the corridor.

The circuit of the house disclosed more than one point of weakness, but chiefly Mark de Vaucourt was troubled by a passage-way which, opening from the back of the great hall, passed through the cellars, tunnelled the earth for a furlong northwards, and had its outlet in the under-brush of the sheltering belt of timber. That the outlet was so well concealed that a hunter with a leash of hounds might have passed it by was but a half comfort, since, if it were once discovered, nothing but an inch-thick oak-door, midway along the tunnel, blocked the approach.

"Let Vigogne put a petard under it," said he, "and it flies to splinters in a snap."

"If Vigogne has petards to spare, he'll win Vaucourt by a shorter road than this," answered Beaufoy. "No, no, he will try the great door, as a gentleman should, and let the worst come, it will go hard with us if we cannot hold the hall for thirty minutes while the women find safety, and by this road. Let it bide as it is, say I; but, Master Squire, have spades and mattocks down here, and hands to work them. Why, I will tell you presently. Now, de Vaucourt, let us back to Madame."

The women they found waiting them at the head of the corridor.

"Thus and thus is the plan," said Beaufoy, giving Mark no time to speak. Lead he would, for all that he was but a stranger and a guest. "We are ten men, all told. Enough to hold Vaucourt for a week if there was no such thing as saltpetre in the world and but one flaw in the defence. But, what with a rotten window here and a tottering door there, not Talbot himself could hold the place, weak-handed as we are. Two are wanted by the windows where the bars are thinner than makes for comfort; one by the east door—friend Hugues here will do; four with me at the secret outlet."

"You take good care of yourself, Messire de Beaufoy."

"By Saint Francis, Mademoiselle Denise, for myself I care no whit, but I make the best of the chances, and bad they are at the best. César Vigogne, I hear, has thirty men at his back."

"Then you think, Seigneur——?"

"I think, Madame—to be blunt is kindest—that if César Vigogne does not grudge us six feet of Vaucourt land his priest may have other work than marrying to do before the sun's at noon."

At which Mademoiselle Denise turned to de Vaucourt and caught him by both hands.

"Mark, Mark, and it is my fault thou art here!"

Whereupon Beaufoy laughed a hard laugh.

"And I," he said. "What of me?"

"Mark came for love's sake, Messire," answered she across her shoulder, "but you, you know best why yourself."

Through the silence that followed, Beaufoy's ear caught the patter of hoofs on the turf, then came a jingle of bridle-chains, the stumble of feet on the steps, and three resounding blows struck with a stout riding-whip on the panels of the door, and with such a vigour that the hollow of the great hall echoed. Again Beaufoy played the master. Brushing all pretences aside, he went straight to the point.

"So you have come, César Vigogne, and having come, had best ride home again, lest you raise such a hive about your ears as has never yet buzzed in all Augoumois."

"God's mercy, here's a knot on the cord!" they heard him exclaim. Then louder, "Open, fellow; I have knocked once, who am not wont to knock twice in courtesy."

"The courtesy of César Vigogne!" and Beaufoy laughed. "The courtesies of the seven hangings of Marvaux! the courtesies of the wreck and burning of Neuchamp! By St. Francis of Beaufoy, a closed door is more wholesome at this time of night. Are you answered with your courtesies?"

"Beaufoy! Beaufoy!" cried Vigogne, stamping his foot. "What the plague does Beaufoy here?"

"Aye," answered the other. "Beaufoy, Beaufoy! Buzz, buzz, do you hear the hornets, César Vigogne?"

There was a silence, and when Vigogne spoke again it was in a changed tone.

"Listen, Seigneur! With you I have

"Mademoiselle de Vaucourt is pledged to a gentleman now in the castle," said Beaufoy coolly. Dropping his voice, he turned to the others as they stared at him, and went on, "By the Lord it's true. For what else are Vaucourt and I here? Whether it be to me or Messire Mark, Mademoiselle Denise is as good as pledged, and whichever wins, God help



"Mark came for love's sake, Messire," answered she across her shoulder, "but you, you know best why yours. If."

no quarrel, nor, indeed, with anyone in Vaucourt; but I have come for a certain thing, and, by the Saints, that thing I will do. Six years ago de Vaucourt pledged his daughter to my son Jacques, and——"

"It is a lie," answered Beaufoy. "Quit lies and come to the truth."

"It is true," replied César Vigogne, "so true that none can contradict it. Yet, leave that aside. My point is this, marry Denise to Jacques I will."

the man who comes between us." Then louder: "Are you answered, Messire?"

"Leave pledges to me," replied Vigogne bluntly. "Marry Denise to Jacques I will. That is Vaucourt's affair, and not Beaufoy's. Ride home in peace, Seigneur; with you I have no quarrel."

"Hist," said Beaufoy, going to the door and bending so that his lips touched the crack by the post. "Hist, speak lower. Is there a trap in this?"

"No trap, but clear sense for me and

for you. Am I a fool to bring the Seigneurie about my ears for nought, or you a fool to risk—tush, there is no risk; the thing's a certainty—to risk, I say, your life for another's gain?"

For a moment Beaufoy stood rubbing his chin, as was his fashion when in deep thought, then he said—

"If a man could save his honour——" and stopped.

"There is no haste," cried the other softly. "Take till midnight and ride off in quiet. There is always the secret passage."

"What? Speak lower still, man. You know that way?"

"Aye, I know it; a twist of a crow and the door is open, and tell me this—what chance has Vaucourt? But I will smooth your way and save your honour. Listen, Beaufoy; I pledge you this—no soul in Vaucourt shall cry 'Shame!' upon you ever after. Ha! you understand. What the grave hides is well hidden."

"But I have three men; I must save them?"

"And welcome; the fewer for me. Till midnight, then; and, Beaufoy, tell Madame my mother that is to be, that you have bought me off. There will be the worse watch."

"Till midnight," answered Beaufoy softly, and straightening himself, he stood listening to the iron heels of César Vigogne clanking down the steps. Then he turned to the group at the farther end of the hall, and turned to meet a tempest.

"By St. Francis!" he cried in a polite mood, "are you all gone mad that you bay at me like so many dogs. Here does César Vigogne of his folly give us three hours' grace, and because I take them you call me coward and traitor! Let the event speak, Madame; and as for you, Hugues, thrust that blade home again till nearer cock-crowing. De Vaucourt, surely you understand? Aye, well, now listen. Madame and Mademoiselle, do as you will about your beds, but let the lights go out as if Vigogne and his rogues were fighting the English—as I would to the Lord they were instead of beleaguering honest French folk. Then,

in the dark and softly, barricade the doors and windows open to attack; let this be your work, de Vaucourt. Hugues, do you send three men after me to the secret passage; my business lies there."

"Seigneur de Beaufoy, be generous and give us your pardon," began Madame. "It was our ignorance."

"The fault was mine," interrupted Beaufoy; "how should you fathom a man's duplicity?"

"But, Seigneur," cried Mademoiselle, "is there nought that we could do? Believe me, we could not rest."

"Why, yes; make me some twelve feet of a linen pipe of half the thickness of a little finger, only, for the Lord's sake, let the windows be dark. Now, my friend, my three fellows and their tools."

Snatching a lamp from the table, he turned into the passage-way leading to the secret outlet, and strode down it with such a heavy tread that they could hear his heels ringing and echoing in the long hollow of the vault. Then the trampling ceased, and in its place there came the screeching complaint of the oak door creaking unwillingly back on its rusty hinges.

"A masterful man," said Madame.

"A masterful man," echoed Mark de Vaucourt, "for that I owe him no grudge." Then he added, looking at Denise, "I would we had nineteen like him, and were well rid of the score in twelve hours."

Whereupon Mademoiselle laughed. "It is not enough," said she, "for a man to be masterful, and if César Vigogne permits, the riddance will come smoothly enough," and the fire on her cheeks found an answer in his eyes.

Meanwhile de Beaufoy had his three men hard at work.

"A crow-point under this flag—gently, gently! No need to chip the edge. Now, two mattocks at this end and that, and heave! Saints! Men, have you brawn in your backs, or the basting of fatted calves? Heave, I say, heave! So—that is better! Now this one; good, good! Now another, and yet one more! Four? That will do for the surface."

They were working ten feet beyond the

oak door, and, under Beaufoy's orders, had stripped the passage of its heavy flagging in a direction inwards towards the castle, rearing the heavy slabs in lines along the wall.

with a will; our time is shorter than agrees with comfort. Aye, that will do! Shovel out the dirt upon that, and busily—busily. Do you pick out the stones and



"If César Vigogne permits, the riddance will come smoothly enough."

"Now, mattocks and shovels; two of you work, and one rest. Faith! how the soil grips! What's that—a stone? Good! Have it within the door; its use will come presently. Stay; run you and crave from Madame a blanket or sheet, or some such thing. Meanwhile, dig on, you two, and

pile them apart. Thank the Lord, there is no lack of them! Now, work, and for your lives!"

When the pit was some four or five feet down, Beaufoy stopped the sinking, and bade them drive the shaft not alone downwards, but outwards, until he judged it

suited his purpose. Then he told them curtly they might rest, and he himself went to seek Hugues the Squire.

"Give me," said he, "a stout box, a pot of pitch, a brush, and cannon powder. I will set such a fougasse for these rogues as will teach them much of the art of war if they but come that way, and live to tell of it, which I doubt. The piping, Madame, by St. Francis," and he held it up in a coil, "a snake, a veritable snake, and one that shall hiss and bite, or my name is not Raimond de Beaufoy!"

With his own hands he smeared the box inside with pitch, and filling it to the edge with the grey explosive, he placed it carefully in position. Then, having given his serpent a full feeding, he fixed the end of the fuse in the powder and built it into its place with loose stones, which he very carefully set in order until the bulk and weight satisfied him.

"Now earth, and stamp it down well—so. Drag the cloth and what remains over, inside the door, and set the flags in place. Good; a fair craftsmanlike piece of work. Presently, they will sink, but, faith of Beaufoy, they will lie even long enough to fool César Vigogne."

Scraping aside the clay from the extreme edge of the flagging, he carefully buried the linen fuse, bringing the end up inside the oak door. This he closed and bolted, and then returned to the hall of the castle. The lamp he left behind him, but so placed that the door lay in shadow.

The hall he found a groping darkness, with just enough of life whispering down the dim corridors to set the nerves tingling, but that nerves and Beaufoy had little acquaintance. Against the door lay a great heap of tables, armoires, and such-like furnishings.

Presently he found Mark de Vaucourt.

"Give me two stools and a dice-box," said Beaufoy. "Needs must that I keep awake by hook or crook. If César Vigogne comes scratching on the panels presently, or calling softly, as belike he may, let him scratch and call, but for the Lord's sake give no sign of life. The dice? Aye, now the stools. So; that promises well. As you go your rounds, Messire,

do not forget Beaufoy down in the cellars."

Tucking the stools one under each arm, he disappeared into the black vault of the passage, but with so light a tread that not César Vigogne himself, had he had his ear to the keyhole, would have heard a stir of life.

An hour later and what the Seigneur had forecast came to pass. There was a stealthy shuffle of feet on the stone steps, a stumble in the darkness, and a muttered curse, and then a silence; and after the silence a thin tattoo of finger-nails on the door followed by a muffled voice, "Beaufoy, Beaufoy!" thrice repeated, each time with a rising note—"Beaufoy! Beaufoy! Beaufoy!" Then again the stealthy shuffle of feet, and the watchers in the upper windows saw the waiting troop draw off to the south until it was lost in the night. Then Mark de Vaucourt went to seek the Seigneur.

Beaufoy he found seated on one of the stools, with his back to the door, his legs thrust out before him, the second stool between his knees, and busy throwing dice upon its top, alternately left hand against right. At the sound of Vaucourt's footsteps, he set down the box and looked up.

"Well?"

"Vigogne has ridden off to the south."

"Then he will come back by way of the north. I know the feeble cunning of his kind."

Dropping his chin upon his hand, he rubbed it softly; then, reaching out, he took up the dice-box again, and let fall the dice into it slowly.

"Cold steel," he said, out of the thought that was in both their minds, "will go cruelly hard against the grain after this night's brotherhood; and, to tell the truth, there is no woman in the world good enough for men to split friendship because of her."

"Then give her up," answered Vaucourt, "and let us be brother and brother to the end. Plainly she has no wish for Beaufoy."

But the Seigneur shook his head.

"Plague take it!" said he. "There is such a thing as a man's dignity. As for wishes, what are they in a woman? Nought!"

And he snapped his fingers. "Listen," he went on; "I will play you for her. Dice-boxes instead of a puddle of blood; and, besides, the time hangs plaguë heavy."

"Are you mad?" cried Vaucourt. "Why, man, I have loved Denise since I knew what love was."

"Faith!" and Beaufoy laughed. "I might say the same, and never know the throb of a pulse."

"Then give her up!" cried the other again. "For, Beaufoy, Denise —" And he stopped.

"Aye," answered Beaufoy, "and had I known that thirty-six hours ago, I had not been sitting here now waiting to play a sharper game with César Vigogne than dice on a stool-top; but, being here, I must carry the thing through. I catch your meaning. You love her, and she you; and to dice for her would be sacrilege for you as for me to dice for Beaufoy. Aye, I see that; but to me who neither love nor am loved it is the fairest of games. By St. Francis! I have it! I will play left hand against right for her; and on the honour of Beaufoy, if I lose, I make my bow at sunrise, César Vigogne permitting."

"And if you win?"

"If I win," and with his open palm he smote the stool in front of him, "then win her I shall, though all Vaucourt came between. Let me see: the left, aye, that is you. It is nearer the heart. A pretty conceit, faith! I give you first throw, Messire. My word; but I hope César

Vigogne will be gallant enough to hold his hand until the game is played."

Taking the dice-box in his left fingertips, he raised it above his head, shaking it, and reversed it on the stool.

"Ace, tray; faith, a poor throw! Now then, right hand for Beaufoy. Cinq, quatre; I lead you, Messire; I lead you. Throw, Vaucourt, throw, 'tis the best of three. Tray, quatre. Eleven to nine and



Beaufoy was busy throwing dice all roundly left hand against right.

a throw in hand. Deuce, quatre. It is well, Messire, that you are here to bear witness that it is an honest game. Your last throw, Vaucourt, and a noble one. Double six; 'tis a lead, indeed. Now, St. Francis, for Beaufoy."

With the box poised in the air he paused, listening. "Nothing? I thought it had been César Vigogne." Down came the box with a rattle. "Tray, six; Beaufoy wins by a point. Welcome to my poor house that shall be, Messire de Vaucourt!"



"Coward!" she cried. "Coward to leave your post!"

"Do you think," said Vaucourt fiercely, grasping the Seigneur by the shoulder and shaking him; "Do you think I hold myself bound by such a mummer's chance as that? No; by God, No!"

"Keep your hands for César Vigogne, Messire," answered Beaufoy. "For me the thing is settled. If you wish to fight it out in another fashion, why— Ha! Saints! What is that? The assault is on in front; though if Vigogne thinks to batter in the doors he must swing a heavier sledge than that. Come, man, come!"

Leaping to his feet Beaufoy sped up the passage, grasping at his sword-hilt as he ran. Five paces behind him was Mark de Vaucourt; but midway he stopped and waited, listening—then turned back. From behind came the sharp scream of dry timber ripped and splintered; and as he watched he saw, in the dull flicker of the lamp, the door heave.

"A feint, a feint!" he cried. "Rouse them in the castle, and then this way, Seigneur; the attack lies here!" and rushed headlong down the tunnel.

At the cry Beaufoy paused, and, stooping, he saw Vaucourt seize the lamp and hold it to the fuse, and there was a spurt of flame.

"Run, for the Lord's sake, run!" he

shouted. But Vaucourt, still holding the lamp, bent forward motionless. There was an instant's silence, a rumble, the bulging of the oak door, a rush of grey smoke, and utter darkness, and through the darkness a war and crash that sent Beaufoy staggering to the wall.

"Mother of God," cried a voice behind him, "what has befallen?"

Looking behind him he saw Denise, a rushlight flickering in her hand.

"You, Messire de Beaufoy? You? Then where is Mark? Coward!" she cried. "Coward to leave your post! Coward!" And as she ran past him into the darkness she smote him with her open hand upon the face.

Still stooping, Beaufoy saw her set the light upon the floor and draw a something from the wreck of fallen earth, saw her sink upon her knees and lay Mark de Vaucourt's head upon her lap. There he set his teeth hard and sought Marmontel.

"César Vigogne is paid in full," said he; "but I have enough of wife-hunting for this time. Let Mademoiselle Denise cleave to her fraction of a man, for, by St. Francis! he can be little more."

Nevertheless, in the long day's ride to Beaufoy the squire had wit enough to keep a silent tongue, lest the debt due by the woman be levied off the man.



A SUCCESSFUL SECEDER: GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Born 1732. Died December 14, 1799.

IT has always been difficult for a mere Englishman to appreciate fully the legend of Washington. In the one hundred years that have passed since the death-scene at Mount Vernon, the story of his virtue has been incessantly told. He has been proclaimed to posterity as the model citizen, the model soldier, the one Virtuous Man. And respectful as our attitude may have been—for every Englishman is more or less conscious that in the unfortunate



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

differences which occurred Washington was generally right, and England almost always wrong—we are apt to grow weary of these pæans of virtue. Where is the place, we feel inclined to ask, for a character of this heroic build, so just, so

interested, so upright, in the excellent but rather business-like nation we know to-day? Or what has happened in these

hundred years?

To talk this way is treason to a race. Avaunt! all such profane critics. This Washington you speak of is no ordinary hero. With Solon and Lycurgus, with Moses and William Tell, he has entered once for all the highest ranks of the immortals. He is the law-giver, the founder of a nation, the man to whose

memory every true-born American appeals. To praise him is to praise America; to detract from him is to insult her. To examine his life—well, it is hazardous work.

In the various layers of English history there is no one quite of this pre-eminence.

King Arthur, with his Round Table, is still, in spite of Lord Tennyson's efforts, a transcendental and rather a shadowy figure—a man whom to mention in casual conversation would be like saying you were fond of poetry. And William the Conqueror, though distinct enough, is open to even graver objections. He is the traditional founder of a small caste, a caste in which the average Englishman finds little interest. To think yourself peculiarly associated with this invader, to talk about people who "came over at the Conquest," is at best the sign of a vacant mind. If the Restoration had never happened, Cromwell might have done. And Nelson still better; only he came too late.

But Washington is *par excellence* the first American. From a somewhat aristocratic country gentleman living on his estate in Virginia, and caring, as it seemed, for none of these things, he becomes almost

without effort the leader of a great national cause. For nearly nine years he persisted in what must have seemed at times a hope-

less undertaking, raising and maintaining, in spite of poverty, indifference, and foolish jealousies, that little army of resolute men with which he resisted, and at last overcame, the whole strength of an English Government. The colonists themselves, for whose sake he fought, were the first to lose heart and complain. "I can assure these people," he writes of certain critics who in the second winter of the war blamed him for having put his troops in

winter quarters, "that it is easier and much less painful to make remonstrances in a very comfortable apartment at the corner of a good fire than to occupy a cold and barren hill and to sleep upon ice without clothes or covering."

When the war was over these grievances were quickly forgotten; but as the dangers of the little State disappeared the Commander-in-Chief disappeared too, and a sort of ideal hero, the Patriot of Virginia, the Father of his Country, arose instead. The canonisation of Washington, which still makes a plain view of him so difficult, began even in his life. His journey from New York to Annapolis after the departure of the English troops was a long triumphal progress. People crowded into the lanes to see him; innumerable addresses were presented, some of them by trains of matrons and damsels in allegorical



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.

Mona Vernon April 14th 1779

*I had the honor to receive your
Official communication by the hand of
Mr Secretary Thompson, about one
o'clock this day. — Having concluded to
obey the important & flattering call of my
Country, and having been impressed with
an idea of the expediency of my being
with Congress at as early a period as
possible: I propose to commence my jour-
ney on Thursday morning which will be
the day after to-morrow. —*

*I have the honor to be
with sentiments of esteem
his*

Your most obed^t serv^t

G. Washington

*to
Mr Speaker Esq*

WASHINGTON'S LETTER TO CONGRESS
ACCEPTING THE PRESIDENCY.



WASHINGTON'S SWORD
AND WALKING-STICK.

costumes; and when, after resigning his commission, the object of these attentions had retired, like Cincinnatus, to his farm and private life, it was by almost unanimous acclaim that he was recalled as first President, to institute the beginnings of government, to set his name for ever upon the new country.

To the ordinary observer, when the troubles first began, Washington would have seemed the last person to become a great Revolutionary leader. In the life at Mount Vernon, on Potomac River, where he had been living when the war broke out for nearly fifteen years, with every circumstance, as it would then have been described, of "domestic felicity," there was nothing to train him for the struggles that were preparing. He was, you would have said, the most practical, the least visionary of men. In the diaries that he kept regularly from his sixteenth year onwards, there is hardly a trace of the "divine discontent," or even of any extraordinary ambition; nowhere, as it seems, the touch of genius.

The younger son of a fairly rich Virginian landowner, the first impression we get of him is as a well-bred, high-spirited boy, somewhat serious, perhaps, and fond of work, though his education, in the ordinary sense, was very scanty; but, most of all, fond of sport and active life; quite ready to fall in love with any pretty girl he met, and to relate his experiences to his friends.

His father died when he was only eleven; and Washington's early years were passed chiefly with his eldest half-brother Lawrence, who was then living at Mount Vernon, the family place. Here, while engaged in learning farming and land-surveying, the lad was introduced to Lord Thomas Fairfax, a rich Englishman living in Virginia, a connection by marriage of Lawrence Washington's, and attracted his notice. It is said that the old man, who had been at one time an officer in the Blues, a friend of Addison, Steele, and other men of letters, and was still a distinguished though somewhat eccentric person, was delighted by the boy's horsemanship and love of hunting. He took

him into his household, appointed him surveyor to his Virginian estates, and for the next few years directed his life. Washington was then in his seventeenth year, and there are several letters of this time describing the change in relation to some old love affair. One of them, addressed to "Dear Robin," is curiously reflective—

My place of residence [he writes] is at present at his Lordship's, where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there's a very agreeable young lady lives in the same house (Col. George Fairfax's Wife's Sister), but as that's only adding Fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in Company with her revives my former passion for your Low Land Beauty, whereas, was I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure elivate my sorrow by burying that chast and troublesome Passion in the grave of oblivion or eternall forgetfulness.

The two rather childish love poems: the one beginning—

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From your bright sparkling eyes I was undone, belong also to this period, and may seem to refer to the same anonymous lady. They are written out in the boy's note-books, among surveyor's notes and business memoranda. Poor halting verses, without much metre, rhyme, or grammar, and yet with a certain pathetic ring, they were probably the only attempts at poetry the serious Washington ever made.

How cruel, how fair this Low Land Beauty must have been!

From pursuits of this sort a military expedition under the English flag was the first serious diversion. For some years past reports had come of encroachments by French settlers in the neighbourhood of the Ohio, upon the western borders of the colony. After complaints had been made without apparently much result to the Government at home, Washington had been despatched by the Governor of Virginia with an ultimatum to the French intruders.

This was in 1753, and in the next year a small colonial force, of which Washington



MRS. BROWN POTTER.



THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS, CARPENTER'S HALL, PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 1774.



WASHINGTON DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT NEW YORK.

was appointed second in command, had been sent out to defend the colony.

At last, in 1755, the long-expected



MRS. WASHINGTON.

English force arrived in Potomac River: two regiments of foot, under the command of Major-General Braddock, a former Colonel of the Guards, with all the haughtiness to colonials of an English officer of the day. Washington was at the time only just twenty-three; but by the death of his brother, and of his brother's child, he had lately come into the estate of Mount Vernon, and was already a person of some weight in the colony. He at once volunteered for service in the expedition, and was taken by the General for an extra aide-de-camp.

"I have now a good opportunity, and shall not neglect it," he writes during the march, "of forming an acquaintance which may be serviceable hereafter, if I find it worth while to push my fortune in the military line."

The opportunity, indeed, served him well, though not as the young man had expected. A surprise attack by the French garrison outside Fort Duquesne; the fall of General Braddock and of most of his officers; and the "dastardly conduct" (so Washington describes it) of the English regulars, who fled in confusion at the first attack—so ended in a day the little expedition which had marched for months through the

backwoods of Virginia with all the precision of troops at a review. Washington himself had a marvellous escape. "I had four bullets," he says, "through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me." The General, who had treated him, he says, throughout the march "with much complaisance," died soon afterwards of his wounds, bequeathing to Washington his favourite horse and his body-servant. The young officer returned home with only thirty men out of three companies of Virginians who had started, but "with a name," says Trevelyan, "for coolness and conduct which made him the talk of the whole empire."

But his military ambition, however strong it may once have been, was soon afterwards to be put aside—not, apparently, with great reluctance. Within four years of the disaster at Fort Duquesne, the English supremacy on the Ohio had been



MISS MARY PHIPSE,
Washington's First Love.

reasserted, and the scene of operations had changed to the great struggle before Quebec. The war, so far as Virginia was

concerned, was practically over; and Washington, though still a young man, returned from his position as Commander-in-Chief of the Virginian forces to marry and settle down to country life, with no prospect, as it seemed, for the rest of his career, of any more campaigning.

In matrimony, as in almost every enterprise that he undertook, he seems to have succeeded perfectly. The lady, whom he met

by chance in one of the intervals of the campaign, was a certain Mrs. Custis, who is supposed, though without much

a young widow from New York, charming, elegant, and with a fine estate left her by her first husband; and Washington promptly fell in love with her.

It was not likely in the history of so gallant a man that this was the first affair of the kind he was engaged in; and, indeed, only two years previously, in another interval of the campaign, he is known to have paid repeated attentions to a Miss Mary



LIBERTY BELL, WHICH PROCLAIMED AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, IN THE STATE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.



THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, JULY 4, 1776.

costumes; and when, after resigning his commission, the object of these attentions had retired, like Cincinnatus, to his farm and private life, it was by almost unanimous acclaim that he was recalled as first President, to institute the beginnings of government, to set his name for ever upon the new country.

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largely, after the manner of colonists; and on the arrival in the river of an English gun-boat there is a great account of the entertainment to the officers.

But besides courtesies of this kind there were frequent communications with the Mother Country, through which all Washington's business was done; and you have orders for English saddlery and horse-cloths, "the best that can be procured," and for his own clothes, which he always

murmurs were already beginning to be heard foreboding the conflict, so bitter, so disastrous, which was to put an end for more than a generation to all friendly intercourse.

"One truth," wrote one who became himself afterwards a leader in the Revolution, "comes home to the recollection of every man who lived in those days. The attachment to England was such that, to whatever the colonists wished to affix



VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA, WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

had made for him in England. "I want neither lace nor embroidery," he writes in one of these letters to Richard Washington, asking him to choose him some new suits: "Plain clothes, with gold or silver buttons, if worn in genteel dress, are all that I desire." Other letters have frequent references to a promised visit to England, a country, however, that he was never to see; for Washington himself, though his two elder brothers had both been sent to school in Westmoreland, never left America; and

the stamp of excellence the title of 'English' was always given. To reside in England was the object of universal desire, the cherished hope of every bosom. It was considered as the delightful haven, where peace and happiness were alone to be looked for. A parent sending his sons to Eton or Westminster would say: 'I am sending my sons home for their education.' If he himself should cross the Atlantic, though but for a summer season, to witness their progress, he would say, 'I am going home to visit my children.'



THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS, CARPENTER'S HALL, PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 1774.



WASHINGTON DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT NEW YORK.

A STORMY PASSAGE.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

THE *Mary Beatrice* lay at low tide in the harbour waiting for a Paris train, which was picking its way very carefully along the rails on the Quai Chanzy above. The electric globes sent a moon-light haze over the upper deck; the captain on the bridge by their aid looked at his watch and said something about French railways that need not be printed here. A middle-aged clean-shaven, cheerful-looking man sitting on a deck-chair near the funnel glanced up. French children trying to sell mechanical dolls from the edge of the quay, watched casually the melancholy person who walked up and down in a clumsy suit of innumerable fancy baskets, articles which did not appear to be indispensable to the happiness of the evening-boat passengers. At the back, lights of the town speckled the edge of the harbour, and the bell of a tram-car rang warningly.

"Paris train late, surely," said the clean-shaven personage.

"Everybody's late in this country, Sir," replied the first mate respectfully. "Give me England."

"I rather want England myself," said the passenger. "Haven't seen it for ten years." The Paris train stopped on the quay above. Passengers came down the wet stone stairs and advanced to the slanting gangway. "Anyone special on board?"

"Funny thing you should ask the question, Sir. As it 'appens, I see by the luggage that Mr. Lewis 'Omersham, whose name you've seen in the papers, is crossing to-night?"

"Don't think much of him," said the passenger, rising and going to the foot of the gangway.

"Well, but, Sir——"

"I am Mr. Lewis Homersham."

"Dang my old eyes," said the chief mate with Kentish strenuousness, "if I ain't always a-putting my foot in it."

The passengers came down the sloping gangway with more or less of trepidation. A tall lady of generous figure, in a flowing grey cloak that made her look like some large bird on the wing, called to her maid in slipping near to the deck end, and the maid, in sympathy, slipped also. Mr. Homersham put out one arm, and with some difficulty saved the opulent lady from disaster.

"Thank you ever so much," she said gratefully. "This is such a very awkward arrangement, and—Martin, how tiresome you are! A clumsier maid I think I never saw." The maid, having picked herself up, ran down recklessly into the arms of two sailors, who caught her and swung her round neatly. "How's that, umpire?" demanded the two sailors of each other.

"Margaret," said Mr. Homersham suddenly, pulling off his travelling-cap.

"Lewis!" ejaculated the lady.

"But for your voice," he said, "I should not have known you."

"Is that intended for a compliment?" she asked.

"My dear girl," he said hastily, "you cannot, of course, help being charming whatever alterations time may bring."

"They tell me," she said vaguely, as one speaking of a subject of which it was not possible to have personal knowledge, "that I have grown stouter."

"I don't think so," he said. This was not the truth, but it seemed more effective than the truth, for she beamed upon him



"Thank you ever so much," she said gratefully.

pleasantly. A family of spare girls, ranging in height from six feet to about four feet two, marched past, clearing the deck and complaining bitterly of the other passengers; the last giant trunk of baggage was being swung on board.

"I have a private cabin," she remarked, after she had sent a contemptuous look at the thin family, "but I think as I have met you, Lewis, I'd rather stay on deck. It only takes about an hour and a half."

"The time," said Mr. Homersham, "will seem too short in your company."

"Tell my stupid maid to go down, will you, and not to stand there like a ridiculous idiot?"

Mr. Homersham obeyed, slightly modifying the wording of the order, and Martin, giving the patient sigh of one accustomed to dealing with a mistress who possessed a temper, went down the companion. The *Mary Beatrice* moved gingerly out into the centre of the harbour, where there was just enough water, and seemingly not a tumblerful too much, to enable her to get out into the open. Silhouetted figures lining the edge of the quay waved farewell, the captain ordered a protecting canvas to be fitted at the end of his bridge. Now this startled observant passengers.

"It is going to be a rough crossing, Margaret," said Mr. Homersham, returning. "Are you quite sure——"

"I'm a good sailor," she replied definitely. "I hope you are."

"I hope so too."

"We have an enormous amount to talk about," she said, nodding her large hat in a winning manner. "It seems years since we met, Lewis."

"It is years," he said.

"I was quite a girl."

"You were," he said, "then."

"I saw," she said, "that you obtained your C.B."

"Backstair influence," he said lightly. It seemed that Mr. Lewis Homersham was not entirely at his ease: he assumed too obviously an air of unconcern. "You have no idea how these things can be managed."

"I think I have," she said, touching him on the arm. "I read all about your excellent work as Consul during the outbreak."

"Newspapers have to exaggerate."

"Not unless they see real necessity for doing so. I thought of you a good deal at that time." She paused. The *Mary Beatrice* had found her way out of the shallow harbour now, and was on the dark open Channel, a fine spray of salt-water came humorously over the first-class deck, and passengers who objected to practical jokes of this kind prepared to descend to the saloon. "I say, Lewis," she repeated, raising her voice, "that I thought of you a good deal at that time."

"You are very kind, Margaret."

"I wonder whether—hadn't you better put up your coat-collar—I wonder whether you have ever thought of me?"

"When I had time to do so."

"Love," quoted the stout lady pathetically, "is of a man's life a what do you call it, 'tis woman's—you must really get some tarpaulins, Lewis. Do bestir yourself, *please*, and pay some attention to me." A passing sailor with a Red Indian touch in his veins was hunting for palefaces, and brought a covering; the two sat nearer to each other, sharing it. "What was I saying when you interrupted?"

"I've had rather a busy time out there," he said, without replying to her question. "I ought, I suppose, to have written to you, but the Colonial Office has received most of my letters."

"I wonder whether men ever think," said the lady bitterly, "how much of happiness they miss by concentrating their attentions on mere self-advancement. The day surely comes when they feel remorse."

"One can always find something to reproach oneself about. Are you still living with your aunt in Lancaster Gate?"

"I suppose it never occurred to you, Lewis, that you treated me very badly?"

"I?" he stammered. "I—I treated you badly?"

"You!" she said with calm.

"We had a quarrel, certainly, but——"

"I needn't remind you," she snapped, "who was to blame there. No one can



Her gloved hand traced the outline of a heart in the tarpaulin that covered her lap.

say that I ever began a dispute." He bowed his head politely. "The next thing I heard was that you had left England to take up this appointment."

"May I venture to remind you, Margaret, that you particularly requested that I should do so?"

"My dear Lewis!" protested the lady. "Do you mean to tell me that you don't understand women-folk better than that?"

"I am exceedingly sorry," he began.

"What is the use of being sorry now?" she asked indignantly. "Will that make the case any better? You might go down on your knees before me——"

"The deck is very wet," he urged.

"And apologise for your hastiness, but it would do no earthly good *now*. The past is past."

"Yes," he said with relief; "it has that advantage."

The *Mary Beatrice* dipped its head into the turbulent sea. The detachment of spare girls still marching round and around the deck fell into momentary disorder, regaining discipline as the steamer resumed its normal attitude, only to be swept down into the saloon by the next wave. The two were now alone.

"Whom did you marry, Lewis?" she asked sharply.

"I beg pardon."

"I asked you as distinctly as I could, Whom—Did—You—Marry?"

"I have never married," he said, with a touch of pathos in his voice. "I have never been engaged to anyone, Margaret, but you."

"Poor Lewis!" she said. Her gloved hand traced the outline of a heart in the tarpaulin that covered her lap. "And now you are home again, and I am the first person you meet. Some," she remarked with a sigh, "would call this fate." He edged away slightly and seemed half inclined to suggest another name. "There is no doubt, to my mind," she went on in the manner of one propounding a novel idea, "that everything is ordered for us in this world. We are mere puppets; we have to obey the strings that pull us. It is quite useless, Lewis, for you to contradict me, because I know that it is so."

"My dear Margaret," he protested, "I don't contradict you."

"Oh yes, you do," said the lady firmly; "you wouldn't be a man if you didn't. And please, *please* don't pull the tarpaulin away. You can sit closer, surely!" He apologised and edged nearer to her. "I should think, Lewis," she continued, "that when you come to the end of your life the one thing with which you will have to reproach yourself most will be the unmanly way in which you broke off our engagement."

"To tell you the truth, I had nearly forgotten all about it."

"Ah!" she said triumphantly, "I knew it! I knew it! That is how a woman's heart is treated. Lifelong devotion on her part counts as nothing."

"My dear," he said, "do be reasonable. We were only engaged about a fortnight."

"Cast aside like an old glove that has been plucked in the garden of life, and once its petals have commenced to fade——"

"Margaret," he said determinedly, "I can't allow you to talk in this way."

"A man," she remarked acutely, "a man never likes to hear the truth. I've noticed that over and over again."

"Are you sure," he said, after a politic silence, "that you would not prefer to go below?"

"If I did prefer it," she replied brusquely, "I should do so."

"The changing lights at Cape Grisnez," he said, turning his head, "show out very clearly on a dark night like this." She did not look round. "When one thinks of the number of vessels——"

"I suppose," she interrupted, "it is nothing to you, Lewis, that the best years of my life have been spoilt by your inexcusable burst of ill-temper."

"I should be sorry," he said courteously, "to think that had been the case."

"Do I understand you," said the lady icily, "to doubt my word?"

"No, no. Don't misconstrue me."

"I think," she said with deliberation, "that but for your wrong-headedness—but for your fatal hastiness and lack of

serenity, we might have spent a lifetime of perfect happiness together."

"Oh?" he said.

"We were young; we could have walked hand in hand through life, sharing each other's sorrows; we should have had every taste in common—— You're not going to smoke a cigar?"

"There is nobody in your house, I take it, who would care to smoke much. For my part, I owe a good deal to tobacco."

"No husband of mine," she said, "shall ever smoke."

He glanced at her curiously. Could it be that she expected a renewal of the



"My lady! They want to charge on those bottles of eau-de-Cologne."

"Do you prefer a pipe?"

"You seriously mean——"

"I was about to ask your permission. The wind will blow it away from you."

"I never tolerate smoke," said the lady, tapping the wet deck with one shoe. "A most objectionable habit, and I do all that I can to put a stop to it. It is never allowed for one single moment in my house. I simply won't tolerate it."

old and brief engagement? Were his prospects of a comfortable middle-aged bachelor life in the Albany endangered? Was there not some merciful Statute of Limitations which protected middle-aged men in cases like this? A wave reared its head on the starboard side and broke: the water rolled up to their feet.

"Exactly resembles my life," said the lady, shaking her head dolefully. "Dashed

at the very apex of expectation, and all ambition gone!"

"My dear Margaret," said Mr. Lewis Homersham with anxiety, "I really beg you not to talk in this manner. I am distressed to think that you consider your life wasted, but I cannot feel that I am to blame."

"Naturally!"

"I feel sure you have had a fair amount of happiness in your life; that it has not been all so grey as you now imagine."

"I have tried to bear up," she said mournfully. "Nobody knows what it has cost."

"You are still well off, Margaret?"

"Happiness," she said with tears, "cannot be bought."

"Margaret," he said impulsively, "is there anything I can do? You appear to think I behaved badly; can I——"

"Too late," she said with pathos; "too late."

Mr. Lewis Homersham muttered a "Pray excuse me," and started up; before the lady could protest he had marched away aft. This was a situation that demanded insistently the smoking of a cigar; he was a man who thought best when smoking. Her last remark had touched him acutely. Perhaps without knowing it, he had not comported himself in the old days with sufficient tolerance: he might have been hasty, and a right-minded man should repair at leisure the hurried blunders that he makes.

The blustering wind consumed as much of the cigar as he himself did, but he smoked sufficiently to arrange and to make up his mind. It was a wrench to have to alter all his plans; hard on a middle-aged bachelor to have to relinquish his state of single content; but right was

right. At any rate, he would renew his proposal on the way from Folkestone to London: he wished he could think there was any chance of receiving a refusal. He wished, too, she had not grown so very stout.

The lights of the Leas at Folkestone were near, and white-faced passengers came up hesitatingly from below. Lewis Homersham, about to rejoin the lady who had once excited his youthful admiration, saw that her maid was now in attendance upon her, receiving stern reproof with a placid aspect of resignation. The *Mary Beatrice* entered the harbour, and as he took his portmanteau and joined the queue of disembarking passengers, he managed to speak to her.

"You will allow me to travel up with you, Margaret?"

"If you wish it, Lewis."

At the long bench where the Custom officers examined the hand-baggage there was presently commotion. The maid left her open bag and ran to her mistress, who was standing near to Mr. Homersham.

"My lady! They want to charge on those bottles of eau-de-Cologne."

"How dare they attempt to swindle me!" said her mistress excitedly. "Tell them that I shall get my husband to write to the County Council about it."

"You are married?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes, of course I am married," she answered impatiently. "Sir Robert had to stay in Paris; it was most annoying; if I hadn't had you to argue with I might have been ill. Which is the way to the train?"

"On reflection," said Mr. Lewis Homersham cheerfully as they went upstairs, "I think I will travel up in a smoking compartment."



FLASHES FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

MRS. CECIL RALEIGH.

DRAMATISTS' wives naturally take to the stage. Mrs. Wilton Jones (Miss Warden) is an excellent comédienne, and Mrs. R. C. Carton (Miss Compton) is absolutely unrivalled in her line (who can forget her Lady Algy?). In the medium of

melodrama we have Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, who prefers to play under her married name rather than under her own (Miss Isabel Ellison). Before she married Mr. Raleigh she was well known to theatre-goers (and her brother married a very pretty actress); but it is only of recent years that she carved out a niche for herself. She is a strikingly handsome woman, with streaks of grey in her jet-black hair, and she carries off a bold melodramatic part, such as the Countess Mirtza in

"The Great Ruby," or Lady Hermione in "The White Heather," with powerful effect. She is now playing the big part in "With Flying Colours," at the Adelphi. But she has also a lighter touch, as we saw when she figured in "The Princess and the Butterfly," at the St. James's.

A VETERAN PLAY-ACTRESS.

Miss Dolores Drummond, who is appearing at the Lane, is the daughter of an

artist-family (her father was Samuel Drummond, the painter). She made her first appearance in Australia, and has played with G. V. Brooke, Charles Kean, and Barry Sullivan. Her son is Mr. Sprague, our cleverest theatrical architect. He thus combines the stage knowledge of his mother with the artistic instincts of her family.



Photo. by Ellis and Walery.

MRS. CECIL RALEIGH.

MISS PALGRAVE.

Miss Helen Palgrave, who opened a London engagement at the Vaudeville in September, has been acting since 1884, but she is best known to provincial playgoers. She is a niece of the late Palgrave Simpson, the dramatist, and has had a busy time in the country since she began her stage career fifteen years ago.

MISS VANE

FEATHERSTONE.

Miss Vane Feather-

stone, who appears in the autumn drama at the Lane, has been on the stage for nearly twenty years. She began at the Olympic when she was quite a girl, and since then she has appeared in nearly every London theatre. Some of her best work has been done with Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who has a genius for making or, at least, choosing comédiennes. During the last three or four years she has given a "theatrical tea" at the Queen's

Hall, at which everybody who is anybody in stageland puts in an appearance.

MISS CALHOUN.

Miss Eleanor Calhoun is an actress of such power that one would gladly see her more often. Her appearance in Mr. C. B. Fernald's Japanese play at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, with Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Campbell, is the latest thing she has done. She is a Californian by birth; learned how to act in France (she played leading parts at the Odéon); and made her first London appearance in 1882. Quite recently she played in a little piece of Lady Archibald Campbell's, produced in Scotland. She is a remarkably intelligent woman, and she is very shy. Her sister is now playing in America in the



Photo. by Hana.

MISS ELEANOR CALHOUN.

old Indian play recently produced by the Elizabethan Stage Society.

"A LIDY."

The most amusing low comédienne that London has seen of recent years is Miss Connie Ediss, of the Gaiety. In appearing at the Alhambra recently during the

"Runaway Girl's" vacation, Miss Ediss was returning to her first love, the music-hall, for it was at the Empire,



Photo. by Ellis and Watery.

MISS CONNIE EDISS.

Brighton, that Mr. Edwardes saw and engaged her. She had often appeared in pantomime, but her first real stage part was that of Ada Smith in "The Shop Girl." She played it in the provinces. Then she was brought to the Gaiety, where she has continued her "lidy" parts with immense success.

MR. WILSON BARRETT'S LEADING LADY.

Miss Maud Jeffries has been supporting Mr. Wilson Barrett now for seven or eight years, and has been one of the attractions of his season at the Lyceum. She is an American, and must not be confounded with Miss Ellis Jeffreys (the Hon. Mrs. Fred Curzon). Miss Jeffries is tall, dark, and delicate-looking. Her greatest success has been as Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross," but her Kate in "The Manxman" (in which she is pictured on the opposite page) is a much more artistic creation.



Photo. by Talma, Melbourne.

MISS MAUD JEFFRIES, MR. WILSON BARRETT'S LEADING LADY.

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S PROGENY.

The younger generation is always knocking at the door, but you are never so conscious of its tapping as when it is knocking at



Photo. by Ellis and Walery.

MISS LILY GRUNDY, THE DAUGHTER OF
THE DRAMATIST.

the same door which its fathers have successfully opened. There have recently been some striking cases of this, for Miss Lily Grundy appears in her father's (Mr. Sydney Grundy) brilliant play, "The Degenerates," playing the part of the (stage) daughter of Mrs. Langtry. This is Miss Grundy's first appearance, though it is said she does not intend to take to "the" profession as a livelihood. On the other hand, Mr. H. A. Jones's daughters, Winifred and Ethelwynne, who have adopted the name of Arthur-Jones, have blossomed out in real live actresses. Winifred, the elder, was trained by Coquelin and William Farren, and she has been touring in Miss Winifred Emery's part in her father's play, "The Manceuvres of Jane." She is 5 ft. 9½ in. tall. Mr. Pinero's step-daughter, Miss Myra Hamilton, is a great first-nighter, but she has directed her artistic talents

(inherited from her mother and cultivated by her step-father) into the channel of fiction, for she writes charming short stories.

THE PLAYER'S CHILDREN.

Of course, it is much more common for the sons and daughters of players, rather than for those of playwrights, to take to the stage. One of the most recent examples is Mr. H. B. Warner (the son of Mr. Charles Warner), who has been playing in Mr. James B. Fagan's Irish drama, "The Rebels." His father put him into the City, but the lad's soul, like Sir Joseph Porter's, was unfitted for an office-stool, and so he went on the stage, supporting his father in "It's Never too Late to Mend" and in "Drink." His sister, Miss Grace Warner, preceded him, for she has been acting since 1888, when she played Juliet to her father's Romeo at Drury Lane previous to Mr. Warner's long Australian tour. She is married to an actor (Mr.



Photo. by Chancellor, Dublin.

MR. H. B. WARNER, THE SON OF THE ACTOR.

Franklin McLeay), and has reached the pinnacle of being a leading lady. Actors frequently object to their children facing



Illustration by Charles.

MISS WINIFRED ARTHUR-JONES, THE ACTRESS DAUGHTER OF MR. H. A. JONES, THE DRAMATIST.

the footlights, for they know too well the hardships of the stage. But the young 'uns will "go on."

HE REMAINS AN ENGLISHMAN.

Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk has a German name and plays German parts as if he had

play, "The Ghetto," at the Comedy, but has not been lucky. Born in New Orleans, Cora Urquhart Brown-Potter made her professional debut on our stage in "Man and Wife," at the Haymarket, in March 1886. She has been all round the world since those early days, and has learnt much.



Photo by Henry and Walcott. London.
Eng. - L. E. B. 1886.

MONA.

Miss Mona K. Oram has been on the stage for ten years, but it is only the small part of Mrs. Jack Eden that she plays in "The Gay Lord Quex," at the Globe. When, however, Miss Irene Vanbrugh took a well-earned holiday in September, Miss Oram played the part of Sophy Fullgarney, and did it well. She began her career with Mr. Ben Greet, and still hankers after Shakspeare, for she appeared several times last summer as Rosalind with the Woodland Players' Company, directed by her husband, Mr. Arthur Grenville. She has



Photo by Henry and Walcott.

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they speak much of his acting career
Mona K. Oram is the Englishman.
in which role of 1876, and he has
been successful as Rosalind. He covered
the "Gay Lord Quex," then spent four
years in France. He returned to London,
and in 1886, "The Gay Lord Quex," which
he played for four years, and gave him
a great reputation. He remained in
London for the summer of 1887, when he
went to the United States for the German
theatre. He was successful in "Never
More," and "The Gay Lord Quex." He played
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and Mr.
of

PART OF HIS WORK.

By GEORGE WOLFSCOTE.

"THERE'S a woman at the door, Sir, who wishes to see you."

The Reverend Stephen Vane took his pipe from his mouth, placed his book page downward on the table and followed his landlady out into the passage of the Liverpool lodging-house.

A cold, sleety wind swept round the corner of the street and sent a shiver through him as he bent to listen to the woman, who drew her checked shawl more closely over her shoulders as she delivered the message.

"I've got a lodger in my 'ouse w'o's dying!—leastway, the doctor ses so—an' 'e wants to see a clergyman. If it isn't disturbin' yer, would yer mind comin'?"

"Certainly not. Come in while I put on my overcoat, and I will go at once with you."

The woman stepped into the shelter of the house while Stephen Vane put on his threadbare overcoat and pulled his soft felt hat well over his forehead. Then both passed down the street on their way to one of the back slums of the parish.

As they walked, the woman gave her companion some particulars concerning the man who lay dying.

He looked like a seafaring man, she said, and was very bronzed and scarred. He had been staying at her house for some weeks, and had always paid his bills regularly, besides giving her money for the medical man and the few luxuries he had had during his illness; but he was very sullen and taciturn, and had told her nothing about himself. His medical attendant said he was dying; but he did

not seem to fear death, except that he was anxious to see a clergyman.

They stopped before a house in a street which bore an unenviable reputation, and the woman, having unlocked the door, preceded the curate up a flight of dirty, creaking stairs to a room at the end of the landing.

Stephen Vane walked into the room with the quiet step and in the unobtrusive manner of one whose daily experience it was to visit the dying, stepped to the bed, and took the sick man's hand into his.

A powerful-looking man, who had been trying to read a colonial newspaper by the aid of a flaring gas-jet above his head, sighed wearily as Stephen Vane clasped his fingers. He nodded to his landlady to leave the room, and turned his face to his visitor.

"Sit down, Sir. It's a long time since I spoke to a gentleman. I knew if I sent for a clergyman, I should probably have a last chat with one. I was one myself once, though it seems like some other life I was in. I'm sorry to have brought you out on such a night as this; but I've spoken to no one but that old hag and the doctor since I've been here. It must be a change from your comfortable rooms to come here." And he looked round the bare and carpetless chamber.

"Mine are little better. I am a curate."

The sick man nodded, and went on.

"I'm usually a taciturn chap, and don't open my mind very often to anyone; but, somehow, I thought I should like to have a talk with someone to-night, as it will probably be the last time." And the sick man smiled grimly.

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Photo. by Gehrig and Windaect, Chicago.
MR. GOTTSCHALK.

been born a "Proossian," but in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations (he has spent most of his acting career in America), he remains an Englishman. His father was a City man, and he himself was educated at Isleworth. He entered his father's business, then spent four years in France. On returning to London, he started the Hampstead Dramatic Society. It was Miss Rosina Vokes who gave him his first real part. He remained in America till the autumn of 1897, when he made his London début as the German professor, Katzenjammer, in "Never Again," at the Vaudeville. He recently appeared with Mrs. Langtry in "The Degenerates"; then joined the Criterion in "My Daughter-in-Law"; and he has gone to New York to show Americans the portrait of Lord Bapchild in "The Manœuvres of Jane."

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play, "The Ghetto," at the Comedy, but has not been lucky. Born in New Orleans, Cora Urquhart Brown-Potter made her professional début on our stage in "Man and Wife," at the Haymarket, in March 1886. She has been all round the world since those early days, and has learnt much.

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served also with the Bensons and Mr. Osmond Tearle, both excellent masters of the art of acting.

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Stephen Vane bowed his head gravely, and did not speak.

"As I have lived, so will I die."

He repeated this sentence several times, and seemed to derive some comfort from it.

His visitor smiled, and, as his eyes lit up, slightly extended his hand and said in a low tone—

"Remember, the——"

"Yes, yes, I know," the other querulously interrupted. "I'm beyond all that. I want no death-bed repentances. It's too late. I only want to talk to you, just for the sake of the pleasure of talking. It's the only pleasure I've got left."

He paused and swallowed something in his throat.

"Have you got a pipe with you? No? Well, then, get one of those cigars out of that box under the bed. I can't smoke myself, and I'd dearly love the smell of one. It will make you more nat—— well, I'll be able to talk better to you."

Stephen Vane did as he was requested: lit the cigar at the gas-jet, and settled himself on the cane-bottomed chair.

The sick man looked up at the broad-shouldered, well-knit figure and the virile, clean-shaven face, and continued—

"I've had a hard life. I went wrong to begin with, and after that nothing mattered very much. I tried to go right once or twice, but, somehow, I always managed to get on the old track again. Circumstances and hereditary influences, I suppose; although, if you take those out of a man's life, there's not usually much left."

Stephen Vane made no remark, and the invalid proceeded in a dreamy tone—

"I've done some curious things, too, in my life. I've no clean hands, and I've been in a rough scramble or two in different places. Well, here I am in a filthy, dirty hole—dying. And I could have been rich, yes, 'rich beyond the dreams of avarice,' perhaps, and now I've just enough left to bury me."

He turned uneasily, and murmured his thanks when Stephen Vane placed his pillow in a more comfortable position.

"Yes, I remember once working on a farm for a chap, and a bad-tempered chap he was too. *Then* I tried to keep him straight, but, somehow or other, we had a row and he lost his temper, and he struck me. I didn't return the blow, contrary to my usual custom; but some devil whispered to me to take it out of him in some other way. I could have smashed him up in five minutes if I'd liked; but I just smiled and spat on the ground. Presently I apologised to him and went on with my work; but from that day I never ceased to plot and scheme how to get even with him. It maddened me to think that one of the few times I had tried to keep straight I should be thrown back, as it were. I managed to save a little money, and every penny I could lay out in ways to ruin that man I did. Fires took place on his farm—how, of course, I alone could tell. In time I won the old chap's confidence—that helped me considerably. A gold-mine I paid a visit to, to get information for the old chap, pinched out, completely out, and most of his money pinched out with it. One of his sons at the 'Varsity in England must have had a bad time of it to make both ends meet, and his eldest son, who still sticks to the farm, is just about a beggar now, I should think. The rest of the family are earning their livings somewhere, and poor livings they must make of it. One of the girls is a cripple and very delicate. The old chap died of a broken heart, whatever doctors may say to the contrary, but I got even with him."

He lay for some time without speaking, but eagerly swallowed the British champagne which Stephen Vane poured out from a bottle on the rickety little wash-stand. The wine seemed to revive him, and his voice became stronger.

"I wonder what's become of them. I stayed there longer than I did anywhere else, and I liked that second son of his who came to England. He was a plucky chap. I remember some of his dare-devil tricks, though they were never really bad. I daresay if he had stopped out in Australia I should have kept straight. Let's see:

what was their name? I ought to remember; but when a man's dying I suppose his memory begins to go. Vane, yes, that was it—Vane, Ranvarn Creek."

His hearer gave a slight start, and, as the sick man turned his head towards him, said—

"You mean Stephen Vane. I am he."

There was intense silence for a few minutes, while the watcher by the bed looked straight in front of him, and, without moving a muscle of his face, watched the smoke curl upwards from his cigar.

"Say, Sir, I'm dying. . . . Do you think you could forgive a chap who's going like I am?"

"Forgive you!" And the speaker's eyes were bright and smiling as he looked at the man. "Of course I can." He turned his head away and added in a deliberate, matter-of-fact tone, "It's part of my work!"

"Then listen, listen!" And some power revived the glazed eyes and filled the choking lungs of the dying wretch as he attempted to raise himself in bed. "Listen! Ranvarn Creek Farm paved, paved with gold. I know it, I know it. Ten ounces to the ton, if there's a grain. From end to end of the farm. It was part of my revenge to keep it quiet. You you "

And Stephen Vane looked on the face of the dead.

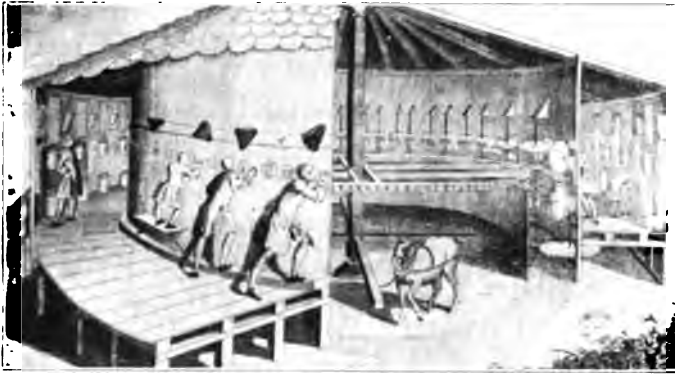


MY MUSEUM.

SINCE men began to shave—and you know that the Romans kept chins as smooth as the latest “Johnnie”—there

round by a horse in the inside. You thrust your chin into an aperture, and, lo! in sixty seconds it was to emerge clean

and smooth. Another scheme for mechanical shaving is shown in the second Illustration. In this instance the razor was attached to a stand which was moved across the faces of a row of patients on a rack and pinion arrangement, driven by a wheel. Having shaved one side of the faces held up to it, the instrument



SHAVING BY MACHINERY A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

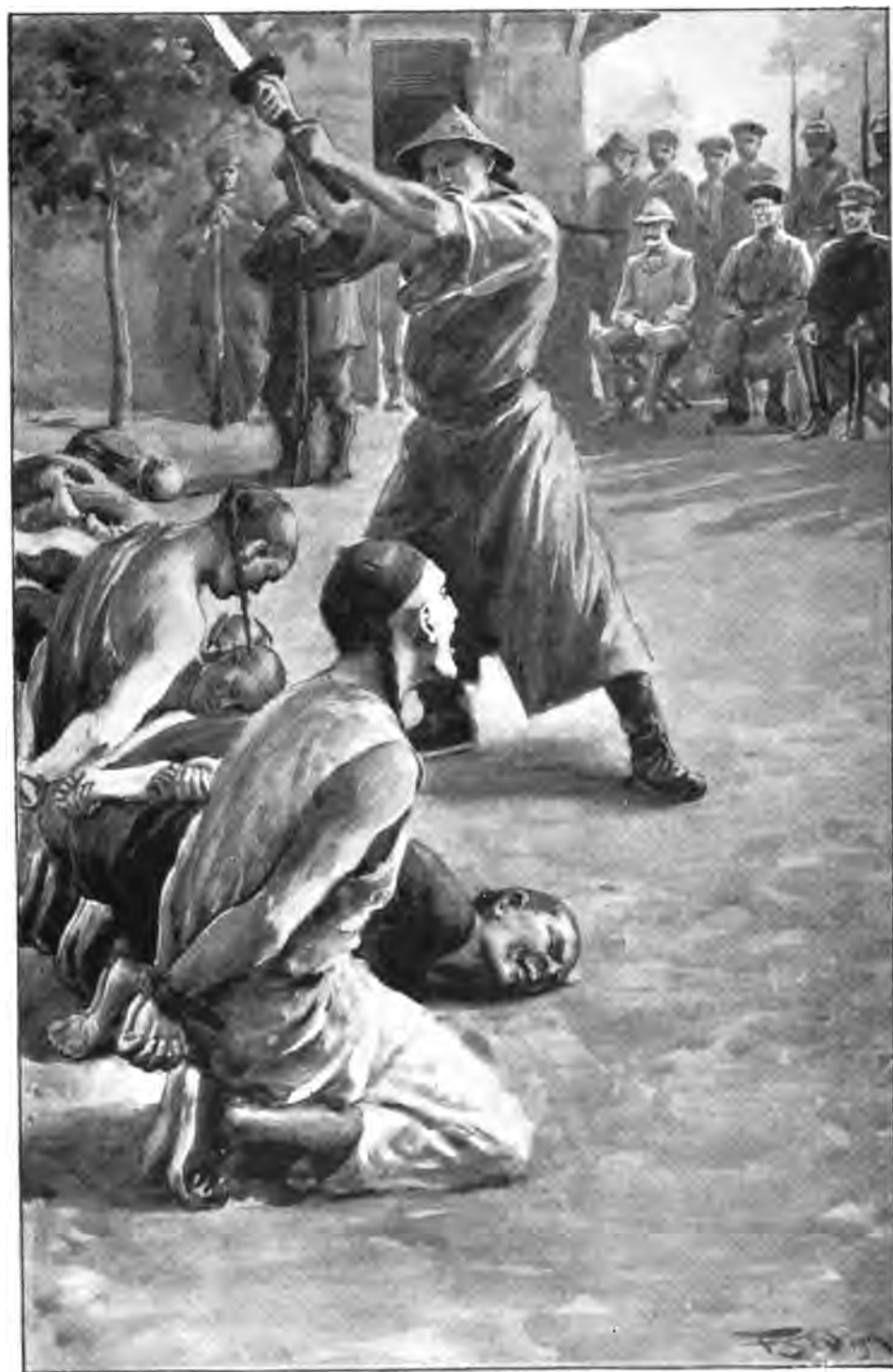
have probably been all sorts of devices for rendering the process less painful than it usually is. For instance, it is a hundred and fifty years ago since an ingenious inventor proposed a scheme for a machine that was to shave a man a minute, besides combing and powdering wigs. Each subscriber could be shaved as often as he liked by subscribing a guinea a year. The machine consisted of a number of razors attached to a wheel, which was driven round and

reversed itself and moved backwards, shaving the other side in its course.

All this was proposed long ago. Life to-day has indeed become a *deus ex machinâ*; but we have not yet got the length of a mechanical shaver.



ANOTHER PLAN FOR MECHANICAL SHAVING.



Hsü cried in terrible accents - "I did not cheat!"

SEE "THE STORY OF HSÜ FA-TO," PAGE 357.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

THE STORY OF HSÜ FA-TO.

By JULIAN CROSKEY (Mr. M—).

Author of "The Shen's Pigtail," etc.

ONE night during the war there was trouble in the port, and I had misgivings. I rang several times, and no one answered. Then I went out to the back and called. No one came; the servants' quarters were silent and untenanted, and the frogs croaked, and the cicades hissed, to the chorus of cries without. Over the moon-tiled roofs and the leaves of the pipa trees shot up occasionally a tongue of flame, which showed that the riot had begun.

I perceived a dim light in the paper windows of the little room near the stables occupied by my *ting-chai*. I descended and opened the rickety door. Hsü Fa-to was sitting within, alone, absorbed in the study of a chess-board.

"I'm hanged if I'll stand this, Hsü," I exclaimed angrily, kicking the stool he was bending over and shaking his bare shoulder. "Here I have rung half a dozen times, and the Settlement is burning, and I find you moping over a confounded game of draughts. Come out."

Hsü rose and looked at me in piteous reproach. "Oh, master," he said, "I little time makey finish the thirteen squares. Now I must to begin all over again!"

Hsü Fa-to was a gentle, persevering man, with a thoughtful and intelligent countenance. When my business was over I made inquiries into the game which could so absorb him as to be unconscious that arson and massacre were abroad. I learned that he was studying the game of *wei-ch'i*. I must confess that I have already made this game the subject of a

story. I am very sorry to have to repeat myself, but I find myself engaged to relate *facts*, and facts characteristic enough to make any difference between a Chinese story and an English story are rare enough to bear repetition. *Wei-ch'i*, then, is the one amusement which can rank with the Chinese language and the Chinese drama as characteristic of the Chinese genius. It is played on a board of 324 squares, with 150 men apiece, and is the most complicated, intricate, and brain-destroying puzzle which has been invented for the relaxation of the mind. Whist and chess are frivolous by its side; for you may learn chess in a year, and be able to play whist in two years, but at the end of a lifetime the utmost a great scholar ventured to say of *wei-ch'i* was that he began to know that he knew nothing.

It is only great scholars in China who venture to play *wei-ch'i*, and, indeed, to be an efficient at it is to have the reputation of great scholarship. Chinese scholars are capable of mastering it, simply because they inherit, through generations of candidates for mnemonic examinations, an abnormal memory and an artificial clairvoyance for complications. Hsü was not a literate, or the son of a literate, and consequently he had to educate his memory by beginning with simple combinations, and slowly increasing them. He had thus spent a year over the board of 100 squares, and now studying a board of 169 squares, which was still little more than half-way to the combinations of the full board. (In reality the squares have nothing to do with the game; it is played by

placing checkers on the intersecting points of the lines. But if I begin to describe it I shall not know where to stop.)

So singular and presumptuous an ambition in a non-graduate required explanation. The explanation was, perhaps, as singular and characteristic as the game. It appeared that five years previously a certain mandarin in Hsü's native prefecture had offered a valuable prize to any fellow-provincial who should beat him at *wei-ch'i*. This challenge was held out as an incentive to the local graduates to study the game, after the paternal fashion of mediæval municipalities. The official's name was Lo, and at this time he was prefect of Pao-ting.

This had long loomed in Hsü's vision as the narrow opening of his life. Hsü was ambitious of creeping into the bureaucracy—that is to say, of becoming a gentleman. But he was entirely self-educated, and it was out of the question for him to attempt the Civil Service examinations. But if he could beat a mandarin at *wei-ch'i*, it would be actually a better passport to official employment than a *hsiu-ts'ai* degree. And only through such a challenge could he ever hope for the honour of finding himself in the company of *wei-ch'i* players. There was, therefore, reason in his apparently futile labour, and as he was a man who was bound to go far if he got the start, I entered into the spirit of his dream. I not only secured him a certain number of hours daily of uninterrupted tranquillity in one of my own rooms, but took a personal interest in the game, frequently posing as his opponent. Although I did not pretend to master the intricacies of the board, I liked chess, which made me not entirely a fool at *wei-ch'i*, and my "new blood" was of value to him, for hitherto the poor fellow had always played against himself.

For three years Hsü continued in my service, and never for one day, except at New Year time and in sickness, did he intermit his patient persevering study. Sometimes, it is true, a spirit of despair crept over him as the bewildering complications of the board grew with the increase

of the number of squares, and then he would grow sick; and more than once I feared it would be the death of him. At such times I was obliged to support him with wine and delicacies. I did it willingly, for I was beginning to regard him with all the vigilant anxiety of a prize-fighter's trainer. This remote and mysterious contest, which, for all I knew, might have already lapsed through the prefect's death or indifference, penetrated one with the vague romance of the Eastern genius. You cannot refrain from admiring, and gradually believing in, a fixed purpose; be it never so fantastic, there is nothing in all humanity so godlike as this common attribute of tenacity.

Hsü had now mastered the eighteen-line board, and was prepared to tackle the full one.

But, alas! for Hsü, his brain was not entirely narrow enough to be concentrated on a foot-square board to the exclusion of his country's woes. The Russians had occupied Newchwang, and the Germans Kiao-chao; and the voice of patriotism, uttered by a factious and ignorant secret society, had at length persuaded Hsü that China's independence depended on the expulsion of foreigners. There was a local insurrection, which, as usual, was called by the European papers a rebellion; and the spirit bade Hsü join it. "I velly solly, master," he said one day, "but I must go."

"You will be a great fool, Hsü," I replied. "You are no soldier, you know."

"No belong soldier pidgin to lead a nation," he replied. "Want clever man, who have brains and know what he fight against. I must go."

I laid my hand on the *wei ch'i* board. "And leave this?" I said. "More better stop learny nineteen-line, then p'raps can talky that *Lo ta ren*. Form a party, win over high official, and you have something to go upon."

Hsü gazed sadly at his beloved board; I knew it cut his heart-strings to abandon this solitary study of years. But his convictions were too strong for him.

"I not a fool," he said mournfully. "I know rebellion no can succeed. But this

time no can wait for safety; must have reason man, know foreigner, to let foreigner know what Chinaman mean.

official. He not betray emperor, except he betray rebel to get back again. Only can speak to people."



"I'm hanged if I'll stand this, Hsü," I exclaimed, kicking the stool.

P'laps I die, but after me my words will be remember, and official he see that Chinaman all same his countlee. Just now, no good; you no savvy Chinese

I thoroughly understood Hsü's patriotism, and also his policy—for he had one—and it was founded on a better knowledge of his own people and of foreign intrigues

than that possessed by the collective Tsung-li Yamen. But I have not time to explain it here. He left me.

Some months later I was despatched to Chinan-fu as the secret agent of a certain



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Government to counteract German influence at the Court of the Viceroy of Shantung. Curiously enough, the official who was entrusted with foreign questions rising out of the German *coup-de-main* was the identical Lo Feng-tsui, now prefect, or *chih-fu*, of Chinan, who had encouraged the study of *wei-ch'i* in the not remote prefecture of Pao-ting. He was responsible for the pacific behaviour of the natives towards the obnoxious and overbearing invaders. Shantung is a sparsely populated province, but its inhabitants are sturdy, turbulent, and patriotic, and the Germans will find themselves in an awkward position if they are ever attacked from the sea.

Hsü's little rebellion had resulted in the massacre of a few German marines, and in due course of time he was caught, with a score or so of armed followers, and brought into Chinan.

After some consideration I ventured to intercede for poor Hsü, although in my semi-official position it was an exceedingly undiplomatic step to acknowledge that the leader of the anti-German patriots had recently been in my employ. I informed Lo of Hsü's long study of *wei-ch'i*,

prompted solely by the ambition to compete with his Excellency; and I insisted that it would be only magisterially just to examine him in the game, for no man could find time to conspire and learn *wei-ch'i* simultaneously. Lo, a cold, hard, vigilant man, long-faced, long-bodied, and erect, listened to me favourably, actuated by a double motive. *Wei-ch'i* was his one weak spot, and during the ten years that had elapsed since his challenge he had been disappointed with the results; he considered the study of *wei-ch'i* a better education for war, law, and diplomacy than even the classical examinations, and he could ill consent to let a promising pupil, risen from the ranks too, go by without a test, for so vulgar an accident as high treason. With this mediæval, unworldly reason went, as usual, another which was very modern

and subtle: he secretly hoped that my intercession meant an informal encouragement from the——Government to wage a guerilla war against the Germans. He therefore consented to allow Hsü to take up the old challenge as if he were an innocent man, with the virtual understanding between us that if he won, an alibi should be concocted and his life spared.

Thus it came about that a State prisoner was permitted to play against a mandarin for his life. "Play with a single mind, Hsü Fa-to," said Lo, when the prisoner had been summoned and the case explained to him. "A successful crown to your long study is more important than a paltry question of law."

Thus reassured, Hsü commenced the game of his life. Just at first he was naturally nervous, to say nothing of being ill and out of practice; but, on the whole, these things were in his favour. The interval which had elapsed since he last touched a pawn had removed the staleness of long training, and the change from overstrained activity to a narrow and sedentary issue, served to sharpen his wits and lend a certain initiative to his usual caution.

The prefect captured the first corner without difficulty, and as he did so I shuddered at the stern contemptuous eye he rested on his prisoner. The capturing of a corner is the simplest stroke of the game, requiring only two moves; but as the moves are made alternately, it is equally easy to frustrate. Hsü put his piece on the wrong point; Lo secured his corner, and his look said: "You do not know the game. Woe for you, my man."

Seven moves later Hsü said humbly, "I eat your Excellency." With three men he had drawn a line across the captured corner, thus securing three points—the corner, and the two occupied by Lo. He had turned his mistake into

Famen, and his nightly visits to the prefect's private cabinet being explained as secret, judicial examination. Since Hsü always rose from the table very pale and harassed by the anxious struggle, his languor and absorption lent some colour to this pretext. The prefect, of course, turned these mysterious sittings to more practical purpose, letting it be understood, in accordance with standard traditions, that Hsü was betraying his accomplices. The other prisoners were examined two or three times a week, and, under occasional applications of torture, satisfactorily incriminated themselves and their leader.

On the third night, Hsü had enclosed twelve points to the prefect's thirteen; by the end of a week, a large number of



The game was continued nightly for three hours.

a stratagem. Lo evacuated his positions with an approving nod, and thenceforth looked to himself.

The game was continued nightly for three hours, Hsü being imprisoned in the

pieces were on the board, and moves were made very slowly and cautiously, sometimes not more than one a night. I had got the inside track of the German agent by being lodged as the guest of the

prefect, nominally acting as his interpreter; for the Germans, in spite of their haughty assumptions, had the mortification of finding that not a single Chinese interpreter understood their language. I was thus enabled to be present at each sitting of the game. It was a singular duel. The real tragedies of life are always so tame, so commonplace; and in China it is still harder to detect the dramatic, so impassive and unemotional are the people. Both parties often forgot the anomalous conditions of the game, a natural result of the intense concentration required; but at times an interruption, a visit, an arrogant despatch from the German commandant on the coast, would invade the tranquillity of the quiet cabinet, and a hard, fixed look from the stone-faced prefect would cause Hsü to tremble, realising that his fate was hanging over him like Damocles' sword. One day one of Hsü's accomplices unfortunately died from heart-disease, accelerated by the accidental breaking of his spine under a careless handling of the "beam" ordeal; and Lo became stern and impatient, for, curiously enough, torture is against the law, and if a victim dies there is liable to be an investigation. Lo felt that he was risking degradation by his game, and yet he was absorbed in it, having never encountered so formidable an opponent as the poor, trembling prisoner. Hsü was on the whole tranquil, self-contained, and clear-headed; but his deep-lighted eyes and transparent pallor told me that he was suffering from an inward fever, and that his sudden immersion in active affairs had been a shock and improper strain on a mind naturally sedentary and introspective. His anxiety about his relatives and indifference to himself bespoke that unconscious premonition of the clairvoyant intellect which is so mournful and alarming a symptom to the helpless onlooker.

Hsü continued to play with rare prudence and skill. At the same time, each night exhibited an increase in his pallor and emaciation. He was eating but little, and I doubt if his sleep gave him rest. He was beginning to feel the

difference between an 18-line and a 19-line board, was confused by the multiplicity of pieces, and probably his sleep was but a nightmare of *wei-ch'i*. It is true that such nightmares may often serve a man in lieu of practice, as opium may serve in lieu of imagination; but they render the execution languid and nerveless. Lo, on the contrary, was now perfectly in his element, with two hundred odd pieces on the board and a complicated formulation of intricacies which warmed his love of subtlety. He began to play quicker than Hsü, who required with each move longer time for consideration, and yet was afraid of trying the patience of his jailer.

The examination of the prisoners had meanwhile been concluded, and resulted in a clear verdict of armed riot and rebellion. Lo very properly and firmly refused to consider it a case of murder, the German marines having played police on Chinese territory without authorisation from the Emperor. The finding had been sent to Peking, and it was only a question of days for the warrant to come down for the execution of the "rebels."

The game had now reached a critical stage. Every other move was accompanied by the words "*chih ni*" or "*yao chih*" ("I eat you," or "check"), for the long-drawn skirmishes and strategies had led up to an arrangement which enabled a single man to complete the environment of a "strong place." It was now a process of surrounding and "eating up" detached bodies of the enemy. I could no longer pretend to follow the game myself, with 250 men or more dotted all over the board, but I could see that the result hung in the balance of each move. Hsü was evidently troubled by his lack of experience, and dispirited; Lo, on the other hand, was filled with a keen anxiety, with difficulty masked behind his impenetrable coldness. I am afraid the pressure of other complications than *wei-ch'i* was weighing on him, and he wished to win in order not to be hampered by a vague promise. He was eating up Hsü's small detachments at every move, but the latter had so admirably planned his game that the prefect needed all his

ability to avoid, or stave off, a single large capture which would more than counter-balance all his minor successes. Hsü was, in chess parlance, sacrificing his pieces for a "mate," while Lo was constantly "checking." I saw enough of Hsü's game to feel an intense admiration for the poor fellow's nerve, courage, and concentration, in face of the awful sword hanging over him.

But when play ceased for the night, appearances, as I say, were against Hsü. His position was excellent, but lack of practice on the full-sized board bewildered him, and it was becoming apparent that he could no longer keep his grasp on his own strategy. Once or twice he had missed his opportunity; he forgot what he was playing for, and in his despair neglected his own tactics to encounter those of his adversary. There was a triumphant glitter in Lo's eye as he surrendered himself to the excitement of the game, and privately I prayed that he might win. He was more likely to be generous to a vanquished opponent who had fought so well than honourable to a helpless conqueror.

At the end of the night's play—the watchman without had just rattled the first watch between one and two a.m.—the prefect detained Hsü. His manner was constrained and mysterious. A servant brought him, as usual, a bowl of hot water and a face-cloth, with which he rubbed his face to refresh himself, while another servant waited with his pipe and a tinder-spill. In the background stood the two warders who had charge of Hsü. To-night the prefect signed to the servant to give the steaming face-cloth to Hsü also, a remarkable token of civility. He then beckoned the warders, and told them that they could retire to their own quarters for the night, as their services would not be required to guard the prisoner. Moving to the opium divan in order not to disturb the *wei-ch'i* table, he had tea brought, and dismissed his body-servants for the night. Then he motioned Hsü to rest himself on the other half of the broad crimson settee, and pushed the opium-tray towards him.

"Make yourself at ease, Hsü *hsien-sheng*," he said sternly but kindly. "You are fatigued, and the game is drawing to a close."

Although Hsü was not a smoker, politeness demanded that he should avail himself of the soothing drug. Every Chinaman, of course, understands the manipulation of the *yen-tai*, and Hsü inhaled a pipe or two. I, sitting opposite them, smoked a cigar over a bottle of Japanese lager.

As soon as the opium and strong tea had refreshed Hsü, the prefect began to question him concerning his conspiracy. If Lo had designed simply to extract information from his prisoner for his own condemnation, he could have adopted no more effective means, for this politeness overcame the sensitive fellow far more than coercion would have done, and he told everything. Then, in a simple way, Lo made a startling announcement.

"It is well that I sh' inform you, Hsü *hsien-sheng*, that the imperial rescript concerning your affair was received to-day. On the day after to-morrow, at daybreak, the parties concerned in this unfortunate folly are to be punished."

Poor Hsü turned as white as a sheet.

"Is — is the game to count for nothing, *ta ren*?" he stammered.

"I shall beat you," the prefect said ominously. "A victory on your part would, I suppose, in view of my having been so foolish as to grant you this privilege, place me under certain obligations; but it is better for you to consider yourself already beaten, Fa-to."

Hsü was unable to say anything. I regret that for my own part I did not interpose, or make clearer my own readiness to incur misrepresentation rather than leave any doubt of my desire for Hsü's pardon. Unfortunately, my curious position had compelled me, during the game, to retain an appearance of neutrality and even of suspicion; for Lo had given out several hints regarding the attitude of my Government towards the German encroachment, and diplomacy forbade me to encourage him with false hopes.

Presently Lo laid down his pipe and

rose. "You require fresh air, Hsü Fa-to," he said negligently, "let us step outside and see the stars."

He conducted us into a walled garden, communicating by a wicket with the bank of the canal. He opened this wicket, and on closing it did not replace the bar. We strolled back, and the prefect wished Hsü a pleasant night. "It is on nights like these," he said, "that dreamers love to wander in the open air."

The following night the game was resumed. The prefect was singularly stern, and he seemed to regard Hsü's appearance with absolute distaste. "You do not appear to have spent as good a night as I hoped," he said with cold irony. "Sit down, then, since you insist playing to a finish."

Lo seated himself with a stern, set face, and looked absently at the board. Suddenly his brow grew black, and he cast a sharp and suspicious glance at Hsü.

It was Hsü's move. He seemed puzzled and indecisive. Lo watched him relentlessly. Once or twice Hsü took up a piece from the diminished pile at his side, and put it down again. Then he looked up, and shrank a little on encountering the cold, stern, and suspicious eye of his adversary. "Will your Excellency forgive me if I am slow?" he asked piteously. "It is the first time I have played on a full board; the number of pieces begins to bewilder me. I forget where I was last night."

"Take your time, Hsü Fa-to," the prefect replied sternly. "It shall not be said that Lo Fêng-tsui has played unfairly, even against a cheat. I am not surprised that you forget where you were."

I was horror-struck at these words; they were obviously an accusation, and contradicted themselves by being distinctly intimidating. But Hsü did not seem to take them as unusual. The expression which I have translated "cheat" might equally be applied to him as a rebel, and he took it with patient humility. On the other hand, if the board had been tampered with, his hesitation might be interpreted as guile.

At last Hsü looked up with a strange and pathetically bewildered air. "I think

it must be your Excellency's move," he said, "I do not remember——"

"Hsü Fa-to," said the prefect (no longer employing the flattering "Mr." he had given him overnight), "it is your move. See that you do your best, or I shall strike you in the face for a trickster."

I was horrified. It was certain that Lo suspected his prisoner of cheating. I could not credit it of Hsü. Or was the prefect acting to justify a treachery?

Hsü flushed, and instantly raised his head with a proud and defiant glance. He put down a checker. "*Chi ni*," he said contemptuously.

The *ni* ("you," instead of "great man") alone was insolent, although the formula of the game among equals.

The move that Hsü had made was victory. There still remained some vacant spots and spare pieces, but not enough to retrieve the prefect's loss. Hsü's move, I learnt subsequently, was a master stroke. It unexpectedly completed the enclosure of a large space of the board, already held in position by eight of the prefect's men. It gave Hsü nine points, which could not be retrieved. It made him five points ahead, and his other positions were so good that there was not room for the prefect to make up that number, however skilfully he played.

Lo pushed his chair back and called for his pipe, his hard eyes angry and inexorable.

"You have won," he said. "You were foolish to cheat, for you are a good player. You were still more foolish to neglect my warning, and the opportunity to win fresh air in preference to an unhealthy game."

Hsü exhibited a bewildered confusion, combined with a manifestly righteous indignation.

"Cheat? I have not cheated!" he retorted hotly.

"Go," said the prefect, pointing sternly to the door. "Your money shall be paid to you."

The wretched Hsü was hustled from the room. I could not refrain from expostulating with the prefect. I expressed my firm conviction that Hsü was incapable of dishonesty.

"Since you believe so easily," Lo replied angrily, "I will convince you. You were witness of the fact that I inadvertently left open the wicket of the garden, and showed this fool the way to it. When I had retired to my bed the danger of such carelessness struck me, and it being too late to summon the runners, I instructed one of my women to go out and watch the prisoner's door. She saw him, an hour later, towards dawn, come back into this room and place a checker on the board. I chid her for a dreamer; but at the first glance to-night I detected the change. The man was not sure of his game; so he cheated."

I could not doubt the prefect's word. And I could not believe that a man's fundamental character could change in a moment from straightforwardness to dishonesty, and from prudence to folly. If Hsü was overcome by the fear of death, he would have taken a step further, and escaped. My conviction was, and is to this day, that, perhaps in part due to the opium, he had done the thing unconsciously in his sleep. He had dreamt of the game; he knew it was his move, and he had made it, but asleep.

With great misgivings I ventured to expostulate with the prefect, but with unhappy effect. He virtually accused me of being in collusion with Hsü. He insinuated that the idea of the game was from the beginning a trick. My Government wished to obtain Hsü's pardon in

this underhand method, in order to embroil China with the Germans without embroiling themselves.

At early dawn I was called with the request that I would be present, in my official chair, at the execution. I did so, having still strong hopes that certain representations I had made, coupled with the Fu's own sense of justice, would still react in favour of Hsü. The German

Attaché, some officers in uniform, and a file of marines were present.

Most of the prisoners were unable to walk, and were carried to the ground in baskets. They were dumped out and placed in a row, pinioned, in a kneeling posture. The prefect read out to the German representatives the imperial rescript. He then seated himself, and before I realised what was taking place, a sickening thud fell on the silence. I looked round quickly, and saw the executioner stalking imper- turbably along the line, lopping

the bowed heads. The prefect looked on, stern and impassive.

Hsü was at the end of the line. He raised his head and cried in terrible accents—

"I did not cheat! I did not ch——"

"Cheat?" said the German Attaché disdainfully, when the word was interpreted to him as we went back to the refectory prepared by the Viceroy. "Who the devil said anything about cheating? The man caused the massacre of two of our marines."



She saw him come back into this room and place a checker on the board.

ENGLISH AND DUTCH AS ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

By **WALTER FREWEN LORD,**

Author of "The Lost Possessions of England," "The Lost Empires of the Modern World," etc.

IT has ever been the habit of England, when conquering the Dutch, to sweep the board, and having annexed their entire possessions overseas, to stand in



MICHEL DE RUYTER.

some embarrassment in the face of her conquests, and finally hand them back again, on one occasion accompanying the gift with the *douceur* of a round six millions, conferred for what reason it would be hard to say. We are not to-day at war with the Dutch; for to name Paul Kruger and the Silent William in the same breath would be an insult to the House of Orange of which only a Boer should be capable. But our own diplomacy is evergreen in the face of what enemy soever; and the Boer of to-day, though a caricature of the de Wittes and van Tromps of earlier days, preserves,

none the less, though in a coarsened and exaggerated form, enough of the characteristics of the ancestors of whom he is the degenerate descendant for it to be worth our while to remember how England has dealt with Holland in the past. On the present occasion we need hardly fear, even for our diplomacy, for we have a Secretary of State who is reputed to know precisely how many shillings go to make the pound sterling. Moreover, we are fortunately backed by Colonial Governments—Governments which are not in the habit of making presents except to the Mother



CORNELIS VAN TROMP.

Country, and who will assuredly send in their bills and see that they are promptly settled

But as touching the question of Dutch



THE ENGAGEMENT OFF THE NORTH FORELAND, 1666 (ENEMIES).



THE ATTACK ON CHATHAM BY THE DUTCH IN 1667.

and English as friends and foes, let it not be forgotten that before England and Holland expanded into ocean-empires, it was as often as not Holland that was the victor. It is only when the days of the Ruyters and Tromps are already a century old that it becomes historical to write of the English habit of conquering Holland. De Ruyter was not a noble; the "particel" in his case is merely the definite article, and the name by which he is known is

de Ruyter appeared chiefly as a diplomatist; there was no fighting. But in half a dozen conflicts we learnt to our cost what Dutch seamanship was like; and in the year 1667, when the Dutch sailed up the Medway, England was as near to seeing the capital menaced as she has been at any time since the Conqueror entered it. In those days England and Holland were fighting for the empire overseas; and as a consequence of the



THE ACTION OFF BEACHY HEAD, 1690 (ALLIES).

a nickname derived from his schoolboy exploit of climbing a steeple and riding on the weathercock. In those days he was only a ragged urchin, playing on the quays of Amsterdam. He had for play-fellow a little African friend, who returned to the West Coast and rose to be head of his tribe. His tribe lived near Goree, just where the fever begins; and when de Ruyter, now the great Admiral, captured Goree from England in the year 1664, the two friends foregathered after a separation of fifty years—the Dutch Admiral and the African chief. At Goree

war, which contained so many disastrous episodes, we at least acquired New Amsterdam, better known as New York. New Amsterdam was rechristened after our sailor Prince of those days; that same Prince who—*quantum mutatus ab illo*—was twenty years later to flee before the Dutch at the Battle of the Boyne.

Southwold Bay was James's best day. His fighting qualities were undeniable, and he had some tincture of naval strategy. Certainly he was far superior to his cousin, Prince Rupert, and if below Blake, was equally above Monk with his idiotic

"Wheel to the left!" when he wanted the helm put down. The Duke of York's victory culminated in the blowing-up of the *Eentracht*, which flew the flag of Admiral Opdam.

It was van Tromp who, in justifiable pride at having defeated Blake, hoisted a broom at the masthead to intimate that he had swept the English from the seas. Must we give up this story, like so many others that we like to believe? It appears that we must; and, indeed, van Tromp's despatches are those of a very modest man whom we can hardly imagine indulging in the fanfaronade ascribed to him by tradition. The Dutch Government, if Government it can be called, corrupt, niggardly, and inefficient, had reduced the fleet so low that in the Cromwellian wars de Ruyter had flatly refused to go to sea. It is hard to say which was the more corrupt—the Dutch Government of the Cromwellian wars, or the British Government under Charles II. Yet so much depended on personal prowess that, provided the fleet could only get to sea, it was sure to give a good account of itself. Thus, only a year before the guns

But it is not good to dwell on these fights. Both England and Holland had fought the good fight of freedom against Spain, and it is painful to see the two



WITTE CORNELIS DE WITTE.

great defenders of liberty fighting Titanic battles with each other for trade reasons. Van Tromp was killed fighting against Monk; de Ruyter was slain in battle off Messina—he died (strange irony of fate!) a Spanish Duke. Not more pleasant to contemplate is the Battle of Beachy Head, where the English, nominally allied to the Dutch, deserted their friends in the battle and left the victory to Tourville. But for once the fate of England was not decided on the sea; and the victory of Beachy Head was useless to the King, who fled before the Dutch at Boyne Water. Before we take leave of the seventeenth century we must not forget Jan Evertsen, the companion of van Tromp, and Witte Cornelis de Witte, fiercest and most feared of Dutch commanders, who in vain attempted to take the place of de Ruyter.

The eighteenth century opened, bringing with it memories of Neerwinden and Steenkirk, where English and Dutch had faced defeat together, and ushering in the War of the Spanish Succession. Herein it is hard to say



JAN EVERTSEN.

of the Dutch bombarding Chatham were heard in London, the British fleet could give so good an account of itself as the Battle of the North Foreland.

whether the courage of the Dutch or the imbecility of their Government is most to be marvelled at. But of all their joint

tend, this fierce rivalry of England and Holland, and the still fiercer resistance of both to France? What were we fighting



THE SIEGE OF LILLE BY THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH (ALLIES).

achievements none stands out more forcibly than the capture of Lille. And now, we may ask, to what does it all

for, and who gained by the result? We were fighting for the command of the sea, and its consequence—a colonial empire.



THE ACTION OFF THE DOGGER BANK, 1781 (ENEMIES).

Holland dropped out of the running as regards the Atlantic shores; and, leaving France and England to fight their century-

that France was left with no empire at all. In order to remedy this disaster, France twice annexed Holland with all the Dutch



THE DEFEAT OF THE DUTCH OFF CAMPERDOWN, 1797.

long duel, contented herself with the Far East. The net result of the duel was that England was shorn of half her empire, and

dependencies; once under the Republic, and once under the Empire. The Dutch, not unwillingly, became our enemies.



THE SECOND ENGAGEMENT IN THE TEXEL.
From Isabey's Painting in the Luxembourg.

They fought us under the French flag at the Cape and at the Moluccas, in Surinam and Curaçao. There is a ship in her Majesty's Navy at the present moment whose name celebrates our conquest of this island with the festive name; a conquest forgotten, perhaps, by most of us, Curaçao — like Angostura — conveying anything but definite geographical ideas.

The Dutch flag, then, flew side by side with the French flag from Jan. 27, 1795, when the "Batavian Republic" was founded, till the Peace of Amiens. It is with but a melancholy satisfaction that we can recall the uninterrupted series of victories of England over Holland that marked this war, as well as the war that followed upon the promotion of Louis Bonaparte to the crown of Holland in 1806. But though fighting against every tradition that had made their country great, the Dutch fought gallantly. The occasions when we were well matched with the Dutch were light squadron or single-ship actions and fleet actions. The capture of colonies was comparatively humdrum work. The action in the historical waters of the Texel fought on Oct. 23, 1798, is a good example of single-ship engagements. In point of fact, it was one ship against two; the

British ship being the frigate *Sirius* (thirty-six 18-pounders). The *Furie* carried thirty-six and the *Waakzaamheid* six guns. Captain King, of the *Sirius*, caught them separated by two miles of sea, tackled the *Waakzaamheid* (a corvette) and captured her. The *Waakzaamheid* only fired one gun; and King, having put a prize crew on board, started in chase of the *Furie*. The chase began at nine a.m., and lasted till five in the afternoon, when the *Furie* surrendered after a smart engagement lasting half an hour. Both ships were added to the British Navy; the *Furie* being rechristened the *Wilhelmina* to avoid confusion with the *Fury*, and the *Waakzaamheid* (of which our Jack Tars must have made wonderful work) sailing under her Dutch name.

Better known than this little fight is the great battle of the Texel or Camperdown, fought on Oct. 11, 1797, the great fleet action which made way for fights like that of the *Sirius* and her two enemies. All that England retained of her first conquest of the Dutch Empire was Ceylon; all that she retained of the second conquest was the Cape of Good Hope, for the retention of which we paid six millions sterling; so that the existing Dutch Empire is a free gift, twice over bestowed by England on Holland.



COLONEL ANNE.

By K. L. MONTGOMERY.

"SAIR banes, *quantum sufficit*, are like to come to each man in his lifetime, so here's for it!" quoth Writer Monroe.

The squeeze with which the door of Saunders Macalpine's sedan saluted the respectable rotundity of the cargo descending from it was not the motive of this aphorism. The Writer squeezed through triumphantly, brushed a snuff pollen from his flapped waistcoat, and addressed himself to ascend the outer stair of a house in Tod's Close, all in a singular reluctance.

"Tis a hellicat pack I'm shouldered with the day!" he muttered, with an emphasis unbecoming the godly plant which the Bowhead held Writer Monroe to be.

The barefooted lass who answered the grating of the ring against the serrated door-pin of the Edinburgh flat welcomed him with alacrity.

"Mistress Anne, the Writer-body!" she bawled, lifting her voice in a heraldic importance. The Writer sidled into the parlour, sending an anguished glance round the portraits set in their gilt mouldings in the dark wainscotted walls. Then a door at the farther end was flung open, framing the apparition of a young lady, with one half of the red-gold hair about her shoulders white with the barber's best powder.

"Come away, Mr. Monroe, I'm fain to see you," she cried. "This is just my powdering-closet; it was my father's oratory, honest man, but he's long gone to a land where powder and prayers are not."

The lawyer girded up his loins.

"I may hold your leddyship conversant with the events of your kinsman MacIntosh

of MacIntosh's decease and interment," he began. "Decently and in order was aye the word wi' him."

"Save us, Writer, my uncle was no the man to have been interred wi'out the decease," interrupted Mrs. Anne impatiently. "He bided on the property like a tod in its earth, and held on to life with the grip he did to the bawbees."

"Yet all flesh is grass," resumed the lawyer.

"And the harvest is no unwelcome," retorted his client. "Ye'll have the will with ye, doubtless?"

"I'll no say there wouldn't be a bit note or the like," Monroe admitted, taking water again with increased hesitation. "But this wide world is a desperate shifting place, Mrs. Anne."

Mrs. Anne yawned.

"And the unforeseen is all that a man may aye count on," proceeded the Writer. "Yet MacIntosh doubtless took into his considers the peril wealth might be to a young female with no other adviser than the brains under her own bongrace, and every man jack of the clan of the good-for-nothings dangling round the sign of the Fair Face."

Mrs. Anne's high heel cracked smartly on the boards.

"My mirror will serve my turn anent the fair face, Writer, the better that it lacks a tongue. Am I, or am I not, the heiress, as I've been bred up since I was the height of a knitting-prick to fancy myself?"

"Ye are, Mistress Anne," gasped the Writer in a tremulation. "Lord forgive me!" he ejaculated inwardly; "yet it's the truth *pro tanto*." He eyed the stormy

beauty warily "Fulfilling one reservation or condition, as I may say."

"What condition?" demanded the lady.

Writer Monroe clasped his scratch-wig.

"That . . . ye marry the heir," he said faintly

Mistress Anne sprang from her chair

"Me marry!" she cried, "and—the heir!" The colour that had died out of the pure oval of her face crept back; Mistress Anne fell a-thinking as she stood. "And where may my uncle have found this gallant heir, if not where the Highlandman found the 'tongs?" she resumed biting

"Just your cousin Eneas, Mistress Anne," submitted Writer Monroe. "Lord, a hen on a hot griddle has an easier seat than mine," he reflected. "*Nolle prosequi*, yet reluctance avails nothing—"

"I'll be frank with you," Mistress Anne remarked. "MacIntosh has spun the rare turn this day thinking to saddle the property with my cousin Eneas—the old Whiggie scooping a nest for the young one." A charming roguish smile came to her scarlet lips. "But women's apron-strings have aye been the reins to drive a MacIntosh in, and I'm thinking I'll have an observe of this fine cousin of mine, and see if the King—God bless him!—need lose a friend in the wife of my cousin Eneas!"

Writer Monroe got on his feet.

"By your leave, Mistress Anne, I'll make an end before I'm away. The testament regulates that such marriage shall take place no later than this present sixteenth of March, in this year o' grace 1745, to which end your cousin is lying at the White Hart, in the Grassmarket, to learn your pleasure."

"And my pleasure is to tryst him at the Old Assembly this night," she returned coolly. "My uncle, thinking to make a *tinchel* of his will, set over-little by his own blood; we MacIntoshes are by times kittle-cattle to drive. But away wi' ye, Writer, wi' my message at your tongue's tip, since ye've turned blackfoot in the matter."

Captain Eneas MacIntosh, under the candleshine in the Old Assembly, looked

a likely beau enough to hit any woman's fancy, as he combed his modish periwig perfunctorily, casting glances towards the spiral stairway.

"Stap my vitals, if I've a stomach for this business, Monroe!" he declared, with a slightly nervous laughter. "To be weighed in the balance and found wanting would be vastly mortifying; but a tulzie, such as you seem to forebode, with a red-haired quean, like enough to clapperclaw my face—Zounds, who comes here? The completest pretty creature ever I clapt eyes on! . . . Venus in tartan, by all that's lovely!"

Mistress Anne—at that moment sinking in a splendid cheese to Miss Nicky Murray in her character of lady directress of ceremonies—had, indeed, proclaimed her Jacobite sympathies in a manner which sent a chill of outraged prudence down Writer Monroe's backbone. Her silken negligée of Stuart tartan, open over a white satin petticoat deeply flounced with Malines, was laced across a stomacher embroidered with silver roses, white was her suit of ribbons, while in front of the bronze hair, only lightly touched with powder, a "pong-pong," in the shape of a frosted silver rose, nodded on the wilful little head. As the slender small foot pointed to the "recover," Mistress Anne's fringed eyelids were lifted, turning straight on MacIntosh's face, deliberately scrutinising the fresh complexion, laughing hazel eyes, and short, rounded chin. The "pong-pong" vibrated with extra vigour as Mrs. Anne completed her survey.

Miss Nicky Murray was about raising her painted leather fan as a signal to the fiddlers in the recess to tune up on a minuet, when Mistress Anne stepped forward.

"By your leave, Madam," she said, "I would ask Mistress Bell Cameron and her partner to defer their steps, on the plea that I must be married before midnight is rung from St. Giles's steeple."

The groups of belles and beaux, normally distinct in their camps, were a-pressing pell-mell about the parties. The rustle of hoops and squeaking of high-heeled shoes smothered a whisper of Miss Nicky Murray's, but Mistress Anne's answer

sent a shiver over shoulders in tempting half-concealment under the net folds of their *befongs*.

"'Tis the only way to secure the property to the Cause, and for that sake I'd wed with *Major Weir* himself!" said Mistress Anne between closed lips.

Edinburgh gossips vowed the marriage something of a bite when the young pair took up their quarters in Tod's Close, instead of riding down to the MacIntosh country. Madam Anne wished it, and affairs had a knack of falling out as Madam Anne wished.



"Come away, Mr. Monroe, I'm fain to see you," she cried.

MacIntosh seized her hand.

"This is my wife!" he cried in a voice that rang to the carved-oak ceiling, as the tartan silk billowed on the ground with the depth of its wearer's assenting courtesy. The smile on the bride's Cupid-bow lips had something of harshness, but the carnation of her complexion did not vary by a sampler shading as she left the assembly on her husband's arm.

"Blister me, but she's so pretty a devil!" MacIntosh in the first of it would explain to a tavern crony over his "meridian" of "a cauld cock and a feather," as he dipped the raisins in the brandy absently. "We have but the one will between us; but, gadzooks! if 'twas not for her tearing loveliness she'd be like to find a husband is yet a man!"

Madam Anne concerned herself little with these tavern adjustings of the matrimonial scales. She concerned herself little in any wise with her husband; clavering eternally, as he complained, with the Cavalier coterie at the Citadel of Leith, bringing back from thence as the summer advanced a golden smoulder of fire in her fine eyes. It was on a warm July morning when the lady, sipping a dish of chocolate in her closet, set Pompey, the black footboy, to running every way at once in search of the Laird.

MacIntosh waited on his lady without as much delay as would have served to discard the mode-tippet in which he had been taking a daunder on Castle Hill, but now his glance did not soften at the charming figure in blonde fly-cap and white ruffled mob flowing over a modest pocket-hoop. And Madam Anne stated her matter with an extra roundness.

"MacIntosh, we'll away to the town* in a seven-night! Be so obliging as to order all things."

MacIntosh swelled like an offended turkey-cock.

"Split me, Madam, you play the impatient! I'd have you to know, Madam, who I am!"

But the domestic arsenal held other weapons than those of Venus to subdue a *matineer*.

When the Laird, routed from his slight defences, flung out of his wife's presence, the penalty of rebellion had still to be faced in the shape of the panoply of sullenness in which for days the offended deity encased herself. And the couple rode out of Edinburgh in the seven-night.

After sullenness it was the more of an agreeable surprise that on the morning after their arrival at the grey stone "town" of the MacIntoshes, the Laird, descending the ill-convenient stairs, should hear Madam Anne's flute-like voice carolling through the hall. That "Lillibulero" was the tune might have been an offence to Whig ears, but to give occasion to the enemy by remonstrance is not to be

thought of by the vanquished who, in the tolerance bred of adversity, desires to live in peace with all men, especially victors. Therefore, Madam Anne's catches and steps were received by her husband in a complete approval.

"Laird, Laird, the Hanover rats will be for scuttling into their holes the day!" she cried. "He's landed. God save the King!"

Madam Anne on her knees in the old hall, her clasped hands flung exultantly above her head, was a pretty sight for any man not happening to stand in King George's uniform.

"What play-acting's this, Madam?" MacIntosh demanded.

"It's the play, Laird, that Scotland may hold her head high to be the stage of! Prince Charlie come to his own. The Chevalier, his father, called at the Edinburgh Cross—I have it by a sure hand! MacIntosh, we must raise the clan; and there's those of the Farquharsons are sib to us——"

"There's those in Bedlam are sib to you!" her husband interrupted roughly "Do you take me for the crack-brained pair of you, that I should run my neck into the St. Johnstone's tippet, to pin a widow's train to your petticoats? Damme, Madam, you don't break our uncle's will that fashion while there's a bar or a bolt on the doors to keep a mad woman within her chamber!"

Madam Anne sprang up, the fire in her eyes lightening into flame.

"*You fool!*" she ground out through shut teeth as she swept from the room.

Madam Anne's fair face and gallant spirit served their owner well in the next days, nor could the mists, moving like a phantom army about the scanty camp where the hopes of Scotland roosted, cast aught of a chill-clinging pall about her. Lady MacIntosh, desiring to be conducted to the Prince's audience, came into the light and warmth of the royal tent with as free a step as though taking the floor in the Old Assembly, and the curtsy in which Madam Anne sank at the feet of the fair-haired youth who stood to meet her was no more or less graceful than

* Anglicé - mansion.

many a one executed to Miss Nicky Murray in her second-best pinnars.

"My liege!" Madam Anne cast aside the plaid muffling head and shoulders.



Captain Eneas MacIntosh looked a likely beau enough to hit any woman's fancy.

"I have raised the MacIntosh clan and three hundred more to your Highness's standard, and would make you welcome to the last drop of our hearts' blood!"

"*Pardieu!*" cried the young man.

"Fairest recruiting-sergeant, may I not beg for a name on which to hang my gratitude?"

Irresistible Stuart fascination of look and tone softened Madam Anne into a rosy smile.

"I am your Highness's poor servant, Anne MacIntosh, wife of Eneas MacIntosh of that ilk."

"Wife?" The Prince wrinkled his brows in a perplexity. "May I reckon your husband among my supporters?"

"As much as the bogle in the cornstalks!" flashed out Madam Anne.

"*Peste!* A fair field it has to guard! But, *ma mie*, even a bogle can scare folk by times. Suppose the husband should make a coil over such doings, have you a rapier to draw on him?"

"I have a tongue!" quoth Madam Anne demurely.

"Oh, crystal!" The exclamation broke from a slight dark man standing by the logs. "Were I in the husband's shoes, run me through the body if I did not parry a tongue with a good willow-wand!"

Lady MacIntosh bridled haughtily, casting a rapid glance towards the speaker. Under a direct gaze from steel-blue eyes, something of a derangement stole into her attitude, curled lashes drooped low and lower; Madam Anne stood a-blushing like a chidden child.

Charles Edward turned with a gracious gesture.

"Methinks, gentlemen, we can scarce serve the cause better than by bestowing a commission on this fair lady, whose clan

would be hard set to find a more gallant leader." With a debonair grace of movement he brushed the fair cheek in a fugitive kiss. "Permit me to abandon my quarters solely to your service, and to salute you—*Colonel Anne!*"

Colonel Anne took her honours very quietly, whether in her rigidly secluded quarters in camp, or heading the clan in her laced tartan riding-coat, with the provoking curls of her hair straying under the man's bonnet set on the pretty head. Yet the hands gripped the bridle a thought more on the day when some musket-shots from a birch coppice told of an ambush which must be swept from cover.

Orders were flying from the staff with a loosened rein, and Colonel Anne sat down more firmly in the saddle as she recognised the horseman for the dark officer whose vigorous aside on the audience night had cost her a flushing. The steel-blue eyes were intent on hers as he reined in at her side.

"Back, Madam! Yon ambush must be evaporated. Back, I say; this is no woman's work."

The small hands closed like a vice upon the lines.

"You overstep your commission, Sir! How dare you meddle with me!" Colonel Anne ejaculated, but her horse was swung round smartly on his haunches.

"I have not vowed the 'obey' to you, child! Plague on your tantrums, will you keep us here till nightfall?"

Routed and in a disorder, Colonel Anne fled forward, as though fain to outride an emotion that, masked and unknown, yet seemed to cry a "Stand and deliver!" in her ears. The crackling of firelocks went by her unheeded; for once a Stuart's word and smile failed to create a tremor in a female breast.

"Charming Colonel, it would become us little to risk blackening that fair face with powder. The Master of Errol, as your proxy in action, will not discredit you!"

Colonel Anne's throat closed with passion. She, whose loyalty had shackled her with fetters that had never galled as now, to be treated as a puppet, and before

the one whose eyes, the girl told herself, inspired her with an aversion. With the daylight she would retire from the camp, abandon the clan, return to her husband's house, where at least she could be absolute.

Lady MacIntosh, pacing her tent in a swirl of feeling, heard her name pronounced; a keen dark face seemed to start from her thoughts distinct upon the background of the summer twilight.

"I am bound by the commission which you hold, Madam, to report a prisoner."

Colonel Anne, flinging up her head in a defiance, looked again. The florid face set sullen, the hazel eyes hardened into a brown tawny, showed as her husband's. For the second time the blood flew stingingly over cheek and brow and chin.

Yet, before that fine smile on the Master's lips, the Colonel would play her part.

"Your servant, Captain!"

"Your servant, Colonel!"

The wife rejected the sword which the husband tendered with a mechanical gesture. "To the guard-tent!" she ordained briefly.

"Craving permission, Colonel, to mine!" supplemented the Master coolly. "Zounds, man!" he added, slipping his arm under MacIntosh's elbow, "it would seem you have come by a mistress in the place of a wife in a cursed formal manner, instead of by the short cut to matrimony most men affect!"

The light, mocking voice died in the darkness, deepening on a prostrate figure clenching rosy nails into soft palms. A tempest of hatred, shot with levin-bolts of unholy hopes, swept Colonel Anne's soul to and fro on its bat-like pinions. Clansmen, more than one, at their lady's bidding would trepan a husband—in name only, and pestilently inconvenient—off to the Moray Firth for the Plantations.

Yet the woman's soul, rent in its birth-pains, was awakening in a certain softness, which pleaded well with the rugged honour instinct in the MacIntosh blood. Battered as by bodily exertion, Colonel Anne stood upon her feet at

last, evading from her tent with the stealth of a cutpurse.

Her dark riding-coat merged all distinct outlines in the darkness as she stole towards the tent round which her thoughts had of late moved sentinel. Silent as a thought, the light form, braced in a

"There's more of the woman in you than I spelt at the outset, Colonel Anne," muttered the Master of Errol.

The grey MacIntosh "town," with its pepper-box turrets, looked more than common dismal as the winter drew in, but the gloomy wainscotted parlours



"Methinks, gentlemen, we can scarce serve the cause better than by bestowing a commission on this fair lady."

resolution, slid through the opening, grasped the shoulder of one of the sleeping men, pressed a second imperative hand upon his mouth. A brace of sentences, an imperious gesture towards the moorland, and two figures instead of one vanished from keen blue eyes silently regarding under narrowed lids.

formed no incongruous frame to the mistress moving through them, with an aspect the only point of brightness in which proceeded from her red-gold hair. Colonel Anne fell away somewhat after her withdrawal from the camp, and her eyes, perhaps from straining through the twilights as though for someone who

tarried long, took something of a craving wistfulness in their brown velvet depths; but her words were noticeably fewer, and her temper less high. Even when the clan blacksmith, one spring evening, brought the word that the MacIntosh vacillation had joined, lock, stock, and barrel, with Cumberland's army, his lady wrought on at her knotting with steady fingers, though her glance turned, as in

"The clan is wavering, and the winning main is about to be cast!"

Colonel Anne flung a fur-banded mantua over her gown and moved to the Master's side.

"Lead, and I follow," she said, and her voice was low.

A silence stronger than speech held the pair, riding together through the night. Once or twice the Master's grasp checked



The Master, kneeling beside her, rose rapidly.

a protest of summons, to the larches that brushed rosy vassels against the leaden-lozenged panes of the Taffety Room.

Colonel Anne wrought at her knotting, and the Taffety Room grew dark. Then a door giving on the larch-wood without opened stiffly; the messenger so long expected stepped forward, and Colonel Anne rose up with no hesitation.

"We're wanting you, Colonel Anne."

The flash in the keen blue eyes was quenched as soon as kindled, but at sight of it the woman's heart had sprung up like a laverock from the heather.

his companion's horse in attempts to pull; once, dawn thinning the air, he leant aside to draw the mantua brusquely about its wearer. The raw day had broken as the riders crested a heathery knoll guarding a small tarn, round which crouched or strolled silent and disorderly knots bearing the MacIntosh tartans.

A quick half-smile broke the gravity of the Master's dark face.

"You boasted once of your tongue, Colonel. Use it now, if never again!" he said briefly.

"A MacIntosh!" The rally was sweet

and ringing, and Colonel Anne, the mantle falling from her, was a leader to stir men's blood. To and fro she flashed—chiding, charming, cheering—till a shout, startling the wild ducks from the sedges, told that the clan was fused in the fire of her enthusiasm. With the smile of a child over an accomplished task, Colonel Anne glanced in the face of the man beside her.

"No further!" The imperative tone checked her smile. "A man's work and a man's courage, Colonel Anne; but now I call for a woman's from you. Give me your word to abide me here."

The Master's grasp was on her bridle, the Master's gaze on her face. A sullen bend of the golden head alone answered his demand; but as he waved the regiment on, Colonel Anne started forward, the red lips suddenly quivering.

"Risk not yourself needlessly, for the Prince's sake," she said, and fell back incontinently.

Colonel Anne waited. A chill rose from the blue gloom of the water, biting her to the bone, but she sat immovable, shivering only when the ground shook under the charge of unseen combatants, or a roll of drums sounded like breaking surges of the waves of Death. With the hours her face changed, growing white and drawn, but she sat obedient, her wide eyes fixed on the rising ground as though the last clan tartan had but now drawn over it.

"Ah, God!" A figure dashed into her line of vision, another, and another, scattering sporrans, Lochaber axes, claymores, as they ran. Too late to check the rout of Culloden, too late for a rally-cry, as Colonel Anne—with some unexplained instinct as of the forest beast rushing to a wounded mate tingling to flame in her—struck her heel into her

horse's side, pursuers in ominous scarlet mingled with the fugitives, hacking, stabbing, clubbing. A horseman rode down on Colonel Anne with an oath—MacIntosh himself.

Steady as a rock the woman awaited him, a sudden smile gleaming over the whiteness of her face. For in a break-neck gallop rode, unscathed, the Master of Errol.

As Anne MacIntosh flung out instinctive welcoming hands, her grey started forward, crossing her husband's path. With the hysterical passion of weakness balked of vengeance, MacIntosh levelled a pistol, sending his spurs with flail-action into his mare's flanks. The beast answered, floundered; her rider, half-a-dozen yards in front of her, lay motionless on the heather.

"For your life, Anne, to the coast!"

The Master had reached for her bridle, but for once Colonel Anne played the disobedient to him. She slipped from the saddle, making straight for the crumpled heap on the ling. As she lifted the heavy head on her lap, she raised eyes with a great beseeching in them to the Master's face.

"Save yourself!" she gasped. "My place is here. Ah!"—she moved white hands entreatingly—"save yourself, for the sake of——"

The Master, kneeling beside her, rose rapidly.

"Her I love!" he made answer. "A broken neck is beyond all your skill and surgery in Tippermallock's Recipes."

A flash that was not all relief passed into Colonel Anne's face, bent for an instant longer over the dead man.

Then she looked up mutely at the Master of Errol.

THE ROMANCE OF PRECIOUS STONES.

"A jewel may rest on an English lady's arm that saw Alaric sack Rome,
and beheld before—what not?"

THE biggest army that Britain has ever put in the field might truly be said to be fighting at this moment for one of the smallest (though most precious) things in existence, the diamond to wit: for if it had not been for the diamonds at Kimberley, and after that the gold of the Transvaal, Englishmen would not have cared to follow the Boer into the deserted veldt; there would therefore have been no Outlanders with grievances to remove, and the noise of battle would not have been heard to-day in the kopje and karoo. The present war, therefore, may be said to take its origin in the most priceless of all crystals; and in doing so, it only adds another act to the long tragedy which has followed precious stones in all times and in all countries. The tragedy is all the more acute, in that the world has never seen such diamonds as South Africa, especially the De Beers mines, has produced: for since they were discovered a few years ago, they have made the world richer by £40,000,000. But romance, in varying degrees, has always encompassed the search for precious stones; and some specimens have come down to us with a perfect halo of fascination, which make their value

doubly greater than their mere physical lustre could ever lend them. Kimberley diamonds are but things of yesterday, and, as yet, have little history to tell. But a great many stories from the Orient are replete with romance and many a tragedy. Of all the material treasures that men and women covet, nothing can compare

to precious stones. A Western connoisseur bends low before a Raphael or a Velasquez; an Eastern potentate may cling to a peacock's feather; but the precious stone is an object of universal admiration and envy, whether it figure in a Nizam's crown or in a Bond Street jeweller's shop-window.

The diamond has more romance attached to it than any other stone,

although, curiously enough, it is not the most valuable. Mr. Edwin Streeter, the greatest living authority on gems—he has written the standard books on the subject, such as "The Great Diamonds of the World" and "Precious Stones and Gems"—divides precious stones into five classes, according to their relative rank at the present time. Strange as it may seem to some, the pearl heads the list, the Burma ruby comes second, while the diamond comes third, the reason being that the South African mines now produce "diamonds of pure water, rivalling the finest stones ever brought to light from the mines of India,



THE ORLOFF ADORNS THE CZAR'S
SCEPTRE.

The Illustrations to this article are taken from the magnificent set of models belonging to Mr. Edwin Streeter, of 18, New Bond Street, and have been photographed specially for "The English Illustrated Magazine" by Mr. H. C. Shelley.

Brazil, or elsewhere." In point of romance, however, the diamond is still first in the popular imagination, none the less that the modern chemist has shown that it is only a natural form of pure carbon, of which a black-lead pencil is but a variety.

At least seventy diamonds are in existence which have a long romantic history well known to experts. Indeed, the career of a great diamond can scarcely be kept a secret. The biggest diamond in the world is the Braganza, which weighs 1680 carats in the rough, and is the size of a goose's egg. It was found in Brazil, and is now guarded in the Portuguese Treasury so

(Hyderabad) in the early years of the seventeenth century, it weighed 787½ carats. Tavernier, the great French jeweller and traveller, examined it at the Court of Aurungzeb in 1665. From that date its career is a mystery. Various theories exist as to its fate. Some people think it was carried off by the Persians at the sack of Delhi in 1739, and is now among the Shah's jewels. Others believe that it is really the Koh-i-Nur; while a third set of theorists recognise it in the famous Orloff diamond now in the Russian sceptre. Mr. Streeter suggests, however, that it has ceased to exist in its original state. The Persians who carried it off

probably cleaved it into two or more stones so as to avoid detection.

The Koh-i-Nur, which now weighs 102½ carats, has a history traceable from the year 1526, while tradition gives it a career of 5000 years. When Tavernier saw it in 1665, it was



THE KOH-I-NUR ADORNS THE BRITISH CROWN.

safely that no expert has been able to examine it thoroughly.

But by far the finest and certainly the most famous diamonds in the world have come from India, especially from the treasure-chest of the Great Mogul, whose House ruled the vast territory of Delhi and Agra, which we took from him. The break-up of his empire was followed by the scattering of his treasures, and hence his diamonds were dispersed—the Koh-i-Nur now resting in the regalia at Windsor; the Orloff in the sceptre of the Czar; the Moon of Mountains in the Russian crown, and so on.

The gem of the Great Mogul's collection was the stone named after him. Its fate is now wrapped in mystery, for it has either disappeared or been spirited into another form. Found in the Gani mine

in the possession of the Great Mogul, where it remained till 1739, when Nadir Shah invaded India. His family held it until the time when they betook themselves to the court of Runjit Singh, the "Lion of the Punjab." It remained till 1839 in the Lahore jewel-chest, which was seized by us ten years later and brought home to England in the charge of two officers. In 1852 it was reduced from 186 1-16 carats to its present size by an Amsterdam cutter, who took thirty-eight days to cut it, at a cost of £8000. Another famous diamond in our crown jewels is the Hastings, though it cannot now be identified. It was sent, in 1786, by the Nizam of the Deccan to George III.

The Orloff diamond, which is the chief ornament in the imperial sceptre of the

Czar, is the biggest diamond in Europe, weighing 193 carats. It, too, belonged to the Great Mogul, and formed the eye of an idol in Seringham, an island in the river Cavery, near Trichinopoly. It was stolen by a French grenadier, who sold it to an English sea-captain at Madras for £2000. The mariner brought it to a Jew. The Hebrew parted with it to a Greek, who went to Amsterdam, where he sold the stone for £90,000 (and an annuity of £4000) to Count Orloff, who gave it to his avaricious Empress, Catherine II.

Another splendid diamond in the Russian crown is that known as the Moon of Mountains. It, too, came from the Great Mogul's Treasury. It travelled to Europe, apparently from Delhi, through Persia, Bagdad, and Constantinople. An Armenian merchant then got it, and took it in 1766 to St. Petersburg, where Catherine tried to buy it from him. He did not care for her terms,

The gem of the French regalia was the famous Pitt diamond, which has had a very curious career.

It was found by a slave in the Partaal mines on the Kistna in the year 1701. The finder bolted on board an English ship. The skipper threw him overboard, and sold the stone for £1000 to a dealer in the East, who sold it for £20,000 to Thomas Pitt, then Governor of Fort St. George, the grandfather of Lord Chatham, and the great-grandfather of William Pitt. It was

brought to London and reduced from 410 to 137 carats, at a cost of £5000. The Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, bought it in 1717 for £135,000, Pitt making £100,000 over the whole transaction. He was afterwards always known as "Diamond Pitt." The "Regent," as it was now called, was stolen in 1792, along with the whole of the French regalia. It was found, however, in a ditch in the Champs Elysées, the thief receiving a free pardon because he turned King's



THE PITT DIAMOND SPARKLES IN THE REGALIA OF FRANCE.



THIS MAGNIFICENT STONE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN LOST.



THIS STONE WAS BOUGHT BY THE GAIKWAR OF BARODA FOR £80,000.

however, and vanished with it to Astrakhan, where he ultimately sold it to Russia for 500,000 roubles and an annuity of 6000 roubles.

evidence. Napoleon pawned it with the Dutch Government, but it was afterwards redeemed. It has been valued at £480,000.

Last of all the diamonds—though one has to pass over many famous ones—reference may be made to the Hope diamond,



A DIAMOND THAT BELONGS TO THE
DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

which Lord Francis Hope (the husband of Miss May Yohe and the brother of the Duke of Newcastle) tried to sell. It is a blue colour, and has had a tortuous history. Bought by Tavernier in India in 1642, it was sold to Louis XIV. in 1668, and was seized with the rest of the French regalia in 1792, and deposited in the Garde Meuble and stolen within a month. Nobody knows what became of it, but in 1830 a similar stone, weighing 44½ carats (the Regent in its late stages had weighed 67½ carats), came into the possession of Henry Thomas Hope, who bought the stone for £18,000. Hope was a member of an old Scotch family that had made

a fortune as merchants in Amsterdam—hence the fine collection of Dutch pictures which Lord Francis Hope recently

sold. The stone which Hope bought is believed to have been the famous Regent, the rest of it having, probably, gone to form what is known as the Brunswick Blue Diamond, which weighs 12 carats. Lord Francis inherited the diamond from his maternal grandmother, who left him, among other things, the beautiful estate of Deepdene, now tenanted by Lord William Beresford. Lord Francis was born a Pelham-Clinton, but on attaining his majority in 1887 he assumed, by royal license, the additional name of Hope. He may yet succeed his brother as Duke of Newcastle.

One of the largest diamonds found in the New World was picked up by a negress in the province of Minas-Geraes, Brazil, in 1883. Her master, who released her in consequence, sold it for £3000. It was ultimately bought thirty years ago by the Gaikwar of Baroda, who was afterwards deposed by our Government. The stone is known as the Star of the South, and weighs 254 carats. A stone known as the Regent of Portugal was found in the same mines by a negro in 1775. It is worth 396,800 guineas.

One of the heirlooms of the House of Austria is a citron-hued diamond known as the Austrian Yellow. It originally belonged to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and came into the hands of Maria Theresa.



THE STEWARD DIAMOND, FOUND IN AFRICA, IN ITS ROUGH
AND ITS CUT STATE.

The history of the diamond-mining in South Africa begins with the discovery of the stone at first known as the Star of

South Africa, picked up by a trader called O'Reilly in Griqualand West in 1867. O'Reilly's host one night was a Boer, whose little girl was playing with a lot of pebbles, among which was the diamond. The Boer gave it to O'Reilly, who sold it to Sir Philip Wodehouse, the Governor of the colony, for £200. It was



THE LARGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD.

ultimately bought for £11,000 by the Earl of Dudley. The most famous of the stones found in the early days at the Cape is known as the Steward diamond, which weighs 288 3-8 carats. In 1881 a still more magnificent stone, the Porter-Rhodes, weighing 150 carats, was found at Kimberley. It created a great sensation when it was exhibited in Bond Street, and was taken down to Osborne for the Queen's inspection.

The Duke of Westminster owns the famous Nassak diamond, which fell into our hands in the Mahratta War of 1818. It weighs 89½ carats, and was bought by the Westminster family in 1837. The Sultan of Matan, in Borneo, owns a diamond (found by a Dyak) weighing 376 carats. The Nizam of Hyderabad, in whose territories lie the Golconda mines, famed in song and story, owns a fine stone of 340 carats, still in the rough state. The Nizam, as it is called, was broken in two pieces by a "very ominous accident"

India has produced not only the best diamonds but the most beautiful rubies. In holding Burma, Britain possesses the finest ruby-mines in the world, although up to the time of our annexing Theebaw's dominions, thirteen years ago, no Englishman had described the ruby district. One of the most famous rubies in Europe is the one—of the size of a pigeon's egg—which figures in the Russian regalia. It was presented to the notorious Empress Catherine by Gustavus III., when the Swedish monarch visited her in St. Petersburg in 1777. The famous "Black Prince" ruby which adorns our own Imperial crown is not a ruby at all, but a "spinel," under which name several minerals are included. This particular "spinel" was presented in 1367 to the Black Prince (the son of Edward III. and Philippa) by Don Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, whose cause he espoused. Henry V. wore it in his helmet at the Battle of Agincourt.

The sapphire, though only a variety of crystallised aluminium, has probably had more "imposing allegories" attached to it than any other stone. Its typical colour is blue, though greens and greys, and even whites, occur; and, like the ruby, it is found in Burma and Siam, while some fair specimens have been found in Australia and the United States. A magnificent sample of the sapphire may be seen in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, where there is such a fine mineralogical collection. It has had a curious history. Found in Bengal by a poor man, it made its way into the treasure-room of the family of Raspoli, in Rome. Then it wandered into the possession of a German Prince, who sold it to a French jeweller for £6800. It now weighs 123 1-16 carats. Cardinal Wolsey had a beautiful sapphire engraved with his coat of arms. King Theebaw possessed some excellent specimens of Burma sapphires, although these stones are not of the finest quality.

The emerald, which is green, is really a form of silicon, in combination with aluminium and another very rare metal. The tiara of Pope Julius II., who died in 1513, and who was more famous as a

patron of the arts than as a shepherd of souls, contained a beautiful emerald about an inch long and one and a quarter inches thick. The Hebrews believed that a serpent on fixing its eyes on an emerald became blind. Certain it is, many a woman has been tempted to become morally blind as she has eyed some brilliant specimen of the gorgeous green.

The opal, which used to come exclusively from Czerwenitz, in Hungary, combines, as an old lapidary has it, "the bright, fiery flame of the carbuncle, the fine, refulgent purple of an amethyst, and a whole sea of the emerald's green glory."



A DIAMOND THAT BELONGS TO THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD. IT IS SAID TO BE WORTH £200,000.

Napoleon's consort, Josephine, was the proud possessor of a splendid specimen, called the "Burning of Troy," from the numberless red flames blazing on its surface. How often she must have flashed the jewel in the eyes of the ladies of her court who seemed to be stealing the Emperor's devotion from her! Indeed, jewels have ever been the cause of much heartburning. For example, Marc Antony once proscribed a senator who owned a fine specimen, valued at £20,000. The senator, however, rather than part with it, bolted from Rome, and cheated Antony of the jewel; otherwise it might have found its way to Cleopatra's lap.

The turquoise, which seems to have escaped the notice of the ancients, was

highly prized in the Middle Ages. The Shah of Persia possesses the finest collection, for the best opals are found in his dominions. A heart-shaped stone, with a verse of the Koran engraved upon it in gold, once belonged to Shah Nadir, who wore it as an amulet. Somehow or other it found its way into the hands of a Moscow jeweller, who wanted £780 for it. The Russians have a peculiar love for the turquoise. One of their proverbs, for instance, declares that a turquoise given by a loving hand carries with it happiness and good fortune, and that the colour of a turquoise fades when the well-being of the giver is in danger. Some opals, especially

those found in Egypt, fade rapidly.

Mr. Streeter once paid £2000 for a specimen which lost its colour, and of course much of its value.

The amethyst, which is usually found in association with agate, is a crystal of quartz, and is found in nearly all parts of the world. Of recent years it has lost its commercial value. Thus Queen Charlotte once had an amethyst necklace which was valued at £2000. To-day it would fetch scarcely more than £100. Mr. Streeter, however, ventures the opinion that the Americans may be the means of

reviving its popularity, just as they have made opals fashionable.

What rich romance resides in these precious stones! Macaulay summed up their career when he wrote: "A jewel may rest on an English lady's arm that saw Alaric sack Rome, and beheld before—what not? The treasures of the palaces of the Pharaohs and of Darius, or the camp of the Ptolemies, come into Europe on the neck of a vulgar pro-consul's wife, to glitter at every gladiator's butchery in the amphitheatre; then pass in a Gothic ox-wagon to an Arab seraglio at Seville; and so back to India, to figure in the peacock throne of the Great Mogul; to be bought by an Armenian for a few rupees from an English soldier; and so at last come hither."

FORGOTTEN HEROES OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.

THE military power of the Mysore State was, in the latter half of the last century, perhaps the most formidable opponent to the spread of English sway in India. The great adventurer Hyder Ali, and, after his death, his son Tippoo Sultaun, occupied the musnud, and collected large armies, well trained, and well equipped with all the necessities of war, commissariat, artillery, and transport. They were aided by French officers, who drilled their forces, and brought to their use all the martial science of Europe. They were on many occasions supported by French troops, and, for a time at least, had all the advantage given by the presence of French sea-power in the Indian Seas.

After a long series of campaigns, fought with varying fortune, Hyder died in December 1782. There was peace for a season with Tippoo Sultaun, but his unprovoked attack on the friendly Rajah of Travancore caused a renewed outbreak of hostilities in 1790, and Lord Cornwallis, who united in himself the offices of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India, came to Madras in 1791 to take command of the army in the field, consisting of a regiment of English dragoons, four battalions of English regular infantry, and sixteen regiments of native cavalry and infantry. His first operation was the taking of Bangalore, and, having been joined by about 10,000 of the Nizam's irregulars, he moved on Seringapatam, the enemy's capital. But the supply of provisions for the army failed, the transport cattle were exhausted, and the incessant rains of the advanced season made an attack upon a formidable

position impossible. Reluctantly it was resolved to fall back for the time on Bangalore; a retreat harassing to the British force, and full of encouragement to the defenders of Mysore.

But Lord Cornwallis had only retired in order to prepare for renewing the war. Enormous supplies in provisions, transport and artillery were being collected, and meantime he determined to reduce the numerous hill-forts which Tippoo had constructed in his dominions. These strong places not only threatened the line of communications in any future march to Seringapatam, but also cut off the supplies that might be gathered from the north and east of the English headquarters. One of the most formidable in its natural position and the strength given by art was Nundidroog. This stronghold was perched upon the summit of a mass of granite rock rising sheer from the plain seventeen hundred feet. On three sides it was altogether inaccessible, but on the fourth a steeply sloping ascent was guarded by a double line of stone-built fortifications, constructed after the best principles of European science and supported by an outwork which covered the gate with flanking fire. Its batteries were powerfully armed with heavy artillery, and wall-pieces and jingals gave a cross-fire upon all approaches that could be occupied by besiegers. The garrison, nearly three thousand strong, was commanded by Lutf Ali Beg, an officer who had served with the highest distinction under both Hyder and Tippoo, and had only lately been one of the ambassadors sent by the latter to Constantinople. Nundidroog proudly dominated an especially

rich and fertile district, and was considered to be impregnable by any means other than prolonged blockade and consequent starvation ; in fact, when the fortress, then without any of its present armament

never so great that the word "impossible" was breathed in the British ranks. It is seldom realised nowadays what spirit and endurance characterised the warriors who, clad in the same uniform and head-dress



CAPTAIN ROBERTSON, THE HERO OF NUNDIROOG.

From an Oil Painting.

and defences, was formerly taken by Hyder Ali from the Mahrattas, it only yielded after a close investment of more than three years. The men who conquered India recked little of obstacles in their path. These obstacles were there to be removed, and the difficulties of an enterprise were

which they would have worn when serving in Northern Europe, toiled in long and weary marches through a land where roads, in the modern sense of the word, were not, and where all the modern appliances for mitigating the rigors of a tropical climate were absent. Never

were more brilliant feats of arms performed than they accomplished. Never did armies find the powers of nature more closely allied to the efforts of their human enemies.

To reduce Nundidroog, Lord Cornwallis detached the brigade commanded by Major Gowdie, accompanied by a breaching battery. As has been seen, there was only one point of approach by which heavy pieces could be brought against the defences, and in order to reach it a road had to be cut and the guns had to be hauled over rock and crag to batteries formed with infinite labour on the crest of a precipice. During the whole of this long-continued toil the fatigue parties were exposed to unrelenting and harassing fire from the wall-pieces and jingals, though, fortunately, the heavy guns of the place could not be sufficiently depressed to be effective. For fourteen days no reply could be made, and the British force gave that highest proof of heroic determination—the stern, unmoved sufferance of scathe without being able to fire a shot or strike a blow in retaliation.

At last the six battering pieces were in position, and were able to throw their massive shot on the walls of Nundidroog. After three days of firing these did their work. The outer wall began to crumble away and two breaches were formed, but the second or inner wall could not be touched, and remained strong and defiant as ever. The only course open was to deliver an assault, and, securing the full possession of the outer rampart, to make there a lodgment from which the inner defences might be attacked. Lord Cornwallis had moved the greater part of his army to the neighbourhood of the fortress to support and cover the operations of Major Gowdie's brigade, and in order to be able to furnish the forlorn hope from the British regular regiments. He carefully examined the work that had been done, and gave orders for a final bombardment, to continue till night-fall of Oct. 18, after which the rising of the moon was to be the signal for the rush upon the breaches. Among the regular regiments in camp were the

71st Highlanders, who had only been raised fourteen years previously by Lord Macleod, and had since 1780 been serving in India, creating for themselves a glorious reputation in all the campaigns of a period of incessant war. To Captain Robertson of this corps was assigned the duty of leading the stormers in the forthcoming onfall. Young in years, this gallant Scotsman was old in war; for he had taken his part in nine battles, besides many minor affairs, and that part had not been one of an onlooker in the reserve, but had ever led him into the foremost crash of contest, where bullets were flying thickest and swords bit most deeply. The man who could recall leading his company at the storming of the French lines at Cuddalore, where were slain by his side his two subalterns and twenty-six men out of a strength of fifty-two who had followed him into action, might, after that trial alone, be deemed a seasoned soldier. The son of Dr. Robertson, Principal of Edinburgh University, whose name still lives as a great historian, Captain Robertson might, too, have been equally famous as a soldier, if his exploits had not been performed on a distant stage, in a day when great events and great deeds were convulsing the European world, blurring by their vast immediate interest the importance of achievements far across the seas, which soon fell into oblivion.

In making the assault on the breaches of Nundidroog, it was determined that the assailants should press forward with the defenders when these were driven back, and should either pass the second wall with them or carry it by escalade in the confusion. If the second wall could not be thus carried, it was at least hoped that a lodgment might be made behind a cavalier between the walls, from which a regular attack on the inner defence could be carried out. The head of the forlorn hope was divided into two parts, each of which was to rush on one of the breaches. On the right were twenty Grenadiers taken from the 36th and 71st, under Lieutenant Mackenzie, and on the left twenty of the 71st Light Company under Lieutenant Moore. These parties were to be closely followed by the two flank companies of

the Highlanders, and Captain Robertson commanded the whole. The flank companies of the 36th formed the immediate support, and the gallant General Medows, waiving his rank, volunteered to superintend the whole operation.

The heavy cannonade from the batteries ceased with the daylight of Oct. 18, and about midnight the stormers moved silently into the advanced parallel, a hundred yards from the breaches. There they rested upon their arms till the rising moon should give them light enough for their hardy enterprise. In the moment of suspense before action, the minds of men are highly strung, and a little thing may influence them, either stimulating a warlike spirit or casting a fatal chill upon their courage. They are in a state of nervous excitement which is probably as nearly akin to fear as it is to valour. While the stormers were waiting for the orders to move, someone whispered that there might be a mine. General Medows heard the ill-omened foreboding and said quietly, "To be sure there is, but it is a mine of gold." A smothered laugh from the men showed that his ready words had averted the possible panic.

At length the moon rose in all her tropic radiance. The time had come, and General Medows gave to Captain Robertson the signal to act. Sword in hand he bounded out of the parallel, followed by the forlorn hope, and rushed up the steep and rocky ascent. Silently as the British troops had prepared, the enemy were on the alert to receive them. A sustained fire of cannon, musketry, and rockets was opened from the works, and, still more formidable, huge stones rolled on the attackers came hurtling down the roadway with crushing impetus. The whole scene of conflict was illuminated by blue lights, flaming on the battlements and searching the corners shaded from the beams of the moon. Death took a heavy toll from the eager stormers, but there was no pause or stay. The breaches were reached and surmounted. The fighting within the first wall was at close quarters, and the British sword and bayonet encountered the spear and tulwar of Asia. Cheers and shouts

mingled with the quick panting of men engaged in mortal strife, and the groans of those who had been hurled to the ground sorely wounded and helpless. But the Highland charge was irresistible, and the Mysoreans, perforce giving way, fled to the shelter of the second wall. It was not to prove another post of vantage. Robertson, with his foremost men, was hard in pursuit of the fliers, and forced the gate before it could be closed and fastened. The supporting companies came up, following quick on the forlorn hope, and the body of the place was entered.

The fate of a fortress taken by storm is always a hard one. The passions of the conquerors are roused to madness; the discipline of the soldiery is for the time being dissolved, and little ruth is shown in the moment of victory. Captain Robertson had shown the most daring courage in the attack, and he now equally displayed cool-headed self-restraint and humanity in his exertions to save the lives of the conquered. Seeing that the fortress was taken and that its garrison had now no thought of further resistance, he applied himself to preventing bloodshed. To his efforts Lutf Ali Beg and the greater number of his men owed their lives, and they learned that the British warriors were as merciful as they were brave. They were taken as prisoners to Vellore, while all the women and children were escorted in safety and honour beyond the pickets and allowed to join their countrymen.

Such services as those of Captain Robertson would, in our time, bring high reward and public commendation. Medals, stars, and crosses would commemorate their performance. *He* never wore any decoration; *he* gained no rank but that which must follow long and strenuous service. A few words of cordial approval in general orders were all the acknowledgment that he received. Shattered and disabled by the severity of his toils, he lingered in bodily helplessness through the evening of his days as a retired Lieutenant-General. He gave much to his country, and with coldness his country meagrely requited his patriotic devotion to her interests.

MY YOUTHFUL MATER.

By WALTER E. GROGAN.

I THINK it is a scandalous shame that any fellow should have a mater who is young and looks younger. It is an unnecessary burden, handicapping a man at his first start in the world. Anyhow, that is how I feel. Besides, how can a man "honour his parents" when his mater is not thirty and looks awfully much younger?

Of course, it was the governor's fault. I should have thought one wife enough for any man. As far as I have seen, the sex is very much overrated, although, of course, there was Dolly—but she was more than half a fellow, and could get a very decent screw on at tennis. The governor was no end of a Johnnie out in India; they made an awful fuss over him when he died. I think the *Times* had a column about him, and his photograph was in all the illustrated papers. I don't remember very much about him, for he went to India just when my mater died—my own mater, you know—and I was only seven. He had a very decent moustache waxed out, which poked me in the eye when he kissed me. It always seemed to me that he did not exactly know where to kiss me, so that may account for his moustache getting in the way. When he married my mater—the second one, you know—I was astounded. He never consulted me, which I think showed a lack of delicacy. Seeing that I should have to look after her when he died—and his liver was always very bad—I think he might have hinted the matter to me. The first intelligence I had was a letter from him and a box of wedding-cake. The cake was awfully dry, and not nearly enough almond

icing. I should say his liver must have suffered terribly after it, for it was very rich, much too rich for an old gentleman.

The governor died three years after, and there were no babies. I was glad of that, because a man does not like his responsibilities multiplied. The mater stayed with some friends in Bombay for eighteen months afterwards—until I had finished at Eton, she said in a letter. She wrote a very good letter about our being alone in the world and needing each other's protection. Of course the latter part was only a feminine veiling of my own duty. She needed a protector, and I was her nearest male relative. I saw that at once, and made up my mind that I would look after her well.

There was a man named Gerald Morrish who was very chummy with me. I used to fag for him when I first went to Eton, and we kept up our acquaintance all the time he was at Oxford, and after he was sent down. He was a rattling good fellow, and nailed up a Don because the Don wanted to stop his revolver practice in his rooms. As Gerry said, one never knows when one may not be called upon to defend one's honour, and it is as well to keep one's eye in. So they sent him down. I agreed with Gerry that it was an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject. Gerry was a clinking cricketer. I have seen him hit three sixes in the inter-'Varsity match off one over, and he was a rattling three-quarter. I used to spend a good deal of my holidays at his place. Old Morrish was a chum of the governor's. Of course he was more swagger—he was a General and the governor was only a

Judge—but they were at Eton and Oxford together, and old Morrish was not a bit stuck up. Dolly was Gerry's younger sister, and she—well, she does not matter much in this affair.

I showed the mater's letter to Gerry when I went down for the Long Vac. He was in his room, oiling his bats and cleaning his rifles.

"By Jove, Dick!" he said, when he had read it, "you will have your hands jolly full. Is she a nigger?"

I knew he was smiling. He had big grey eyes which smiled somehow without the rest of his face. It generally made me uncomfortable. I never knew whether he was laughing at me or not.

"Oh, well," I answered, "of course, I shall do what's right. You see, she has only me to look to now." Of course, the nigger was only his chaff.

"Lucky woman to fall into such good hands," he replied, bending over his bat.

"Well, you see, Gerry, we Bertrams are pretty straight sort of people. We are not clever, but we do our duty——"

"I know, Dick," Gerry interrupted, "in that state, etc. Very commendable, I am sure."

"And of course it will be my duty to look after the mater. Women are so helpless, they need a man's guiding hand. I do not pretend that the whole affair is not a bit of a bore. I had hoped to have a jolly good time at the Cape, or out in Florida, or some place like that, when I

left Eton, but, of course, I shall have to give up all thoughts of that. I daresay, though, it will have a steadying influence upon me." I had begun to see that a responsibility such as had so unexpectedly fallen upon me might have a beneficial effect. I had no idea then that it would have turned into the awful nightmare it did.

Gerry looked up. I was glad to see that he was quite grave. I had thought that he had over-oiled his favourite bat, and was a little uncertain as to his view of the case.

"You are sure she is not a nigger, and doesn't wear turbans and shawls?" he asked anxiously.

"She is the sister of Lord Carmouth; she is Lady Bertram in her own right," I said simply. "It was a bit rough on the governor to have a wife with a handle ready made—one hereditary, too." The governor was only a knight and a C.S.I.

Gerry whistled.

"Look here, youngster, your mater must be awfully young. Carmouth is not much over thirty."

I was a bit staggered.

"Oh no," I said. "Of course, she is quite old. The governor was over sixty when he pegged out."

"Haven't you a photo or something to go on?"

"No. The mater said she would leave me to imagine her until I saw her. Just as well, I think; my study walls are chock full. I should have had to have given



I saw someone rise from the sofa.

away the last Australian team to make room. Just as well, you know."

Near the close of the winter term—my last term at Eton—I was sent for by the master of my house. He met me at the front door.

"Bertram, your mother, Lady Bertram, is in the drawing-room. I thought you would like to see her alone first," he said. Old Barnard was always a decent fellow, although he wore glasses, and went to sleep at the house matches.

I opened the drawing-room door and went in. It was rather gloomy inside. Old Barnard was very fond of cage-birds, and filled his windows with them. I saw someone rise from the sofa at the other end, and advance with outstretched hands.

"Welcome," I began, but stopped with open mouth. The woman advancing with a smile was quite young, awfully pretty, and had a pile of golden hair with a little black bonnet perched on the top. "I beg your pardon," I went on, "I expected to see my mater—mother, you know. I was told she was here."

"So she is, Dick," the young woman said, and kissed me.

When I disentangled myself from her embrace—hugging does spoil one's collar so—I grasped the astounding fact—this young woman was my mother!

My mater kept my hand in hers, and led me quite passively to the cage-birds. If anything, the room was a little less gloomy there.

"And you are Dick?" she said.

I replied "Yes" very quietly. I was wondering what the other fellows would think of it.

She smiled. "You must not be shy with me, Dick. You see, I am your mother." She looked very kindly at me with quite a respectable assumption of middle-age, and then went into a peal of laughter. Her laughter bubbled like a trout-stream, and she did not look ugly when she was laughing. Most people's faces go into all sorts of lines and wrinkles, but hers did not. She laughed such a long time that I began to fear hysterics.

"Shall I ring for the matron?" I asked

anxiously. "She has got a smelling-bottle, or something, you know. You may like it."

She stopped laughing quite suddenly—I fancy she must have felt a pain in her side. She seemed braced up pretty tight, I thought.

"Oh, Dick! Dick!" she said weakly, "I shall love you, I know I shall. You are so funny!"

"I hope you are not fatigued, mater—mother? I will ring and ask for tea. You have had a long journey." It seemed to me that India was a long and tiresome journey. I rose and rang the bell.

"You are just like your father, Dick; you have the same nose, exactly the same." I winced. My nose was a sore point with me. The Bertram nose was rather noted, and the fellows used to call me "Nosey." That was before I got my remove into the fifth.

"And the same eyes," she went on. "No, the Judge's eyes were blue, and yours are brown. I remember distinctly they were blue, because they were so much like a favourite dress of mine. And you are my son, Dick. How funny it all is! I hope you have been a good boy, and been attentive and all that. Your master—what an extraordinary man he is! Did you ever notice his eyes, Dick, they aren't the same colour—said you were very good, or was it rather inclined to be wild? I think it was the latter. You must try and——" She laughed again, much to my embarrassment. "It's no use, Dick! I can't play at this sort of thing. I shall make a very bad mother, but—oh, what do you think of me?"

She jumped up, and turned right round slowly and laughed.

"You are very young and awfully pretty," I said gravely.

"Oh! you dear Dick!" she said, and threw her arms round me just as the door opened and Mrs. Mason, the matron, entered.

"Mrs. Mason—my mother, Lady Bertram," I said stiffly. I added "the matron" to the mater in a hoarse whisper, which she did not hear, and which Mrs. Mason did.

My mother smiled very sweetly. "I have not seen Dick for over twenty years," she said softly.

Mrs. Mason sniffed. She looked with disapproval upon my youthful mater. In the dim light of the room she looked quite like a girl, and besides, Mrs. Masen knew that I was not twenty.

"You are very young," she said.

of a mother, but I had not foreseen that she would have been so ridiculously young.

At tea I tried to steer the conversation into graver channels.

"You must have felt your position very much," I said. "A woman, when she has lost her natural protector, is very much stranded. I hope, now that you have come to me, that things will go on quite easily."



L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR.
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It was so awkward explaining that she was my mother.

My mother laughed.

"You see, Mrs. Mason, I have never seen Dick before—he is my step-son. Oh, is that tea?—and muffins? Do you like muffins, Dick? I dote on them. I hope we shall have muffins in Heaven!"

Mrs. Mason went out openly disapproving. I sighed. It really was too bad of Fate to have served me so. I was quite prepared to accept the responsibility

She stared at me. My new mater had a most embarrassing habit of looking at you as though you were a curious specimen of zoology.

"My dear Dick," she said impressively, "I have never felt stranded but once in my life, and that was when my maid had forgotten to pack a decent dinner-dress when I was staying at the Barramounts'." And I believed her.

We took a pretty little house at Tormouth for the winter. I was very busy looking after things, and was quite glad when we were settled in. I found that a mother was a very troublesome article. She was always wanting to help me. Of course, I appreciated her good intentions, but all the people—the agents and the furniture-people and the tradesmen generally—were always mistaking her for my sister. It was so awkward explaining that she was my mother. She was very fond of me, but she certainly worried me a great deal. She wanted to do things for me—she actually offered to cut my hair once. And then people—outsiders, you know—giggled when she insisted on kissing me publicly. I think she rather enjoyed it—I know I did not.

I could never get her to talk seriously about the governor. Once, soon after we went up to London—we stayed at the Métropole at her wish; I wanted to go somewhere quiet—I spoke to her about him.

"You must feel very sad sometimes, mother," I said, discreetly breaking the subject.

"Sad? Why, my dear Dick, I am perfectly happy. The cooking here is lovely, and you are just perfect. I wish my hair would curl like yours. I wonder whether, if I ate crusts diligently for a year, it really would? Do you think it would, Dick?"

My mother was very flippant. I am sorry to have to say it about any woman—least of all my nearest female relative—but it is a fact.

"Having lost your husband—the governor, you know—you must try and let me take his place. Any troubles or difficulties you may have you must bring to me. Of course, you must feel very lonely without him, but I hope that in the future——"

Her eyes twinkled, and I got rather red. I generally did when her eyes twinkled—she was disconcerting.

"The Judge was a dear old gentleman, Dick, and I was really very fond of him, but you see he was not equal to his own troubles and difficulties, so that I had to keep mine to myself. He worried a great deal; he

took everything *au grand sérieux*. On the whole, he was very like you, my dear boy. As for me, I was never serious for ten minutes consecutively in the whole of my life; and that is a very, very long time, for have I not a son with quite a perceptible moustache? What do you use for it, Dick?"

What was the use of trying to comfort a woman like that?

She annoyed me in the Métropole by audibly regretting that we should leave before the pantomime season. "You would like to see the pantomimes, I know, Dick," she said. As if any man cared about such things!

I was glad to get down to Tormouth. The mater had so many friends in town, and they patronised me in a caddish sort of manner. And besides, I felt the difficulty of my position keenly, for she was an awful flirt. I do not say she flirted from any conscious desire in that way. She was born with it.

"How those horrid men bore me!" she used to say. "They are always interrupting me when I want to be alone with you. There is nothing I like so much as talking to you."

We chose Tormouth because the mater was fond of golf. There were some awfully good links. I will say that for the mater: she was a keen sportswoman and a lady—golfing, hunting, billiards, but not cycling.

After two or three weeks—weeks which were so pleasant that I forgot all about my care and responsibility—my mater came to me with a proposition.

I was reading up law in the little room we call the library. It had lately occurred to me that if I were made a magistrate a little knowledge of law might be useful. I wrote to Gerry on the point, but he said it was unnecessary. However, I thought it would do no harm, so I borrowed "Coke on Lyttleton," or "Lyttleton on Coke," and read it. I remember it seemed very unintelligible. I had to read a novel at the same time to relax the strain.

Well, the mater came in and knelt down beside me. I put my books down, the novel underneath, and tried to look

interrupted. I think it was a failure, for I was really beginning to like the mater very much. She was such awfully good fun, and could beat me at golf by at least a hole. If she were only not quite so young!

"Dick, dear," she said, "I have been thinking that you must find it dull shut up

carry your clubs over the links. I think two quite enough."

"They will come, Dick," she said. "Isn't it awful? I can't help thinking they must waste their time terribly. And yet I can't tell them to go away, can I? It would be so rude. 'Please, Captain Fitsbayonet, run away and play with somebody else! I



Gerry had quarrelled with his father.

here with an old woman like me." She smiled up at me, looking frightfully young. "I think you should ask one of your friends down to stay with you. You see, he could enter into your games and all that so much better than a stupid old mother."

"It's awfully good of you, mater, but I think we get along very well together. If you only wouldn't have so many men to

don't want you.' It doesn't sound nice, does it? But you would like a friend, Dick. Someone to play cricket with, and go birds'-nesting and all that? I am afraid I am quite useless birds'-nesting."

"There's Gerry," I said.

"Who's Gerry?" she asked. "Is he nice? What is he? Was he at Eton?"

"Gerry's a man I know—my chum—rattling good fellow. Yes, he was at

Eton with me." I did not say that that was years ago, an omission for which the mater blamed me afterwards. I really cannot see how it mattered.

"Then we will send for Gerry," said my mater. "Oh, Dick, what a learned man you are! What is that you are reading? It looks such a wise book. What a clever boy you are!"

It was therefore arranged that Gerry should come. He was very kind about it. He wrote me quite a nice letter. He explained that he had quarrelled with his father, and that he would be willing to spend a few weeks anywhere. He said that his father could not forget the years he had spent in command of niggers, and he—Gerry—felt sorry for him. He would, he added, overlook the whole affair, but he felt that he owed a duty to his father in teaching him that Englishmen were free subjects.

I met Gerry at the station, and we went home in a fly—that is, we put the cabman inside, and Gerry drove. Gerry was a rattling good whip, and we did the journey in record time. Unfortunately, the mater was at the door to welcome us, and was quite nice to the cabman, under the impression that it was Gerry's father. As for Gerry, he dropped the reins with a groan.

"I didn't know you had a sister, youngster," he said reproachfully.

I jumped down.

"This is Gerry, mother—my mater, Gerry," I succeeded in ejaculating, when I had rescued her from the cabman, who charged double fare for the little mistake.

My mater stared at Gerry in consternation, and then went into a peal of laughter. Gerry took off his cap, and forgot to put it on again, he was so astounded. That is the worst of having a youthful mater. It does surprise people so.

"I thought you were going to be a boy!" my mater gasped.

"I was, you know, once," Gerry said confidentially. And then they both laughed. I was so disgusted that I looked after Gerry's things. It is no use leaving these matters to the servants, and I really could not see what they had to

laugh at. I blamed myself very much for not having told Gerry that my mater was so young.

My mater was awfully nice at dinner, and so was Gerry. He seemed to have grown years older, though, all at once. He was very civil to me, but I noticed that he seemed more anxious to talk to my mater.

"So you are Dick's friend," she said, when they were changing the plates. "It was very good of you to look after him. A boy at school wants a steadying influence."

I couldn't help grinning at the idea of Gerry's being a steadying influence to anyone, and he got very red. I was astonished at that, because he had the cheek of—well, he was very rarely embarrassed. When I looked at the mater I saw that her eyes twinkled.

"Gerry was like a father to me," I said gravely, and kicked him under the table.

"Oh, well, you know, I tried to put him up to some of the dodges, Lady Bertram. It's awfully rough on a beggar not to know the dodges, and my governor and his were pretty thick—and that was it, you see," he concluded rather lamely.

"I hope I shall make you happy here, Mr. Morrish. I daresay Dick can manage some football and birds'-nesting and those sort of things."

"Oh, that's all right, Lady Bertram," he said cheerfully. "I shall get on famously."

Both Gerry and my mater were very wild with me afterwards about the mistake. I really don't see how it mattered. He came as my friend. Besides, Gerry was a very nice fellow. He was rather fond of smoking, but the mater did not mind that.

Unfortunately the visit did not turn out nearly so well as I expected. Gerry was very pleasant, but he left me to myself a great deal. For the three weeks he stayed with us he only played football once, and then he scored four times. He said he was growing too old.

"I'm awfully useless," he said to the mater once. "I don't seem to be able to do anything." He might have had a place in the international fifteen if he had

cared.) "I think I could have done some good in the Army, but there's such a beastly stiff exam to get through."

The mater tried to cheer him up.

"Why don't you write—I knew a poet once, and he was quite a fool. I believe

I must say that Gerry behaved very roughly to me. He used to go with the mater everywhere, and quite cleared the links of the other men. He was all right when I saw him, and promised to teach me fencing, and a new upper-cut in



I did not hear anything for a long time. Then Gerry's voice came in at the open window.

he made a lot of money, and people always asked him to dinner."

He shook his head dolefully. He was not to be cheered.

"It's no use, Lady Bertram," he said. "I never could think of anything to write about, and I suppose that is necessary."

"I don't know," she answered. "I think you have only got to read a lot."

boxing, but he was so occupied with the mater that he never had time. That is the worst of a youthful mater: she takes all your friends away.

I spoke to the mater seriously one day.

"Do you think you are acting quite fairly with Gerry?" I said. "He is young and inexperienced, and—well, impressionable."

"Isn't he, Dick? I am so glad you agree with me. He is quite absurd," she answered enthusiastically.

"But he may really fall in love with you, mater."

"He has. Of course it's a secret, but I really think he has. He says such ridiculous things."

"Then I think you are doing wrong to encourage him, mater."

"I don't encourage him, Dick. I wish he would go away and play with you, but he won't." She was quite indignant.

"Gerry is an awfully good sort. He had the best average at Oxford, and you should see him pull. It seems awfully rough to let him waste his time."

"I don't know that he is wasting his time, Dick. He is growing his hair long, and it suits him."

"Do you care for him?"

"Immensely. He is a dear fellow."

"But as a woman should care for a man, you know," I persisted.

"What nonsense you talk, Dick!" she said, laughing merrily. "He is a boy—the friend of my son—and I am quite an old woman. I wish you would play billiards with me."

Gerry came to me one night quite down in the mouth.

"I'm not worth a cent, youngster," he said, "and your mother is just an angel. You must be very good to her."

"Of course I look after her," I answered, "but she is rather flighty. I am afraid the governor had a warm time with her."

"You young fool!" he said savagely. "She is much too good for any man. She is perfect, quite perfect. I have never met so good a woman before. I wish——" and then he sighed, and went off whistling softly to himself.

About three days after that I was reading "Coke on Lyttleton" and one of Haggard's books in the drawing-room. Outside there was a verandah and a seat, and Gerry and my mater were sitting there.

I suppose they forgot I was in the drawing-room.

I was very much interested in Coke or Haggard, and did not hear anything for a long time. Then Gerry's voice came in at the open window.

"Don't say another word, Lady Bertram. Of course, I was a fool to have spoken, but—well, I am glad that I did. I am glad that you know what I think of you, that you know that—oh, hang it! you know what I mean. You have been awfully good to me, much better than I deserve."

"I am very sorry——" began my mater.

"Why should you be? You can't help fellows loving you. They all do. You are so good and—oh, hang it! you seem like an angel to me."

"You see, Gerry, it is quite out of the question," the mater said quietly. "You are much too young, and there is Dick. He is such a dear boy. I shall never marry, but just look after him."

"No one would be worthy of you, Lady Bertram. I think I shall go to-day. I don't think I could stay any longer. I shall try and get something to do. Get into the Army through the Militia, I think. Anyhow, I shall never forget you—you have been so awfully good." His voice quavered a bit, and he went off, scrunching the gravel of the path.

He went away that day to his own place.

"Dick," he said, "be good to her, and if any damned idiot insults her, just tell me and I will thrash him. I should like to, really, you know. It would be a bit of a relief to me."

That is the worst of a mater who is not much older than oneself. All one's friends fall in love with her, and the responsibility is terrible. I am very sorry for Gerry, but the mater says he will get over it in about three weeks—if he stays at his own place she thinks it may be a month. She says she has had some experience.

STONEHENGE.

Photographs by Mrs. Catherine Weed Ward.

THE announcement that the famous and mysterious circles of stones known as Stonehenge had been offered for sale gave a new impulse to the interest which these remains of an earlier time have always excited. Those who hold our national monuments in high regard at

out that the ground upon which Stonehenge stands might very well be added to the manœuvring area on Salisbury Plain. The price named for Stonehenge and for about 1300 acres of land adjoining was £125,000, and up to the moment of writing no purchaser had been found.



GENERAL VIEW OF STONEHENGE.

once were troubled with visions of the speculative plutocrat, probably from across the Atlantic, who would purchase and carry away bodily the monoliths, to be erected perchance on alien soil, as a standing memorial that our honourable title, "a nation of shopkeepers," had indeed become our reproach. And lest this should come to pass, grave counsel was offered to the Government advising it forthwith to acquire Stonehenge for the nation. As a further inducement, military authorities were not slow to point

Should the Government remain unmoved, it is devoutly to be wished that the proprietor will dispose of Stonehenge only to some patriotic purchaser who will guard it as it deserves.

Like all the standing stones, Stonehenge is, of course, a mystery, and all solutions of its eternal riddle must at best be guesses. The name is a corruption of the Saxon *Stan-hengist*—the uplifted or hanging stones—and this has, no doubt, given rise to the legend of enlargement and alteration by the British King

Ambrosius, aided by Merlin, during the period of Hengist. Of such is ever the etiological myth. But although absolute

that the circles were erected to commemorate the four hundred nobles treacherously slain by Hengist, near the site of Stonehenge, in 472 A.D. The date of Nennius's writings is about 810.

In the triads of the Welsh bards a similar story is told, but there the erection of the circles is ascribed to Merlin, the successor of Vortigern. One of the first writers to examine Stonehenge critically was the great architect Inigo Jones, whose work dealing with the subject appeared in



STONEHENGE FROM THE WEST.

truth is impossible, the views of antiquaries concerning the origin of Stonehenge are worth considering. Some attribute the circles to the Phœnicians or to Phœnician influence, and connect them with Baal-worship; others favour the familiar theory of Celtic or Druidical origin. To the Danes and Romans also the relics have been ascribed. All these points of view have been summed up in Warton's sonnet—

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant hands, the mighty pile,
To entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile,
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore,
Or Danish priests, enriched with savage spoil,
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Reared the rude heap; or in thy hallowed round
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crowned,
Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,
We muse on many an ancient tale renowned.

The earliest mention of Stonehenge in literature occurs in the dubious author Nennius, in his "*Historia Britonum*," a mythical account of the Britons, the Roman occupation, the Saxon settlement, and the Arthurian epoch. His story is

1655. He laboured to prove that the circles had formed a Roman temple, a theory that in more recent treatises



THE LARGEST TRILITHON NOW STANDING.



STONES AROUND THE ALTAR.

The leaning stone shows the pin upon which the "impost" (now fallen) fitted.

has found little favour. The opinions as to its age are legion, some holding that the circles must have been formed in the century before the Christian era, others placing them as late as 500 A.D. The old puzzle as to the mechanical power employed is here, of course, particularly insistent, on account of the ponderous cross-pieces of the trilithons. The inclined plane is the most likely means, but even here speculation at its utmost can but hazard a wild surmise. It seems safe to

conclude, however, that the stones of the inner circle and inner oval had been brought from a distance, and are of earlier origin than the others.

Stonehenge is situated in the Wiltshire parish of Amesbury, on Salisbury Plain, about two miles west by north of the town of Amesbury. By the ancient Britons the circles were called "Ambres," a name signifying "the holy stones." They also called it the "Choir Gaur," or "great round church," and in the Middle Ages the remains received the title of "Chorea Gigantum," or the Giants' Dance. Among more recent theories as to the origin of Stonehenge is that of Sir John Lubbock, who inclines to the opinion that the circles were erected during the Bronze Age in Britain. It is, however, not improbable that various portions of the monument should be assigned to various dates.

Theories, however, are out of place in an article the limits of which preclude detailed examination and discussion. More to the point in the present instance is it to give some description of the circles, further to elucidate the excellent Illustrations which we are enabled to reproduce on these pages. The main features of Stonehenge are a *via sacra* or "holy way," two concentric circles of upright stones



LOOKING NORTH FROM THE ALTAR-STONE.



THE INNER AND OUTER CIRCLES.

two elliptical groups of stones known as the great and little, a circular embankment, and, at a considerable distance from these, an isolated monolith, upon which tradition has bestowed the familiar name of the "Friar's Heel."

The via sacra, otherwise termed the cursus, is an avenue 1782 ft. long. It runs in a north-easterly direction, and has, at the present day, the appearance merely of a long earthen embankment of inconsiderable elevation. A like decay has overtaken the circular embankment, which at one time had been at least 15 ft. high, and was defended by an entrenchment. The entire circuit of this mound measures 1009 ft.

Proceeding inwards from the circular mound for a distance of about forty yards, the visitor reaches the outer circle of the group. This at one time consisted of thirty upright stones, $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. apart, rising to the height of 16 ft., coupled by horizontal imposts so as to form

trilithons. The rude mortice and tenon arrangement by which these were held together is excellently exemplified in one of our pictures of a ruined trilithon, where the stone pin at the top of one of the uprights may be clearly traced. Of this circle there remain now only sixteen uprights and six cross-pieces or "imposts."

Nine feet within the outer circle are

the remains of the second ring, containing now only seven upright monoliths, very



THE FRIAR'S HEEL.

similar to the circles of Wales, Cornwall, and Scotland, notably the famous standing stones of Stennis. Within this second circle, again, is the remnant of what had been the most magnificent portion of Stonehenge—the first ellipse. Of these original five or seven trilithons of this course, there remain only two and two single uprights. These, however, reaching at their utmost a height of 21 ft. and nowhere less than 16 ft.—16 ft. also being the length of the imposts—are sufficient to prove the ancient grandeur of the first ellipse. The second was originally composed of nineteen uprights, of which only six now remain. Within these is the so-called altar-stone, a flat block 15 ft. long.

It remains only to describe the Friar's Heel, which stands isolated at a distance of 120 ft. from the circular embankment, or 240 ft. from the outermost stone circle, the embankment being thus exactly midway

between the Friar's Heel and the first circle. It is a huge irregular block 16 ft. high, of curiously "weathered" stone in a leaning position. Those who favour the Phœnician theory find in this monolith an astronomical significance, and regard it as the gnomon or pointer of the rising of the summer sun. An astronomical use is also assigned by those theorists to the so-called "altar-stone."

Whatever may have been its uses, whether, amid shadowy groves of oak, these stones bore witness to the awful mysteries of the Druids with their dread rites of human sacrifice, or whether, standing clear, as they do to-day, on the breezy plain, they aided Phœnician star-gazers in their purer efforts to resolve the secrets of the heavens, Stonehenge remains for us at once a fascinating riddle and a splendid national possession, which no scheme of monetary speculation must be suffered to alienate.



Photo. by P. J. Rust.

SILENCE,

THE CIRCUMVENTION OF THE GUN-BOAT.

By WALTER WOOD.

THE torpedo gun-boat *Saucy* steamed towards Yarmouth Roads from the North. A long trail of black smoke came from her stacks, caused by coal which was not Welsh. The cloud hung low, and fat smuts occasionally hit the commander softly on the neck and face. He was a particular man in dress, and as a rule selected his words with care; but as he brushed a flake from his cheek and made a long black line on the smooth brown flesh, and saw from the ill-concealed grin of a junior officer near him that he looked ridiculous, he uttered aloud a word which seldom passed his lips, and at the same moment requested the junior officer to be good enough to attend to his duties, and not gaze foolishly about the deck.

The junior officer, with an affectation of great zeal, promptly raised his telescope, screwed up his countenance, and levelled his glass so that he could scan the sea.

"I believe, Sir," he said, "that the tug on the port bow wishes to speak with us. She's making signals."

The commander turned briskly round and looked keenly at the approaching craft. She was a small, squat paddle-boat, and came clumsily but quickly towards the gun-boat, whose speed was accommodatingly reduced until the tug got within hailing distance.

"*Saucy* ahoy!" bawled the skipper of the tug. "Back port—'ead starb'rd!" he added to the engineer, "or you'll run the Government boat down."

"Look where you're coming," replied the commander, "or you'll be fetching my paint off! What do you want?"

The tug had been run down until she was abreast of the *Saucy*, and kept her

company in her slow steaming towards Yarmouth Roads.

"There's a big steam-boat given us the slip," said the skipper. "'E'd broken down, an' we got 'old of 'im."

"Is that all?" inquired the commander.

"Isn't it enough?" demanded the skipper.

The junior officer turned his head to conceal a smile. It was rather agreeable, he thought, to see a rough, shock-haired skipper of a ten-ton tug impudently interrogating the commander of H.M.S. *Saucy*.

The commander was about to order the gun-boat to go full speed ahead, without troubling to parley further, when the skipper added, "Aren't you goin' after 'im?"

With a smile—a very superior smile—the commander said he thought not.

"But this is no ordinary case," continued the skipper in much agitation. "The steam-boat's got two bum-bailiffs aboard."

"Well?" said the commander tentatively, but interested.

"An' 'e's runnin' off with 'em. The captain's bin arrested by the 'Igh Court o' Admiralty for debt. We was towin' 'im up to the Tyne, w'en 'e managed to patch up 'is injuns an' let go our 'awser. 'E's goin' nowth at a fair speed."

"I don't see how I can interfere," said the captain.

The junior officer, scenting an adventure, would have liked to say that certainly the case demanded the intervention of one of her Majesty's ships of war—by preference the *Saucy*. But speech was denied him, and he had to be content to listen in hungry interest.

"'E's done a bolt from 'Arwich way," continued the skipper. "An', worse nor that, 'e's given the slip to a boat that the captain of the *'Aughty* sent after 'im, orderin' 'im to stop."

"What's that?" demanded the commander in a sharp voice. The junior officer noted the tone, and rejoiced, knowing now that if punishment was due the *Saucy* would administer it. Perhaps, he thought also, it might be his luck to be the chosen instrument to show that the High Court of Admiralty and her Majesty's Navy were not to be set at naught by the skipper of an ocean-tramp.

"Gave 'im the slip, and put 'is 'and on his nose, sayin' that *that* was what he thought of the Royal Navy," said the skipper of the tug.

"Which way has the fellow gone?" asked the commander. "He must be taught manners."

"Straight for the Tyne, Sir," said the skipper with some measure of politeness.

"What do they call the steamer?"

"The *Emperor*, of Newcastle. She's a good thousand-ton boat, an' they call 'er skipper Parkin. 'E says 'e's done the 'Igh Court o' Admiralty afore, as well as the Royal Navy, an' 'e'll do 'em again. I told 'im I'd run down an' see the captain

of the *Saucy*, an' *then* 'e'd find w'ether 'e was in the wrong box or not."

"What speed is she making?" asked the commander, ignoring the ingratiating explanation of the skipper, and suspecting that he had not said anything of the sort to Parkin.

"Bein' a lame duck, she isn't doin' more nor eight knots. They can't work 'er up to more nor twelve, at full b'iler-pressure. She's close in-shore, too; so she'll be a' easy capture. You can't miss 'er. She's schooner-rigged, 'as a stern like a round 'ayrick, and a 'igh bridge wi' mucky weather-cloths 'ung round like clothes to dry. 'Er smoke-stack's painted red, wi' a black band; but it's rather 'ard to tell the one colour from t'other."

"Look out!" said the commander shortly, considering that the interview with this sea-scourer did not conduce to his dignity, and

anxious, too, to begin his chase of the tramp which had set the law and Navy of Great Britain at defiance.

"Don't mind *us*," replied the skipper sarcastically. "We're all right, and under control. We can uncouple *our* injuns, and turn in our own length if we so desire."

"Get your old weighing-machine out



"Straight for the Tyne, Sir," said the skipper.

of the way!" shouted the commander irritably. "I'm coming to starboard."

The skipper choked with choler, and would have replied, to the further aggravation of the commander and the exceeding discredit of the *Saucy*; but he remembered that it would be greater wisdom to check his tongue; and so he maintained a dignified silence, and contented himself with abusing his engineer and fireman, and his crew in general.

The *Saucy* got her head round and began steaming to the North.

"I'll go with you an' point the *Emperor* out," said the skipper of the tug. The commander scorned to make any reply, remembering his own twenty knots, and calculating that the tug could not, even at boiler-bursting pressure, raise more than ten.

The skipper did his best to keep up with the gun-boat; but recognising, when five minutes had passed, the futility of his endeavour, he abandoned his purpose and steamed direct for Yarmouth, where, having taken his own corner in the London Packet Inn, he boasted of the power he exercised as a ratepayer and a wronged salver, and of the fact that he had sent a gun-boat after an absconding skipper. "In the eye of the law," he said, "the skipper of a tug's as good as the skipper of a battleship—sometimes better."

The *Saucy* churned her way through the blue, gently tumbling waters, going north. The chase was not much, but the excitement, such as it was, filled all ranks on board.

"At any rate," said the junior officer, "it's better than rotting on fisheries protection duty. If it's left to me to have to deal with that runaway skipper, I'll make him hop like a cook in a barn-dance: just see if I don't."

"Suppose he makes *you* jump instead?" asked the engineer, who was of an argumentative turn of mind.

The junior officer turned on his heel, and answered with silent contempt.

"He's more than a bit inflated in the upper works," opined the engineer, "but not half a bad chap when you come to know him."

Many false alarms were raised on board the *Saucy*. She was specially anxious to come across the tramp which had a stern like a round haystack; but as there are many such craft running on the North Sea lanes—and, for that matter, with bows of the same build also—the gun-boat was often disappointed.

She had run past Scarborough—the lieutenant had sighed as he saw the Castle, and murmured that he would rather be walking on the Spa than chasing a tramp from the Tyne—and was within sight of Whitby Abbey, when the commander, levelling a telescope at one of a small fleet of ships ahead, exclaimed to the lieutenant—

"There she is! We shall be up with her in a few minutes. We should have caught her long before this if we hadn't spent so much time going out of our course to question steamers that were not the right ones."

The *Saucy* raced northwards, and overtook the runaway when abreast of Whitby.

"*Emperor* ahoy!" hailed the commander. "Heave to!" he ordered.

The gun-boat slowed down as she got alongside of the steamer, and the two travelled gently together.

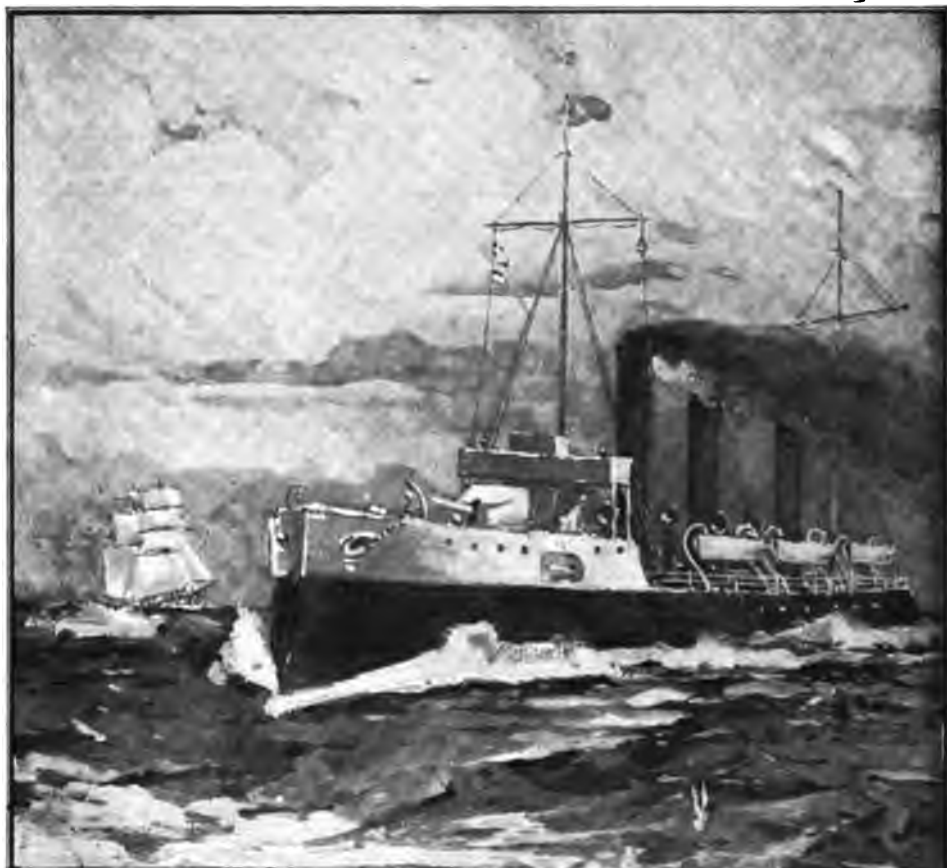
"What's the matter?" inquired a shock-headed skipper from the bridge of the *Emperor*. This was Parkin. He wore no hat or cap for the present, his hair being thick and plentiful enough to cover his head in genial weather like this. He was also unwashed, and having a muffler round his neck, he looked a most unlikely man to get the better of the law, much less the Royal Navy.

"Is it true that you've run away from custody?" asked the commander.

"There's no policeman 'ad dealin's with *me*," said the skipper with affected injury and astonishment.

"You know what I mean—I said nothing about police," retorted the commander shortly. "Are you the man that's trying to escape from the High Court of Admiralty?"

"The 'Igh Court o' what?" asked Parkin helplessly. He put a hand to his forehead, as if to assist his memory.



The "Saucy" churned her way through the blue, gently tumbling waters.

"No fooling!" shouted the commander angrily. "I'm told you ran away from a boat from the *Haughty*."

"Not run away—we're broken down, an' couldn't do it," said the skipper. "There *was* a boat come out, but 'ow was I to know it was from a war-ship?"

"Stop your engines and your insolence," said the commander; and the skipper, feeling that further resistance was hopeless, rang to the engine-room. The battered tramp lost way, and wallowed uneasily. The gun-boat also stopped, but at a safe distance from the rolling *Emperor*.

"Have you a couple of bailiffs on board?" shouted the commander.

"Yes; 'ere we are, Sir—bin locked in the cabin. We've broke out," cried a heavy man, leaning over the bulwarks and

looking towards the *Saucy*. "Can't you send a boat to rescue us?"



"I didn't ask 'em to come aboard," bawled the skipper. "They were dumped down on my deck just as I was under way."

"I shall send a boat immediately," replied the commander; and he forthwith ordered the junior officer to fetch the skipper of the tramp on board.

"And mind he doesn't fool you," added the commander warningly. "That man's as slippery as an eel, in spite of his idiotic looks."

The shadow of a smile of pity at the bare idea of being fooled by a master-mariner in the merchant service passed over the face of the junior officer; but he refrained from speech, and contented himself with a respectful salute.

"The pup!" muttered the commander to the lieutenant as the junior officer sank with repressed splendour into the stern-sheets.

"He's all right," said the lieutenant in answer. "This is merely his distemper. He'll be better when he gets over it."

"Keep an eye on that fog-bank," said the commander as the boat shoved off. "Don't get lost in it coming back."

"Ay, ay, Sir," responded the junior officer, glancing casually at a dense fog which was driving down upon them from the north-east. Already the edge of it seemed to be within touch of the bows of the *Emperor*.

The shock-headed skipper leaned sadly over the rail of the bridge, and sighed as he watched the lowering of the *Saucy's* boat. He had fought a good fight, and had not won. Exactly why he had run away he could not have explained, even if he had been called upon to do so; but the spirit had prompted him to fly, and he had gone, despite the threats and protests of the two men in possession.

The boat was on the water, and the men were just going to shove off. She had only a couple of hundred yards to row, and Parkin felt that within two minutes alien feet would stamp aggressively upon the planks of his sacred and beloved bridge. The oars dipped into the water, and the boat came towards the tramp. Her skipper

groaned. He saw that the officer in charge of her was a youth, and he knew that the youth would assume airs and humiliate him before the very eyes of his crew.

"Sir," said a hoarse voice at Parkin's elbow, "yer can circumvent 'em even yet." It was the voice of the first officer, who had slipped on to the bridge unseen by the skipper.

"How?" demanded the skipper in an excited whisper.

"Drive full speed into the fog an' give 'em the slip. They'll never dare to follow. Theirs is the country's property, an' they daren't throw it away; but we—w'y we don't seem to belong to anybody except share'olders; so we can afford to risk the *Emperor*. Do it—an' do them," concluded the first mate emphatically.

"I will, by George!" exclaimed Parkin. He skipped to the telegraph. "Full speed ahead!" he signalled, and his heart gave a jump as he heard the answering tinkle of the gong below.

The engineer gave the engines steam, and they clanked and rattled ominously; but they worked, and the engineer was more than satisfied. He had half expected the machinery to scatter itself about the engine-room, even if some of it did not dash through the tramp's worn and rusty sides. The engines were almost as rickety as the engineer, and no one except himself would have allowed the steam to rush into the cylinders as he allowed it to rush.

The junior officer, in the stern-sheets of the boat, was clearing his throat and stiffening his muscles. He also clenched his teeth, and assumed a forbidding look which was to be directed upon and wither the offending skipper who had outraged the majesty of British law and a British ship of war. "This sort of thing must be crushed out," he muttered, "or we are no longer a nation."

He now looked more closely at the great dense bank of fog which was majestically sweeping towards them, and saw that it was a bad fog, even for the Yorkshire coast. "Quick!" he cried, "or we shall be swallowed up in this fog. I

could cut lumps out of it. Why—what the— She's bolting! Shove her alongside!" He shouted the last words frenziedly.

A seaman shot out a boat-hook, and wildly clutched the accommodation-ladder of the tramp as she began to move through the water. Already her head was lost in the fog, and the gun-boat astern was disappearing as if in a wraith. The *Saucy* gave a dismal warning bellow on her syren.

"Tumble up!" shouted the junior officer. "One of you take the wheel and I'll ring off the engines. They're not going to escape again."

"'A n g o n!" roared the seaman. "Clutch me round the waist, or the thing'll wrench the 'ook out o' my fist." A comrade rose and gripped him fervently about the loins, then worked one hand on to the shaft of the boat-hook and clung to it.

"Stop! In the Queen's name!" bawled the junior officer, looking up towards the bridge.

"Stick fast!" he added, to the two men who held the hook.

He rose, and scrambled over the thwarts of the pitching boat, which was by this time being dragged uneasily through the water.

The junior officer staggered and stumbled towards the men with the hook. "Heave a line," he ordered, and a sailor handed

one to him. He bent forward, and tried to pass the end round the bottom of the ladder, the two seamen still holding tenaciously, and shouting with great force and many lurid words.

"Stop!" ordered the junior officer



Parkin stepped deliberately down the ladder.

gaspingly, seeing the skipper appear at the top of the ladder.

Parkin stepped deliberately down, and just as he appeared at the bottom of the ladder the junior officer tumbled inelegantly out of the boat and landed at his feet.

"Stop—you'll pay for this!" he said, getting upon his legs.

"Can't stop, becoss I'm in a big 'urry; an' I can't pay, becoss I'm stumped," said the skipper candidly.

"We'll see whether you can't," replied the junior officer hotly. "I'll take you and your ship, even if I have to use force."

"Youngman," the skipper answered solemnly, "I wish you no 'arm, an' I don't want to rob a mother of a son. But get out!"

The junior officer flushed furiously and looked threateningly at the skipper. With disrespectful language, he ordered Parkin to stand aside and allow him to gain the deck without further trouble.

"Boy," said Parkin, "get out—get off my steps! I call on you, men in the boat, and you, Mackie"—he glanced up at his first officer, who was looking over the bridge-rail—"to hear what I say, so it can be used as evidence for me, in case o' need. Can **you** swim?" he demanded of the junior officer.

"Of course," snapped the youth wonderingly and unsuspectingly.

A seaman in the boat shouted warningly, "Look out, Sir!" but the skipper had cried, "Then swim," and had pushed the junior officer into the sea before he could collect his wits. The bailiffs, who were looking over the side, turned pale, wondering what their own fate might be.

The boat-hook slipped off the ladder; hands clutched frantically at the junior officer, and as he was hauled, swearing and dripping, into the boat, the stern of

the tramp vanished into the fog, leaving a broad white wake from her churning propeller.

The gun-boat groped round for half an hour before she picked up her boat and the crew.

The junior officer, wet and shivering, stepped on deck and reported what had happened.

The commander tried not to smile, and failed, remembering his own soot-streak not so many hours before. He felt that a subtle judgment had



The skipper pushed the junior officer into the sea.

fallen upon his subordinate.

The junior officer saluted with dignity, and went below, where to the engineer he said what he thought of his superior officer.

The commander turned to the lieutenant. "By George!" he said. "Done—with a vengeance! And by a red-haired skipper of a bankrupt tramp!"

"You'll follow the matter up, Sir?" said the lieutenant with a twinkling eye.

"I'll think about it when we're back in Yarmouth Roads," rejoined the commander. "There are some things which look better left alone. Don't you think so? For instance, the less said about a tramp getting the better of a gun-boat the better. Hey?"

"Most assuredly," replied the lieutenant.

His eyes twinkled again, and catching his superior's smile, they broke into a loud laugh that died in the damp fog.

"I wonder what they're laughing at?" remarked the engineer. "*You* haven't been doing anything, have you?" he inquired of the sodden and gloomy junior officer.

The junior officer did not consider that the question called for any answer, and he went to divest himself of his clothing.

At the same moment, going full speed ahead for a German port, regardless of the fog, Parkin, Mackie, the bailiffs—they

were philosophers, and made the best of things—and the chief engineer pledged each other, on the *Emperor's* bridge, in whisky on which no duty had been paid.

"I think," said Parkin to the bailiffs, "that when I get off Hamburg I shall put you in a boat and leave you to row ashore. By that time I shall have changed the name of this steamer, and shall go to a port which I needn't name to you. I've plenty of coal and provisions and water, so you needn't be alarmed on my account. 'Ere's luck to British law and British war-ships!"



The "Emperor" going full speed ahead for a German port.

SOME PROMINENT WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. MELTON PRIOR.

MR. MELTON PRIOR, the veteran war-artist of the *Illustrated London News*, needs no introduction. Mr. Melton



MR. MELTON PRIOR

(*Special Artist, Illustrated London News*).

Prior's first war service was in the Ashanti Campaign of 1873. In 1874 he went through the Carlist Rising, and has seen the Herzegovinian, Servian, Kaffir, Basuto, Zulu, and Boer Wars. He was in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, in the Soudan and Nile Expedition, the Burmese War, and the disturbance in South Africa in 1896. He also saw the Græco-Turkish War and the Tuchim Rising of 1897. It is curious to note that from 1872 to 1886 Mr. Melton Prior remained only one year without seeing war service. His work in peace, however, has been none the less remarkable. In 1875 he went to Athens with the Prince of Wales's suite; he travelled also with the King of Denmark's expedition through Iceland, and accompanied the Marquis of Lorne on his first visit to Canada. He

represented the *Illustrated London News* during the Berlin Conference, and has been at every State ceremony which has occurred during his periods of rest in England. In private life he is the cheeriest of companions.

MR. HENRY H. S. PEARSE.

Mr. Henry H. S. Pearse, special war-correspondent of the *Daily News*, has seen a great deal of service on behalf of that journal. Among his campaigns may be numbered the Gordon Relief Expedition and the Omdurman Expedition of 1898. Since proceeding to South Africa Mr. Pearse has given remarkable proof that he has lost nothing of his picturesque gift for sketching war scenes. His despatches describing the Battles of Glencoe, Elandslaagte, and Rietfontein



MR. H. S. PEARSE

(*Daily News*).

have been full of that verve and swing which characterise his method. His son, Mr. W. Puxley Pearse, is also in South

Africa serving with his regiment, the Imperial Light Horse, and he has promised to contribute a series of war

placed him indisputably in the first rank of descriptive writers. At the time of going to press with this number of the Magazine, Mr. Steevens' best South African despatch has been his description of the Battle of Elandslaagte.



MR. G. W. STEEVENS
(*Daily Mail*).

letters to the *Penny Illustrated Paper*. For permission to reproduce the portrait of Mr. Pearse acknowledgments are due to the Press Club.

MR. G. W. STEEVENS.

One of the most noted of our younger war-correspondents is, needless to say, Mr. G. W. Steevens. He is a distinguished graduate of Balliol College, and was a Fellow of Pembroke. He joined the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1893, and four years later transferred his services to the *Daily Mail*. His first work of importance was upon Naval Policy, which appeared in 1896. In the same year he produced "The Land of the Dollar," which had a remarkable success. The book described the American Presidential Campaign of 1897. In the same year he was special war-correspondent of the *Daily Mail* during the Græco-Turkish War, when his talent for battle-pieces immediately manifested itself. In the autumn of 1898 he accompanied Lord Kitchener to Khartoum. His letters on that expedition (subsequently published in book form) have

MR. W. T. MAUD.

The proprietors of the *Graphic* and the *Daily Graphic* are represented at the seat of war by Mr. W. T. Maud, who has done a great deal of work in various parts of the world for the latter of the two journals mentioned. Mr. Maud first went on foreign service for the *Daily Graphic* towards the end of 1895 during the Armenian troubles. In the summer of 1896 he served as the *Graphic's* special representative during the Naval Manœuvres, and then proceeded to Crete, where the Civil War was raging. In the spring of 1897 he went out to Armenia, whence he sent home printed sketches and despatches. He then accompanied the Greek troops during the campaign in Thessaly. The reconquest of Khartoum and the plague in India are also among his journalistic



Photo. by Heyman, Cairo.

MR. W. T. MAUD

(*Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*).

experiences. The portrait of Mr. Maud is reproduced by the courtesy of the editor of the *Sketch*.

MR. RENÉ BULL.

Mr. René Bull is thirty years of age, but in appearance he is five or six years younger, and in manner at least ten.



Photo. by Taber.

MR. RENÉ BULL
(*Black and White*).

Irish by birth, the son of an English father and a French mother, he has that rare combination of Irish humour, English industry, and French *élan*, which may fairly account for the rapidity of his rise in a splendid sphere of action. Mr Bull was educated at Clongowes Wood College, near Dublin, and subsequently at the Lycée Janson, Paris. He was intended for the profession of engineering, but there was just that flavour of the Bohemian in the young élève which spurred him on towards his own inclinations rather than in the direction of any parental design.

From Paris he made for London, and before long his characteristic work in the style of Caran d'Ache obtained a ready welcome in *Pick Me Up*, the *Sketch*, and other papers, and finally in *Black and White*. It is to the credit of the management of the last-named illustrated weekly that René Bull's capacity for higher and more responsible work was first recognised.

Without any previous experience as newspaper correspondent, René Bull was

sent out to "do" the Armenian massacres; and the quickness, excellence, and originality of his services there amply justified his selection. From Armenia he went direct to the plague in India, and readers of *Black and White* do not require to be told of the marvellous sketches and photographs which René Bull sent home of that gruesome and ghastly horror. Then followed, in rapid succession, his magnificent work in the Turco-Greek War and in the Tirah and Soudan campaigns.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Mr. Winston Churchill is a prisoner with the Boers, and is understood to have been wounded in the hand. The exact nature of the wound is not known, but there are strong hopes that no really serious harm has happened to him. To his coolness and pluck is largely due the escape of the engine and tender of the armoured train that fell into a Boer ambush. He might have escaped also, but he alighted from the engine and returned to look after the wounded. The position of a war-correspondent who takes an active part in a fight is technically peculiar; but the Boers

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL
(*Morning Post*).

are not likely to regard Mr. Churchill with any ill-will. They have already shown in a very marked way their appreciation of the courage of their adversaries. Mr.

Churchill has had a remarkable career for a young man of only five-and-twenty. As everybody knows, he is a son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill and a first



Photo. by Guy, Cork.

MR. G. LYNCH

(*Morning Herald and Illustrated London News*).

cousin of the Duke of Marlborough. But Mr. Churchill has not been content to rest satisfied with merely family honours. He has already fought in four campaigns—in Cuba, Tirah, Malakand, and the Soudan. He charged with poor Hubert Howard in the ranks of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman. And in the intervals of his adventurous life he has found time to write the best book on the Soudan Campaign of Lord Kitchener, "The River War," and to fight a stiff battle for the Parliamentary representation of Oldham. He was acting as Special Correspondent of the *Morning Post* when taken prisoner after his brave action.

MR. GEORGE LYNCH.

Mr. George Lynch, special war-correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, is an Irishman who has seen a great deal of the world. In the recent Spanish-American War he was with the American troops and saw the most important part of the campaign before Santiago. He has written for the *Saturday Review* and for several American papers. In addition to his

duties for the *Morning Herald*, Mr. Lynch is working in connection with Mr. Melton Prior for the *Illustrated London News*, and, by special arrangement with the proprietors of that paper, the *Morning Herald* reproduces from time to time sketches by Mr. Melton Prior. Mr. Lynch has already sent home many splendid photographs from the seat of war, and enlargements of these have been reproduced in the *Illustrated London News* with the greatest success.

MR. J. B. ATKINS.

Mr. J. B. Atkins, who represents the *Manchester Guardian* at the front, is about thirty years of age, and has already had considerable experience as a war-correspondent with the Greek troops in the late war with Turkey. He was present at all the engagements, and sent to the *Manchester Guardian* a stirring account of the retreat from Larissa. During last year he was with the American forces before Santiago de Cuba, and saw the battles of El Caney and San Juan. His experiences in that war have been published under the title of "The War in Cuba." Mr. Atkins is an old Marlborough



MR. J. B. ATKINS

(*Manchester Guardian*).

boy, who afterwards went to Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he graduated with honours.

HUMAN PATCHWORK.

HOW OUR WOUNDED WILL HAVE THEIR LOSSES OF LIMB MADE GOOD.

By **GEORGE A. WADE.**

PEOPLE who go about wearing artificial legs, or even arms, are not very uncommon, but it may not be generally known that some persons there are who rejoice in the possession of artificial noses, and also lips which are not their own natural ones. Men and women with glass eyes may be met with almost every day, but who has seen a man with an artificial ear? Yet such there are amongst us, and it was with the view of learning something about the manufacture and fitting of such unusual parts of the human body that the writer of this article lately interviewed one or two of the best-known makers of these extraordinary portions of man's anatomy.

It would seem from what was put before me by these suppliers of really serious defects in the construction of the human frame that the most unusual feature to be missing, from accident or otherwise, is the ear. One firm informed me that, in their time, they must have made some thousands of glass eyes, have manufactured at least hundreds of artificial limbs, and even made four or five pairs of false lips, but they had only once, to their knowledge, made an artificial ear.

Luckily they were just finishing this curious article when I called, and so I was shown all the models and processes gone through in connection with its manufacture. It was required by a gentleman who had, in a shooting accident some time before, had the misfortune to lose the lower half of his right ear. After the necessary operation, he was for some time without that portion of his ear which had been shot away, and without any substitute for it. It was only when a personal friend

suggested to him that he should try to get an imitation lower half fitted, so as to take away any noticeable deformity, that he gave any such thought to the matter.

It was thus that the firm in question came to be commissioned to manufacture for the gentleman an artificial ear, or rather the lower half of one. The mode of procedure in the case was as follows: The subject to be operated upon having been placed in an easy position, and required to keep perfectly still, a plaster-cast (that is, a model in plaster of Paris) was taken of the remaining portion of the right ear and also one of the perfect left ear. Such a cast as this takes—so I was told—about half an hour to make. By a special process of the maker's, the cast is removed from the ear without the necessity of chipping generally resorted to in taking off such casts.

Into the plaster-cast model molten wax is poured and allowed sufficient time to set thoroughly. Then it is taken out, and from this wax model, with the model also of the whole left ear before him, a clever workman proceeds to construct the real model of the missing part, exactly to correspond in size and appearance with the remaining portion, so as to make a right ear as perfect as possible. This model, to be used, is made from a special secret composition of a metallic nature which is extraordinarily light and pliable. When this workman has done his model, it is passed on to another man, who undertakes the enamelling of it, and so beautifully manipulates his colouring of the artificial ear that it is difficult to tell that the colour is not natural.

By the time he has finished with it, the

manufactured lower portion of the ear is ready for being fastened to the upper part yet remaining on the gentleman's head. This is cleverly effected by special devices of the maker. A ring of the same metallic composition as that of which the model is composed is made to fit round the top of the real half of the ear in such a way as not to show in the least, and a flesh-coloured small funnel also fits into the tube of the real ear, and so holds the lower part firm in its place. It is difficult to explain exactly in print how perfectly the whole acts; but the writer can testify that the gentleman possessing this wonderfully modelled ear can be amongst an ordinary roomful of people without anyone not in the secret having an idea of his possessing any but real ears like themselves, so splendidly

does the model fit and serve its purpose. In addition to this, the possessor can take it off and put it on in a few seconds, just at his pleasure, without the slightest difficulty.

I was informed that two months were required to make an ear of this kind, from start to finish, and that when it was done, its whole cost was from five to six pounds. As an idea of its lightness, I may say that I saw it weighed, and it turned the scale at less than half an ounce.

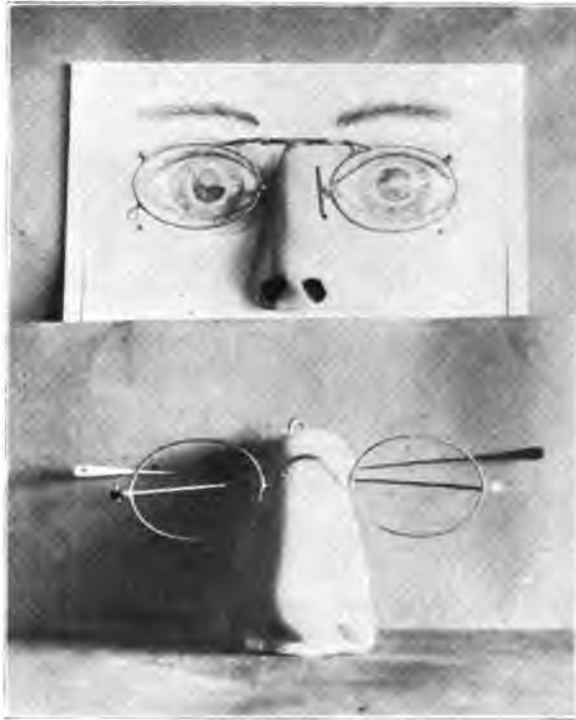
After many inquiries at several places in England which make a speciality of

artificial parts of the human body, I have good reason for believing that this is probably the only artificial ear ever made in this country, at any rate in such a form.

Of noses there are several imitations ones doing duty on faces that we meet on our daily rounds through the streets. Many have been injured or destroyed from accidents, not by any means always from careless handling of firearms. Others, however, have been lost in greater or lesser

part by that fell scourge, the cancerous growth, so well known to the medical world. The unlucky sufferers have then had recourse to the latest skill of science to make for them as excellent artificial noses as possible, and they are astonished to find what can be done in this respect.

In every case where an imitation nose or part of one is required, a



ARTIFICIAL NOSES.

model is made of the whole nose of the subject, just as in the case of the ear mentioned above, and from this an imitation nose is made in a similar fashion. Only the nose is always made as a whole, not as a part; for this is necessary, not only for the look of the organ, but owing to the method of attachment, this being now generally done by the wearing of eyeglasses, which, coming over it, are so adjusted as to keep the artificial respiratory organ in its place. So thin and close-fitting is this nasal cover,

and so exactly coloured to match the rest of the wearer's face, that it is in most cases simply impossible to tell from a casual glance that one is worn at all by the possessor of it.

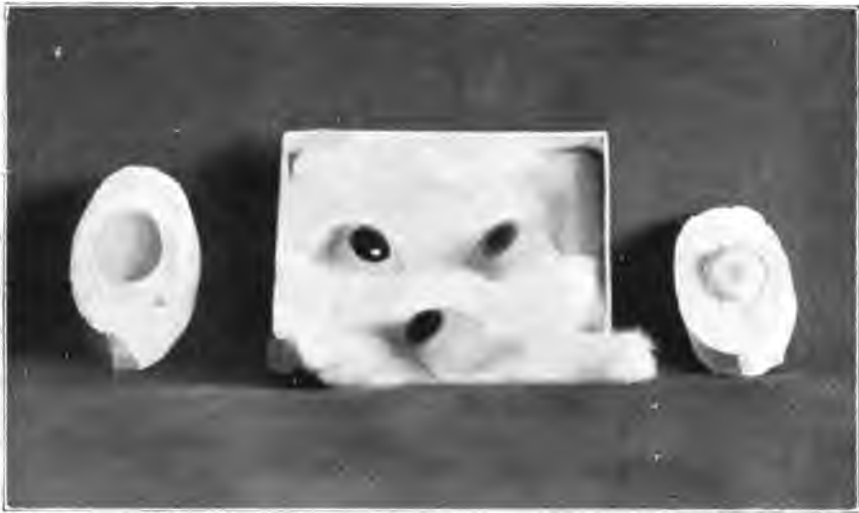
The cost of a nose made in a similar style to the ear spoken of above, and of the same material is about £5, and it very often can be made in a few days, if necessary. Artificial noses are, I found, much more common than anybody would suppose, one firm acknowledging that they made, as a rule, about one a week.

Only one place at which I inquired had ever made artificial lips. They confessed

case as in the other. On my asking how artificial lips were kept in position, I was told that it was by means of attachments to the inside of the mouth, and the teeth.

The most common of all artificial organs is certainly the eye. To learn the number of people who are going about the world "looking" at you with a glass eye is simply astounding. "And then, too," as the Irishman would say, "the glass eye is not made of glass at all nowadays; it is made of enamel—metallic enamel."

All the various makers whom I visited in the course of preparing this article told me that they kept in stock thousands of eyes



ARTIFICIAL EYES: WITH MOULDS IN WHICH THEY WERE SHAPED.

that in their experience of some half a century they had, on probably four occasions, tackled the delicate task of providing imitation lips for persons who needed them. But as to the reasons which had made these people require such curious facial adornments the manager of this firm could tell me nothing. He supposed it might be due to some disease having attacked that part of the face, and that was the only satisfactory theory he could advance.

Lips done to order are made mostly in the same way as noses, and cost little less, sometimes rather more, for there is just as much care and skill required in the one

so made, of every size, shape, and colour. One thing which makes the demand for eyes greater than for any other kind of false organ of the human body is the fact that an artificial eye only lasts about a year—often only nine months—owing to the action of the tears upon it. And another reason for their production in such quantities is that at regular intervals the man who begins to wear such an imitation eye has to have one of a larger size.

When he begins, after losing his own orb of vision—generally from some accident—the socket is nearly closed, and so only a small enamel eye can be fitted into it at first. As this causes the socket to enlarge

somewhat, a little later a larger eye is fitted in, and so on till the wearer has got one the same size as his real one.

As a rule, it takes five or six persons to make such an eye. A globe is formed of the enamel, and then the eye-colouring is burnt into this by specially clever workers. This colouring may be of almost any shade generally found in eyes. Afterwards the globe has to be cut and shaped to the pattern given, and the edges are then "annealed" or fired to prevent breaking. Last of all the whole eye is polished.

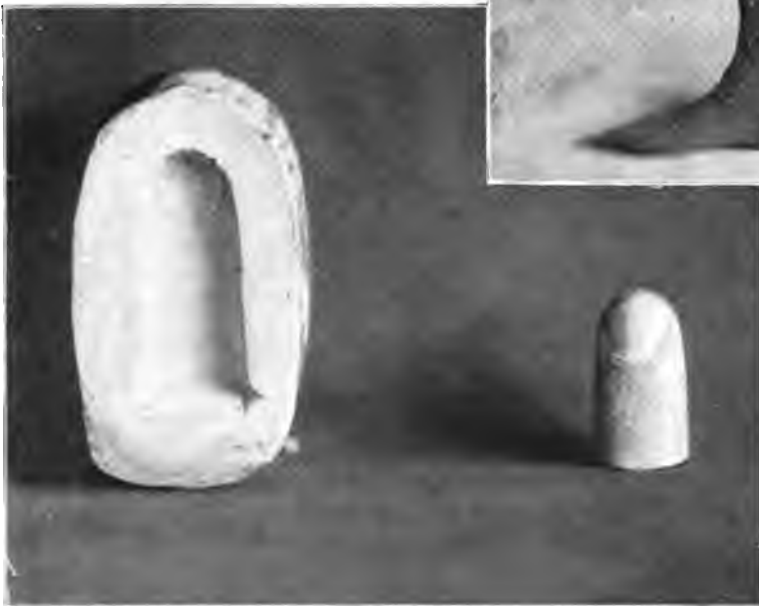
One very curious thing I was told about these artificial eyes—namely, that, when fitted, they will often show themselves susceptible to the motion of the socket, and so will turn in various directions just like a real eye. From 7s. 6d. to about £1 10s. is the price of eyes of this kind, according to their quality. As to the time necessary to

body, looked at from the artificial point of view, next to the ear, or even above it, is the breast. I only found two firms which



OLD-FASHIONED
ARTIFICIAL
LEG.

undertook this kind of work. The process is very similar to that of making imitation noses or ears, but there are so many things to take into account in this spe-



ARTIFICIAL FORE-FINGER AND MOULD, FROM AMPUTATED FINGER.

make one, it could be done in a day, if needed, but as workmen are ever at the job, it is quite a different thing from making an artificial ear.

The most expensive part of the human

ciality that I was told the average price charged for this kind of work was not under six pounds. The dexterity and skill with which the operation is conducted is equal to, if not greater, than that necessitated in

other instances of human patchwork, and the patient is thereby very often enabled to enjoy life and society in a manner

round the thigh, being attached to the latter and to the body by a brace and belt. Though such legs are by some noted firms kept in stock, yet the best makers prefer to manufacture the leg to order, as then they can make a plaster-cast, and proceed as was explained before. In this way they can fit the leg perfectly to the remaining stump; and as men's thighs differ in many ways, there is much more likelihood of real comfort being got from a leg thus specially made than from one bought ready-made.

Artificial legs, thus produced to order, take about a week or ten days



METHOD OF MAKING PLASTER CAST
OF AMPUTATED LEG.

undreamed of in days of rougher craftsmanship. So perfect is the result that it is almost impossible to detect the secret. In fact, except one knew about the matter, it is doubtful if one would ever find out, so close is the resemblance to the real thing.

The days of the good old wooden leg, clumsy and heavy, are now past, except for the very poor. The famous "pin-leg," noted in fiction and fact, is now superseded by the light model, with motion at the knees and toes, and fitted



THE FINISHED ARTIFICIAL LEG, FROM THE CAST.

to make, and cost from thirteen guineas upwards. It is astonishing, however, what their wearers can do with them. Only the

other day the writer saw a well-known member of the aristocracy, who is the possessor of such a leg, run along the Strand and jump on a 'bus while it was in motion. Nobody in the world who did not know would ever have guessed that he had not two real lower limbs.

Hands and arms, if false,

are generally made of wood, with movable fingers. If one finger is left, or especially the thumb, it is of the greatest assistance to the maker in planning the working of the artificial hand, as it at once gives him a leverage for managing the movement of the fingers. The artificial arm is fastened to the shoulders by leathern straps, and the hand is similarly attached to the wrist. Sometimes the arm is made of leather in part, as well as wood. The chief aim of the maker is to produce a limb which shall be as light as possible, and give as much movement as can be, resembling the ordinary movement of the true hand or arm.



LATEST STYLE OF ARTIFICIAL ARM AND HAND (CAN GRASP AND LIFT A GLASS).

So perfectly has this been carried out that hands are often made which weigh no more than nine or ten ounces. The cost of such an upper limb may be anything from seven to ten guineas.

It will be seen from these remarks on artificial parts of the human body that the making of such has become as nearly perfect as it seems possible to be. Many firms are totally engaged in the work. For the photos accompanying this article, and their courteous information on many points relating to it, we wish to express our indebtedness to Messrs. Rein and Co., the well-known firm of the Strand.



OLD-FASHIONED ARTIFICIAL ARM.

A HIDEOUS ENTANGLEMENT.

By HUGH COLEMAN DAVIDSON,

Author of "The Green Hills by the Sea," "The Old Adam," etc.

THE comic element in it was not as clear to me then as it is now; the tragedy was plain enough. I was living at Sevenoaks at the time, and had a season ticket to London, whither a journalistic engagement took me three days a week. As a rule, I returned by the train leaving Charing Cross at five minutes to five; and as I detest loitering, I generally managed to catch it with very few minutes to spare. But on that memorable November afternoon, in consequence of a mishap to my watch, I reached the station about twenty minutes too soon. There was some stirring news in my evening paper, and that fact offered me a little consolation. Although the waiting-room, with its stiff-backed benches round the walls and its litter of railway guides on the central table, did not look particularly inviting, it had a light—a dismal one, certainly—and a fire; so I went in and sat down to read.

At first I was the only occupant of the room, but a few moments later a woman entered with a baby. She stopped to glance round, and then advanced hesitatingly towards the fire and sat down on the same bench as myself. She was young and good-looking, I noticed, with rather a sad expression, and she was dressed in black, with some white about it. That, I fear, is a man's description, but it is the best I can give. The baby was—well, a very ordinary baby, in my eyes. That, however, was not her opinion, for she seemed exceedingly, even painfully, fond of it.

It was an adept in the art of making strange sounds, at the same time contorting its features in sudden spasms. While

thus engaged it dropped its glove. I stooped and picked it up, an absurdly little shapeless thing which would just about have fitted the top of my thumb. As I handed it back I said jestingly—

"Number seven. Too small for me, I fear."

That unloosed the mother's tongue. For several minutes she spoke without ceasing in praise of her child. She pointed out its beauties and expatiated upon its virtues already marvellously developed. She almost seemed to be talking against time, yet all the while, in spite of her fervour, she had a curious air of abstraction, as if she were simultaneously thinking of something else. Once or twice I noticed her glance uneasily towards the door.

A porter pushed his head in, looked round, and withdrew. Almost immediately afterwards she started and exclaimed—

"Oh, my goodness, I have forgotten baby's milk. I must rush to the restaurant and get some. I won't be a moment. Do you mind my leaving her on the seat by you?"

The suggestion appalled me. I feebly protested—

"My train goes——"

"I will be back long before that," she interrupted, without waiting even for me to mention the time.

"But if it falls off the seat?"

"She won't; she will be so good." And she supported the child against me and almost ran from the room.

Of course, what I had anticipated happened, or threatened to happen. Before

I had recovered from the shock of being left in such a position, the baby's head began to waggle about in an alarmingly disconnected manner, and its body was precipitated forward. I clutched at it in terror and tried to prop it up, stuffing bunches of its clothes under it in various places, but all to no purpose. In the end I actually had to take it upon my knee.

"Hullo, old chap, you here!" he exclaimed. And then his eyes fell on the baby. "What—Good Lord!"

I knew my face was red, and I could feel my ears tingling. He came a little nearer.

"What's that thing?" he asked, leaning forward to peer at it.

I had ignored its sex. But "that thing"!



"Number seven. Too small for me, I fear."

Even there the gelatinous little creature slipped about; so that, afraid of holding it too tightly, I was kept exceedingly busy.

My dread that someone should come in before the mother returned was realised. The door was opened violently, and in rushed a frivolous friend of mine. George Cornwallis, the last person I should have cared to meet under the circumstances. As I had felt compelled to look in his direction, he recognised me at once.

"It's lucky the mother doesn't hear you," I said coldly.

"But a baby! Whose is it?"

"I don't know," I replied, for I was in no humour to be communicative.

"Don't know! Man alive, what do you mean? What on earth are you doing with it?"

"Holding it."

"So I see." There was a most unpleasant grin on his face. "And if you hold it much longer like that you'll certainly squash it."

Startled by his words, I nearly dropped it. Indeed, but for his assistance, I probably should have done. Fortunately, the baby did not cry.

"Come, old chap," he said, "what's the meaning of all this mystery?"

After some deliberation I told him. To my annoyance, instead of showing any sympathy, he burst into a roar of laughter.

"You've been properly had," he said, in his disagreeable slang, when he could speak. "I'll bet you don't see the mother again for an hour at least. Don't you know what it is when a woman goes shopping?"

"But she hasn't gone shopping," I said.

"She has gone to the restaurant. It's the same thing. She'll see sandwiches and cakes and chocolates and bonbons. Even if she only wants to buy a penny bun, that's a good hour's job. In any case, you'll certainly miss your train." He looked at his watch. "You've only three minutes, as it is."

"What am I to do?" I asked desperately, starting.

"Here, take care," he exclaimed. "You'll certainly kill it before you've done with it. I should give it to a porter, if your tale is correct."

"Correct? Of course it is! Will you call a porter for me?"

"Oh, no—no—no," he laughed. "I'd rather not be mixed up with it. Well, I must be off. So long, old chap! I'll wish you well out of this business." And away he went.

I ran to the door, and, holding the baby out of sight, looked out at the bustling scene outside, the truckloads of luggage going by, the streams of hurrying passengers, and the clouds of steam floating upwards to the roof and obscuring the lights. A porter passed by. I shouted at him, and when he had come well inside, thrust the baby in his arms.

"Hold it for me a few minutes, will you?" I said hurriedly. "Here is a shilling for your trouble." Then I fled, without even pausing to see what the astonished man looked like.

I was just in time to pass through the gate before it was closed. When I reached

the train, it was waiting for the signal to start. I opened a door, almost the first one I came to, and then staggered back, for inside was the woman who had left me in charge of her baby. What actuated me in the confusion of the moment—whether it was consternation at meeting her after deserting my charge, or anger at her conduct, or bewilderment, I don't know; I can only say that I made a headlong dash for the next compartment and jumped in, the guard's whistle sounding at the same moment.

I had no fellow-travellers during the journey, which was a comfort, for I wanted to be alone to think over my recent unpleasant experience and the extraordinary behaviour of the woman who had been the cause of it. Once, as the train approached Sevenoaks, I thought I heard her calling from the next compartment, but my nerves were over-strung and I dismissed the idea as a delusion. It increased my anxiety, however, to get away without meeting her, and as soon as the train drew up alongside the platform, before it had actually stopped, I sprang out and rushed out of the station.

Next day, Saturday, when I opened my morning paper, I was startled to see that upon the arrival at Sevenoaks of the train by which I had travelled, a woman had been found dead in it. She had evidently, said the reporter, been murdered. The compartment in which the body was discovered showed every sign of a struggle, and the wounds could not have been self-inflicted. But the motive of the crime was obscure. It could hardly have been robbery, for the jewellery worn by the unfortunate woman was untouched, and in her pocket was a purse containing upwards of two pounds. It was suggested that the murderer, frightened, perhaps, by the slackening of speed as the train neared the station, might have left his foul work unfinished; but the police seemed to think that the explanation must be sought in some other direction. They believed they had a clue, though at present they preferred not to say what it was. They had not yet been able to ascertain the victim's name.

In another part of the same paper was a short paragraph headed "Extraordinary Conduct." On the previous evening, it said, a person dressed like a gentleman had excitedly summoned a porter into the waiting-room at Charing Cross, thrust a baby into his arms and a shilling into his hands, and then bolted, saying he would be back in a few moments. The porter waited for two hours, and then, on the instructions of the station-master, took the child to the work-house. The person who had abandoned it had never returned to claim it, and the police were anxiously looking for him. It seemed impossible to account for his extraordinary conduct, except on the supposition that he was a lunatic. But whose was the baby?

So far as I could see, it had not occurred to anyone to connect the unknown baby with the unknown woman who had been murdered, but the idea instantly flashed into my mind. It grew rapidly into a conviction, though with very little solid ground beneath it. The particulars given were not sufficient to enable me to identify the woman, and even the exact position of the compartment in which she was

found was not stated. Moreover, I was under the impression that the baby's mother was alone when the train started. But this I could not be sure about; I had come upon her so unexpectedly, and had retreated in such confusion and haste. On the other hand, there was the fact that I had fancied I heard someone calling in

the next compartment. I had dismissed it as a delusion at the time, but now I felt sure that, in so doing, I had made a mistake.

All doubt was set at rest when the report of the inquest appeared. The proceedings were purely formal, but the papers also gave a full description of the murdered woman. After reading it, I felt satisfied that she was the baby's mother.

Looking back with the calmness which dis-

tance gives, I suppose I ought to have gone to the police and told them all I knew, but anyone who will take the trouble to put himself in my place will understand why I shrank from such publicity. I had had quite enough of the unpleasant business already, and was determined, if possible, to hold altogether aloof from it. Although the chance of my being dragged into it against my



"Hold it for me a few minutes, will you?" I said hurriedly.
"Here is a shilling for your trouble."

moment, with a sigh, I hid out with the umbrella, and, on the Tuesday morning, when I had to go to town

was distressed to find that I had mislaid my umbrella. I had placed it by my side in the waiting-room at Haringey Cross, but I did not remember having seen it there. When I rushed out, after giving my name to the porter, I could hardly see my way up the umbrella, for I was standing near it. In that case I must have left it, and must regard it as lost. Under the circumstances, I could not possibly go back and claim it. So that morning I had to take a stick instead, though the weather was showery.

Nothing of any consequence occurred during the journey, but as I was hurrying on through the barrier some ungrammatical person said—

"What's him, there?"

And a police inspector stopped in front of me.

"I must ask you to accompany me to the station-master's office," he said.

"But why?" I gasped.

"You will know when you get there. Come, please. You are stopping the way."

He took me by the arm and led me past a number of porters closing around to form a bodyguard. I am not sure whether I was conscious at the time of the two lines of curious faces that stared at me as I passed by, or of the strange dash which, except for the pants of a distant engine, filled the great station, or whether these were after-impressions. I only know that presently I found myself in a dark office where a grey-bearded man was writing at a table littered with papers. He rose, looking at us with surprise. Several of the porters had come in also, and were standing near the door.

The inspector whispered something to the grey-bearded man, and then, turning to me, said

"I must first warn you that anything you may say may be used as evidence against you. You need not answer any question unless you like. When you come to town on a wet day, do you usually carry a stick?"

"No, not always—sometimes an umbrella," I stammered.

"Is this yours?" He took an umbrella from the table and held it up.

I looked at it, and was forced to admit that it was mine.

"On Friday last," proceeded the inspector, "you travelled by the 4.55 train to Sevenoaks."

"I did."

"In a second-class carriage, in the front part of the train. It would be the back part leaving here."

"Quite right."

"You had one companion—a woman."

I saw it then, the whole hideous entanglement. At first I was too stunned to answer, my confusion, no doubt, being taken as a fresh proof of my guilt. When I could speak, I said vehemently—

"I had no companion. I was alone—I swear it."

"Very well, we shall see," said the inspector grimly. "When the train reached Sevenoaks, you sprang out before it stopped and bolted away. What was the cause of your hurry?"

"It is a long story," I said desperately. "I can't tell you now. I must have time to think—to collect my thoughts."

"Very likely. It needs some thinking. When the carriage was examined after you had gone the woman's dead body was found in it. It is my business to arrest you on the charge of having murdered her."

"But how could I, when we were in different compartments?"

"That is part of your story, no doubt. Then how do you account for the fact that your umbrella was found under the body of the murdered woman?"

At these words the light went out of my eyes. I felt as if I were going to faint, but by a supreme effort I recovered myself. The woman must by some mistake have carried off my umbrella when she left the waiting-room; but who would believe my story now? I tried to speak, but my parched lips were soundless.

"Do you deny that you were acquainted with her?" asked the inspector.

"I do," I replied faintly.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

10



As I was hurrying out through the barrier some ungrammatical person said, "That's him, there."

"Rawlings, step forward." One of the porters advanced a couple of paces. "At a quarter to five on Friday afternoon you looked into the waiting-room and saw two persons sitting together talking. One was the woman who was afterwards murdered. Who was the other?"

"That's the gentleman there," replied the porter, pointing at me.

"The woman had a baby in her arms?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Now, Wilson." Another porter stepped forward. "On the same afternoon, a few minutes later, you were called into the waiting-room and asked to hold a baby by a person who never returned to claim it. Would you recognise the person again?"

"That's him," said the porter. "I'll take my oath to it."

"So the case seems fairly complete," said the inspector with satisfaction, turning to me. "First you get rid of the child, and then you get rid of the woman. Here we are on the track of another motive than robbery, which I felt was insufficient to account for the murder."

What could I say; what could I do? The net had been drawn around me so tightly that, look which way I might, I could see no chance of escape. Cornwallis could repeat the story I had told him in the waiting-room, but what good would that do? Who would believe it? He had not believed it himself.

"Hold out your hands," said the inspector.

He produced a pair of handcuffs. I implored him not to put them on. But it was no use.

"This is too serious a matter to run any risk," he said.

I held out my trembling hands. He snapped the handcuffs upon them and told one of the porters to fetch a cab. While we waited, I thought of the coming ordeal—the horror of it all, as the gaping crowd pressed round to see me go by. Nothing that life can have in store for me can ever equal the suffering of those few moments.

The porter returned with a letter which had just arrived by train. The inspector read it very slowly, with knitted brows. When he had finished it, he read it again. Finally he turned to me.

"This is very strange," he said. "There seems to have been some mistake, though I don't understand it. A man has just given himself up for the murder. He says he was the woman's husband. They had been separated, met accidentally at the station, and travelled down to Sevenoaks together. According to his story, they quarrelled on the way, and he struck her; and then, horrified to find that he had killed her, he made his escape when the train stopped. He knows nothing about the baby, but—Here, you had better sit down."

He placed a chair for me, and I dropped heavily into it. I suppose for some moments I must have lost consciousness; for when I was able to notice my surroundings, the handcuffs were gone. I was free.

After a time I managed, by degrees, to tell my story.

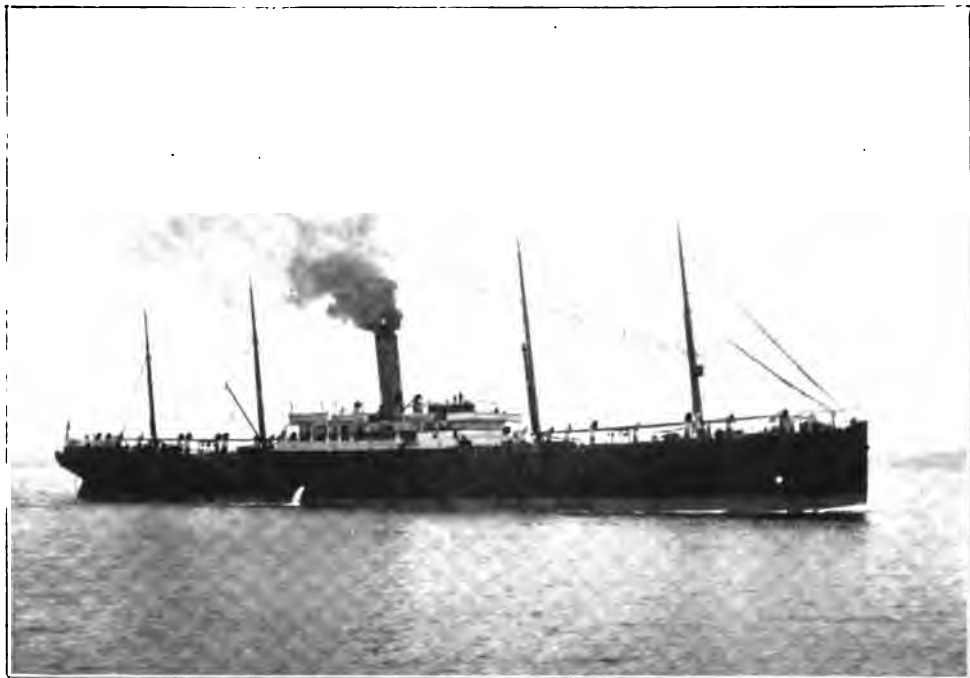
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"I don't know," I replied.

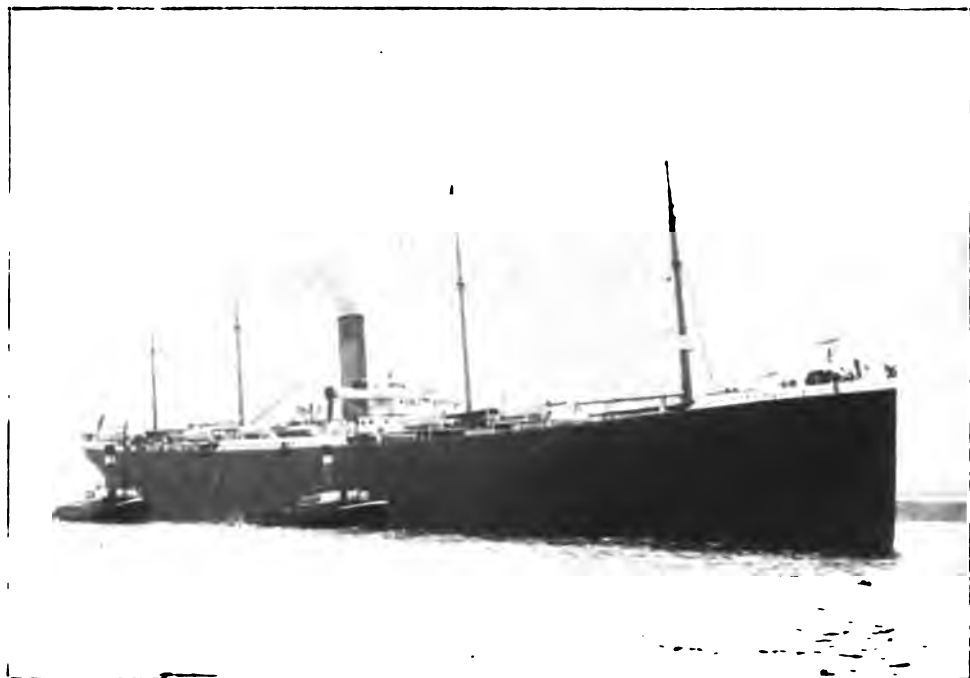
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THE ELDER-DEMPSTER LINER "MONTEZUMA."



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MISS SARAH BROOKE.

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Cambridge Circus. His latest acquisition is Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the "Californian Lark," who appears in the new Savoy opera. Miss Yaw who claims to be the highest soprano in the world, made her first appearance at Buffalo when she was seven. She studied in New York, Paris, and then in London, where concert-goers know her well. She is very tall and handsome. Another high soprano is Miss Ada Colley, an Australian, who has done good work in the halls—notably, by singing the one and only "Intermezzo." Australia, so like America in many ways, has given us some of our best singers. Witness the mellifluous Melba.

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She was too good for London to lose; so when her brother-in-law, Mr. Nat Goodwin's, season at the Duke of York's came to an end, she was readily annexed by the Court to play the Princess Angela in "A Royal Family." Left an orphan at a very early age, she has been brought up by her elder sister, Maxine, whose marriage to Nat Goodwin gave the pretty little girl her chance. She is going to do big things,

for she possesses wit, pathos, prettiness, and, most desirable of all, a personality. She is staying in London with Mrs. Ryley, the author of "Jedbury Junior" and of "An American Citizen" (in which Miss Elliott played so charmingly).

THE "SMARTEST LADY OF TO-DAY."

The American actress is having it all her own way, for Miss Fanny Ward's toilet-table now glistens with the two-hundred-guinea diamond brooch which the readers of the *Pelican* awarded her (by 27,572 votes) as the "smartest lady of to-day." Miss Ward, who made her first appearance with us at the Vaudeville in "A Night Out" used to play boys' parts in America. Whether she is the "smartest lady of to day" or not, it is certain she drives one of the smartest victorias in town, for you may often see her reclining behind a pair of blue - rosetted high - stepping chestnuts and a smart tiger.

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will seemed very slight, I did not even venture out of doors until the Tuesday morning, when I had to go to town again.

I was annoyed to find that I had mislaid my umbrella. I had placed it by my side in the waiting-room at Charing Cross, but I could not remember having seen it since. When I rushed out, after giving the baby to the porter, I could hardly have snatched up the umbrella, for I was not standing near it. In that case I must have left it, and must regard it as lost. Under the circumstances, I could not possibly go back and claim it. So that morning I had to take a stick instead, though the weather was showery.

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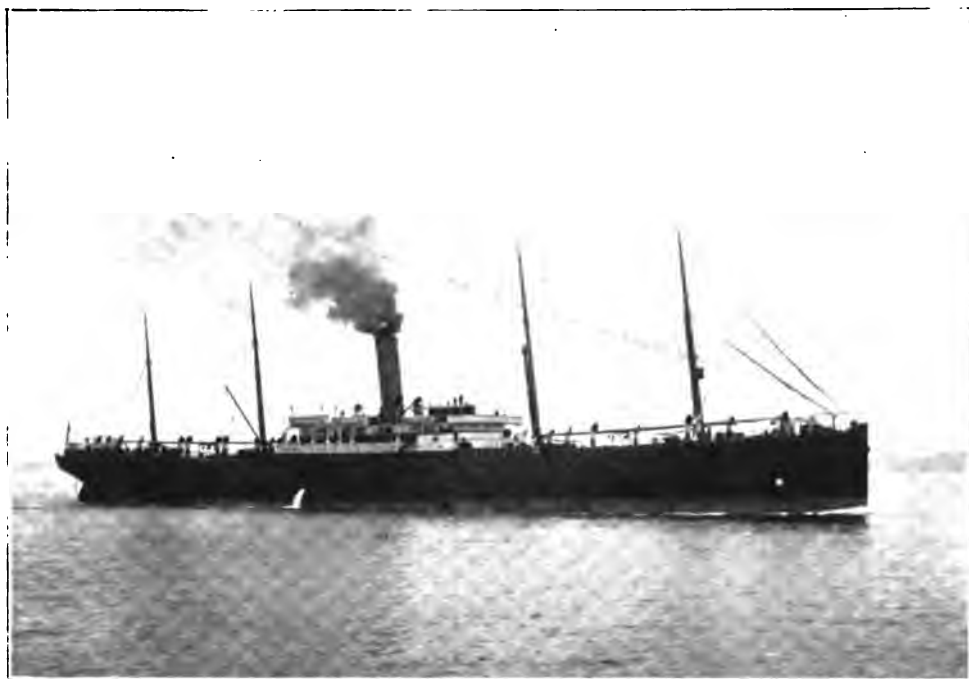
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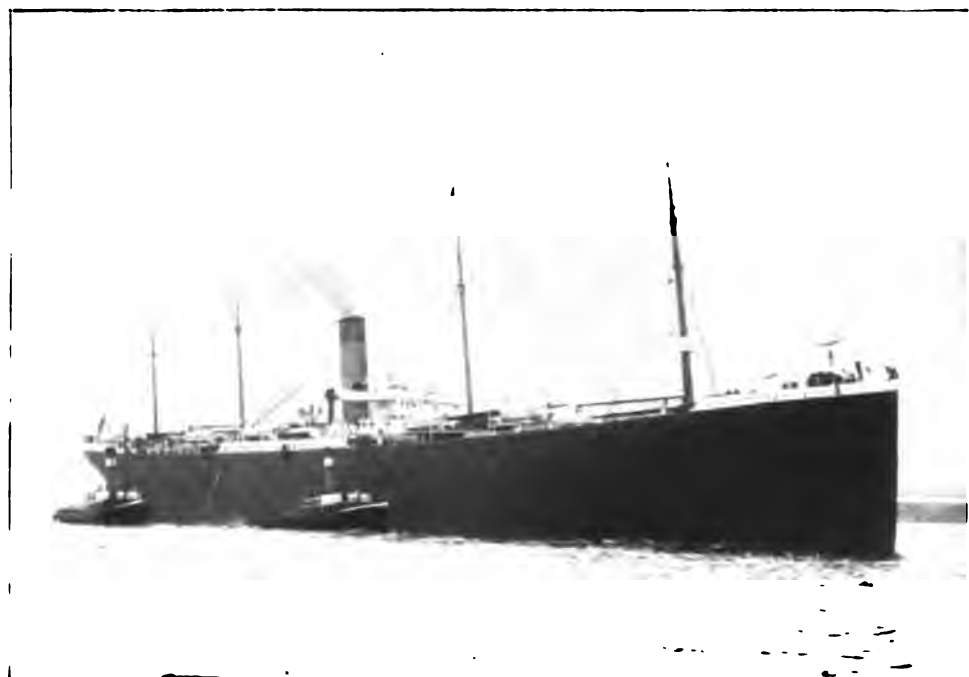
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FLASHES FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE LATEST LONDON THEATRE.

THE most notable theatrical date of 1899 must be set down as the opening of Mr. Wyndham's new theatre in Charing Cross Road, not merely in point of London's having got a new structure, but in point of the assurance it gives that Mr. Wyndham, so far from retiring, is enlarging his activities. Mr. Wyndham, who has been our best David Garrick, has appropriately settled himself almost at the apex of a triangle formed by the Garrick Theatre and the Garrick Club. Originally a doctor to the body, he has become a physician to the mind, for the actor's art resolves itself into no less. Born sixty years ago, he served throughout the American Civil War, and took to the stage in 1864. As lessee of the Criterion (from 1876), he never had a failure. As owner of Wyndham's, he will prosper surely as heretofore. Mr. Wyndham has a public all his own. Probably one of the reasons of this is that he edits the plays which he produces. Thus it is

that Mr. Pinero, who does not permit that process, has never had a play produced by Mr. Wyndham. Perhaps at his new theatre Mr. Wyndham may yet give us our greatest dramatist.

MISS SARAH BROOKE.

Miss Brooke, who increased her reputation in the autumn by her work in "An Interrupted Honeymoon," has Italian blood in her veins, which accounts for her pale complexion, made more striking by the jet-black hair, which she coils in a characteristic way. She has adopted a curious plan of making herself quite different from everyone else, for she always wears a pair of handsome earrings, such as Italian gondoliers affect. She owes much of her skill in acting to her apprenticeship with Mr. Forbes Robertson and, latterly, with Mr. Wyndham.

"THE CALIFORNIAN LARK."

Every opera manager nowadays must avail himself of American talent. Nobody has done more so than Mr. D'Oyly Carte, who



Photo. by Barrauds, Oxford Street.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.



Photo. by W. and D. Downey.

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Photo. by Ellis and Walery.

MISS FANNY WARD, ACCLAIMED "THE SMARTEST LADY OF TO-DAY."

instinct for the stage to such an extent that he flung up the Bar, for which he was trained by Montagu Williams, and to



Photo. by W. and D. Downey.

MR. BEN WEBSTER.

which he was called fifteen years ago. Before that he had played with the Kendals, whom he rejoined in 1887. Since then he has played in nearly every theatre in London. His wife, Miss May Whitty, comes of an old Liverpool family. His sister is Mrs. Sydney Brough.

MISS ELLA SNYDER.

You all know Miss Snyder in her Bowery frock. Its tawdriness cannot hide her good looks, for her clever face peers laughingly out from among her curls, and she is all the prettier when she puts on her smart frocks and sups o' nights at the Savoy or whirls round Covent Garden at one of the Fancy-dress Balls. She makes an excellent Belle when she deputises for Edna May. Indeed, she is the best Belle that has appeared when Edna has been resting. She is no relation of Miss Leonora Snyder, who was Mr. Carte's prima donna once.

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.

Very few actors have become so well known in a short time as Mr. Seymour Hicks, who bounded into popularity

almost on his first appearance, for his ambitiousness at once fascinated the public. Born at St. Heliers in January 1870, he flung up an Army crammer to walk on at the Grand Theatre, Islington, with Mr. Charles Warner in the year of Jubilee. He had two years in the provinces, and toured America with the Kendals, making his London début at the Court Theatre in "Pamela's Prodigy" in 1891. Six months later he figured as a young medical student in "Walker, London," at Toole's; but it was not till he returned to the Court in September 1893 that he really made a hit. He proved himself to be not only a smart actor, but a clever playwright, for he produced and acted in "Good-bye" and "Under the Clock," the *revue* in which he collaborated with Mr. Brookfield, the greatest wit among modern English actors. Then he married Ellaline Terriss, and went to the Gaiety, where his enormous physical energy seemed to tire him out sometimes. He has written (or partly written) seven plays, including "One of the Best" (which he recently turned into book form) and "With Flying Colours,"



Photo. by Edm and Wades.

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.

now running at the Adelphi. He and his wife have adopted a little girl. They have no children of their own.



Photo. by Ellis and Walery.

MISS ELLA SNYDER.

THE BEAUFOY ROMANCES.

No. II.—BEAUFOY'S WARD.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

IT is no great thing that an honest-hearted gentleman should forgive an injury: that he should not only pardon scorn and contempt, but be ready to set his life at stake for his contemner, is much more marvellous, since a sword-thrust for the body counts less than a pin-prick to the spirit. Yet this, for all his pride, did Raimond de Beaufoy.

That the scorn was a woman's scorn turns it still more to his credit, for a man can measure himself with a man, and give and take blows which presently heal and are forgotten, whereas a woman's contempt is a whip-stroke on the face that leaves a weal the stinging heat of which keeps it well in memory.

The day Beaufoy rode from Vaucourt his heart had been hot and wrathful. When Denise de Vaucourt nursed her maimed cousin Mark back to life, and married him for all his battering, Beaufoy still treasured his anger, but with the slipping away of the months, and his busy life here and there, its fierceness deadened. After all he was Raimond de Beaufoy, and the other no more than Mark de Vaucourt. If a foolish woman chose to fling what she called love into Vaucourt's scale as a makeweight, and cozen herself into thinking she had the best of the bargain, it showed she did not appreciate the possibilities, and so was no fit mistress for Beaufoy. Passion of that sort—passion that set lightly by the Suzerainty—would play havoc with the fame and power of Beaufoy. So, as his wrath cooled, he found himself not alone well rid of the

woman, but with a kind of comfortable gratitude to Mark de Vaucourt.

Indeed, so well was the affront of his rejection forgiven that he was now, four years after his heart-burnings, straining every power and energy Beaufoy possessed to succour his old rival.

What had befallen Mark de Vaucourt was the sure fate of the man who thrusts out his arm farther than he can draw it back. Bitten with an indiscreet zeal to ape the stern justice of his more powerful neighbour, he set himself a task beyond his strength, the task of clearing out the brigands, free-riders, and the like from the woods and fastnesses that bordered on Vaucourt. Beaufoy's hinds and herds-men lived in peace. Why not Vaucourt's? So, with commendable enthusiasm, he set himself to a campaign of sudden death.

For a time all went well. The wolves he hunted dwelt singly or in pairs, rogue not trusting rogue, and the greater boughs of the oaks of Vaucourt took to themselves cheering but perishable adornments that swung and turned and danced to the piping of the wind. Then the inevitable happened. The isolated atoms of humanity drew together as a mercury globule draws to globule—not from love, not from trust, but from need; and Vaucourt was face to face with a coalition that knew not God nor regarded man.

Much of this Beaufoy knew, but he was not the man to poke his fingers into his neighbour's business. The Seigneurie was turbulent enough in all conscience without

its master adding to his cares by the righting of another man's follies. A direct cry for help was another matter. If lord did not stand by lord, why, there was an end to Sieurs and Seigneurs, besides, had not Mark de Vaucourt saved him from saddling Beaufoy with a fool as mistress, and so made him his debtor?

He was sitting by a small table under the great Beaufoy oak that grows to the

"A plague of men, if they be not devils, Seigneur. The Castle is beset."

"So!" repeated Beaufoy. "Who leads them? There is a truce with England."

"Satan himself, I think," answered the man. "They are forest reivers, Seigneur, and swarm like mad bees."

"What? The rogues have dared? Listen, friend, and keep a cool wit. Who sent thee?"



"Whose man art thou?"

south of the Château and shades the Justice-room, when Vaucourt's messenger, his beast staggering and crisp with sweat that had foamed and dried three times in the wild ride, flung himself from the saddle and stammered out his news.

"Softly," said Beaufoy, setting down the lance-head he was polishing. "A word at a time tells much. Whose man art thou? Messire de Vaucourt's? So, so. And what plague has taken Vaucourt?"

"Mark de Vaucourt, Seigneur."

"And to me?"

"To you, Seigneur, and to ride red-spurred though I killed my beast. 'Take another,' said he, 'by force or goodwill, but take it and ride on. This is life or death.'"

"And the message? Briefly, now."

"For the Lord's sake to save Vaucourt a second time as you saved it once, for it was in a still more evil case."

"Aye?" And Beaufoy sat back on his

stool gnawing his underlip. "Much I gained by the saving. As for thee, I give thee this much credit, friend: thou canst talk straight as well as ride straight."

For a full minute he sat rubbing his chin and thinking silently, then said, "I have no mind for a second fool's ride."

"Seigneur," and in his earnestness the man pressed forward, and laid his left hand on Beaufoy's knee, "my master is no coward, and yet his message was 'It is life or death'."

"What? God's mercy, wouldst thou teach me my duty, fellow?" and leaping to his feet, the Seigneur thrust him staggering aside. "Marmontel! Marmontel! St. Francis! Where is Marmontel? Let the tocsin be sounded and the word passed 'boot and saddle' for all save ten men. Go thou, friend, eat, drink, and rest thy bones, though if I know aught of a hard ride the two last will come easiest, but especially the drinking. Marmontel, I give you half an hour, and let the men eat standing. Leave Flemish Peter in charge, and bid him trust no living soul till I return. This may be a two days' business."

A prompt man was Raimond de Beaufoy; ill to cross, hard to drive, a staunch friend, and a stern foe.

It was but little more than noon by the dial on the south tower when Beaufoy, with four-and-twenty trained men trailing behind him in two long lines, set out across the autumn stubbles. The distance was, perhaps, some twenty leagues, but to arrive with blown horses and men overweary for action would have been to play the game straight into the rogues' hands. There was, therefore, no great pressure of speed, and twice he called a fifteen minutes' halt for rest and baiting.

So long as the path lay across the domains of Beaufoy there was but little need for caution, but once beyond the bounds of the Suzerainty and within the shadow of the great wood lying to the south, the Seigneur bade every man ride silent; yet, for all they heard or saw of life—save wild life—they might have sung and chattered at will. The men of the woods were at Vaucourt.

Into the Vaucourt pastures they rode at a trot, and were soon taught what fate awaited the Castle inmates if their relief was late. Even the poorest hut was roofless, the meanest cottage a charred ruin, and not once nor twice the peasant owner hung from his own lintel. He had been fool enough to say "no" with overmuch vigour. Of women or children they saw nothing, save once, nor had they time to search. That once sufficed. Men can see men mishandled, and keep their phlegm, but when it comes to babes, and creatures but little less helpless, it is another matter.

"Let me but catch the villains! Lord God! Let me but catch them!" cried Beaufoy between his teeth, and rammed his spurs home. "Do what thou wilt to me hereafter, Lord God, but give me, I pray Thee, a free hand this day! Come, men, we must ride hard, though the beasts die for it."

For half an hour they galloped, no man speaking, so that the only sound was the rhythmic beat of the horse-hoofs on the firm turf. Then Beaufoy, who rode first, flung up his right hand as a signal, and, tightening his reins with a jerk, dropped into a walk. They had made a circuit, and the grey front of Vaucourt showed through a sprindle of trees.

At a sign, Marmontel ranged up alongside the Seigneur.

"Slip off, and go ahead for news. The few minutes will breathe the beasts, and we must not lose the advantage of surprise. Fling me your bridle and make haste."

Without a word Marmontel swung stiffly to the ground, gave Beaufoy his reins, and ran briskly forward, keeping to the shelter of the timber. Inside of ten minutes he was back, panting.

"It is all too quiet," he said. "The great door is splintered and off its hinges, and—and—Seigneur, I like not the look of things."

"To saddle. Forward, men," said Beaufoy curtly; and silently, but in disorder, they rode on. All purpose of surprise was gone, and the one thought in each man's mind was to press

forward and use his eyes first and his hands after.

While still sixty yards from the flight of stone steps, the Seigneur halted and leaped down.

"Let five keep the horses: Marmontel, see thou to that. The rest follow me," he said, and set off running full speed across the turf, his keen eyes reading signs and reckoning chances as he ran.

Marmontel was right; the door had been battered down and then flung out upon the grass that it might not impede entrance. There had been a stubborn defence. The wreck of the doors and the twisted window-bars testified to that. That there was no dead counted for nothing, since the rogues, in their escape, would carry their fallen with them; and that they had so escaped was clear, for there was neither voice nor stir, nor so much of life as a face at the windows. But worse than gaping entrances, worse even than the heavy silence, and telling plainly of defeat and plunder, were the black trails that in no fewer than three places crept up the grey of the walls. Vaucourt had been fired, and it was, thanks to the haste of the victors rather than their goodwill, that it had escaped destruction.

At the foot of the steps Beaufoy stopped. He would run no reckless risks, for all his certainty that the Castle was empty; but once his men had closed in and were at his back he ran lightly up, and, with his sword's point well advanced, leaped across the threshold.

"God's mercy!" he cried, checking himself; and those behind him heard the rasp of his blade driven home into its sheath.

Truly the sword had been so busy that there was no work left undone. In the great square hall the chief stand had been made, and on every side were evidences of the fierceness of the struggle as piteous as plain. The arras was hacked, the

hangings trailing in ribbons, the stone flags smeared and pooled and clotted with blood. In the swirl and eddy of combat the antique armour and furnishings of the wall had been overturned, and lay rolled in corners in a disordered wreck. The very panellings of the walls were splintered, and in more than one place the dull oak had taken on a deeper stain.

But the centre of the floor was the focus to which all turned, and as de Beaufoy's men crowded forward, the laggards thrusting aside the first comers as they pushed to the front, jest and laugh and clamour



Vaucourt had been fired.

died in a gasp. It would be foolishness to expect a delicacy of sentiment from men whose trade it was to kill, maim, or burn all and sundry to their patron's order, and for a fee of ten crowns a month; private hate or public weal being equally out of consideration; but when it comes to poor humanity, even butchers have their repugnances.

The strife, as has been said, had here been sharpest, and in the centre of the floor the victors had heaped their spoils. There they lay, flung in every contortion of twisted trunk and limb, nine marrings of God's likeness. That they had fallen far apart was clear from the ghastly tracks smeared across the floor, but in the end they found companionship. Nerveless hands grasped broken blades, and dead

eyes looked out on life in dazed reproach, the pangs of staggering beyond the margin of the world still plain to be read.

To those who found them death was common, and so a thing of small account; but the callous crowding of man on man, the sheer indignity to the helpless clay, shook them with wrath, and the silence was broken by a clamour of malediction and cries for vengeance. But these Beaufoy hushed with a shake of his hand.

"Is Vaucourt there?" he said. "If not, we must search."

One by one they ranged the slain men in line by the wall; but there was no Mark de Vaucourt, and as they laid the last in his place they turned in silence to the Seigneur, and through the silence there came a cry—a shrill, high-pitched, petulant wail, the querulous complaint of helplessness in pain.

"Let the dead bide with God," cried Beaufoy. "By St. Francis, there is life at last!"

Turning down the corridor to the left, he ran full-speed up the narrow circular stone stairway rising at its end, following the thin complaining cry. Everywhere were signs of struggle, and for all his haste he noted them: round blots upon the worn steps, the print of an outstretched hand upon the wall as where a man had staggered in his wild race with death, and once a broken sword-blade. Some one or more had fled, hard pursued from below, having work to finish above.

Still following the wailing, Beaufoy ran down a narrow, ill-lit passage-way, and halted at a wrecked doorway—halted to think. The caution of the soldier had come back. But his men had followed close behind him, and now Marmontel pushed to the front.

"By your leave, Seigneur, this is my place," said he, and would have entered.

"Thy place when thou art Seigneur. Am not I first?" answered Beaufoy, and flung him reeling backward. "God's mercy! Denise!"

On the bed lay a woman, mercifully dead; across her and scarcely human, he was so hewn and stabbed, Mark de

Vaucourt, and in a corner beyond the pillow sat an eight months' old girl-child dry-sobbing, her little fists rubbed hard into the hollows of her eyes. That much Marmontel saw, and the two or three others that crowded at his heels, but they saw no more; nor, to the day of his death, would the Seigneur ever speak, by so much as a hint, of what he saw in that upper room at Vaucourt. Round on his men swung Beaufoy—

"Hence, all of you," he cried. "Let one so much as cross the door and the nine below will become ten. This is a woman's business, or a priest's, maybe."

Then he went down upon his knees, and what he prayed and what he swore is known only to God and his own soul; but those who watched him through the chinks of the broken door, and saw the play of his face, thought there was but little of priestliness in him, except it were in commination.

When he came out into the passage again he held the still sobbing child clumsily to his breast with his left arm—so clumsily, and with such a plainly unaccustomed air, that those gathered about the stairhead would have laughed for all the tragedy, but that the hard sternness in his eyes cowed them.

"Let ten bide here on guard and the rest follow," he said to Marmontel as he tramped down the curve of the stairs at the head of his troop, and out into the evening sunshine.

Setting the child on the front of his saddle, and holding her firmly there with his left hand, he mounted, and turning to the north-west, rode into the wood in silence.

"But, Siegneur," ventured Marmontel, ranging alongside, "vengeance lies south."

The Seigneur turned on him with a snarl. "Beaufoy's ward comes first," he said. "We ride for the convent of the Poor Clares. Vengeance can wait, and, by the Lord, it will but ripen in the waiting. Be at ease, Marmontel, these cowards shall find that my arm and my memory are alike long."

Thenceforward for two hours they rode in silence, and the dusk was thick about



On the bed lay a woman, mercifully dead.

them when Marmontel knocked at the porters' lodge of the Convent of Our Lady of Good Hope, and bade the fellow tell the Mother Abbess that the Seigneur de Beaufoy was without on an errand of peace.

"And let her hasten," added Beaufoy as he dismounted. "For all our peace, I and mine are somewhat impatient."

Presently the sliding panel set in the door rattled in its grooves, and from behind the bars of the opened grating a white face looked out. To have the courage of religion is well enough, but the reputation of Raimond de Beaufoy was none of the best, and rumour had it that he held few things sacred.

"Madame"—and the Seigneur held the child so that the light from within fell upon her sleeping face—"be this my surety," and in a few words he told her of the sack of Vaucourt, and how that little Denise—"I make no doubt, Madame, but that her name is Denise, and if it be not now, by St. Francis it shall be henceforth, for her mother's sake"—heirress of Vaucourt, was now ward of Beaufoy in virtue of his Suzerainty.

"Keep her for me, Madame. Who am I, to nurture such a tender lamb, since—and if it be a sin may the Lord forgive me—there is but little of the sheep in me. So long as she bides here Beaufoy will pay a hundred crowns yearly for her up-keep, and more if need be. Be it my part to see that Vaucourt yields it; and, Madame, for pity's sake and for the loving tender woman's nature in you, send to Vaucourt to-morrow. Men can dig holes for men, but Madame de Vaucourt lies there, and there may be others, for we did not search."

Thus it came that the care of the lands of the child Denise fell to Raimond de Beaufoy, while her nurture in body and spirit was watched over by Our Lady of Good Hope.

In all respects the child thrived. That Beaufoy presently forgot her was to her gain, since she was the more fully left to the gentle and wholesome teachings of those who kept truth and faith alight in a dead and corrupt age. But if the Seigneur

gave little heed to the child Denise, he nursed and fed Vaucourt with such goodwill that there were those who said it was no better than a fief of Beaufoy, and lied in the saying. Beaufoy was no spoiler of the weak, and least of all would he rob the charge that death and blood had committed to his ward. So, for eighteen years the months swung round: Beaufoy, except for the payment of the tale of crowns, giving, as has been said, small heed to Denise de Vaucourt, when, with little warning, his memory was spurred into wakefulness. It came in this fashion.

Of all Beaufoy's friends, and he had many, none had served him so well or so loyally as Henri de Beutaire, a Pecard gentleman of longer pedigree than purse, and who was, indeed, as poor in lands as he was rich in courage, honesty, and a sunny temper. For eight years the bond of frank faith, good fellowship, and many dangers risked in common, had bound them fast, and one day as they sat under Beaufoy's oak Beaucaire asked a recompense.

"It is seven years since you married, Seigneur," he said, "and to see that noble little lad growing up at your knees fills me with envy. If Monseigneur de Grandfrai grants leave, give me Denise for a wife, that I, too, may see my children before I am greyheaded, and their youth is a burden to my age. I warrant Vaucourt and Beaufoy will be but closer knit."

Beaufoy set the lad down upon the grass. "Run to Marmontel, my Sieur, and learn thy sword-play. What talk is this of Grandfrai? My Lord Bishop has his rights spiritual and I my rights temporal; I pray the Lord the two do not clash, for Grandfrai's sake."

"But Denise, Seigneur, Denise?"

"Oh, Denise, Denise; I would as soon see thee at Vaucourt as any man; but what of Grandfrai? How come his fingers into the affairs of Vaucourt? Am not I Suzerain? Is Denise not Beaufoy's ward?"

"Theodore of Grandfrai takes leave to doubt it," answered Beaucaire. "That much I heard to-day."

"Whose ward, then? The King's?"

"Nearer home, Seigneur: Grandfrai's himself. He says the widow and the orphan are the peculiar care of the Church, and therefore——"

"And therefore I must toil and plan and scheme for eighteen years to fatten—ha! by St. Francis! this must be seen to, lest he marry Denise to the Lord knows whom off-hand, and so the wealth of Vaucourt, of my making, will be a thorn in Beaufoy's side for ever after! That Theodore of Grandfrai should play me such a trick! I took him for a simple matins-and-vespers priest. Speak out, Beaucaire! This touches you as closely as it does me. Is there more behind?"

"Only that young Martin de Chapny——"

"De Chapny, de Chapny? God give me patience! I would have the man hung to his own lintel within the month! De Chapny, forsooth! Beaufoy owes him no goodwill, nor he Beaufoy. We must strike, my friend, we must strike! At last I have found a use for Father Grégoire. The good man must have grown rusty in marrying, and to-day he shall polish his memory. Let every man who can be spared make ready; and, since the riding will be hard, the friar must stick to his saddle, though we tie his legs beneath the beast's belly. De Chapny! God's mercy! Beaufoy has not yet fallen so low as to be tricked by any monk of them all, be he Bishop or begging brother."

Though from Château Beaufoy to the convent of the Poor Clares, where Denise lay in charge of the grey nuns, was a three hours' ride, it was all too short to cool the Seigneur's wrath. Nay, the heat, the haste, and the dust were so many spurs and goads to prick it into fresh fierceness, so that the evil temper in him grew with the miles. Nor did the sight that greeted his eyes outside the heavy gates of the convent quiet his humour.

"By St. Francis! my Lord Bishop is forehanded with us. Yonder is a squire with de Chapny's arms upon his shield. Thank the Lord there is a layman in the case, since to trounce a Churchman is as shameful as striking a woman, and one is like to gain as much or as little by the one

as the other. Knock, Marmontel, knock, and be not over-nice about it. Friend," he went on as a scared face looked through the grating, "for thy body's health imperil thy soul a little, and open the door. Raimond de Beaufoy has come to claim his ward."

Whereat, instead of the door opening, the panel slid back in its grooves, and from across the wall came the ring of feet pattering up the hard roadway to the convent, which stood some hundred yards from the girdle of walls.

"Let six face round, lest my Lord Bishop's persuaders to the peace of God take us unawares; and do you, Marmontel, and two others, pick me out of the wood a stout and heavy sapling, lest in the maintenance of right and justice and the peace of the Suzerainty it be needful to batter in yonder door. Nay! stay a moment; our friend of the white cheeks is back again, and not alone."

This time the panel was untouched; but after a mighty rasping of locks and shooting back of bolts, the postern to the left of the great door was flung wide, and into the open space stepped Theodore of Grandfrai. A right bishop-like picture he made, standing there in the framework of the doorpost and lintel, Christian prelate from his thin fringe of white hair to his sandalled feet. Unlike many of his day, he carried no insignia of the Church Militant about him, saving those of spiritual warfare. A crucifix and a rosary swung from his girdle, the former of silver, the latter of some simple beads. His dress was no more than the grey frock of his Order, and for all that he was the full figure of a man; the mild benevolence of his face warranted Beaufoy's description of him as a priest of matins and vespers. He might also have added of charity and consolation, but that the Seigneur had never needed such ministrations.

Yet, for all his mildness, Theodore of Grandfrai was no man to forego a jot of the rights of the Church, or abate a tittle of the privileges of religion.

"Is this seemly, Seigneur de Beaufoy, to come clamouring at these gates of peace in such a fashion?"

"Is it seemly, my Lord Bishop," answered the Seigneur, no whit abashed, "to filch my ward, Denise de Vaucourt, from me on some monkish pretence? So goes the story; if I am wrong, I crave your pardon, but by St. Francis, I claim my ward also."

"The Lord forbid that I should so debase my office as filch a ward of thine, or of any man's. There lies your error. Denise de Vaucourt is ward to Grandfrai, and not all the wrath or browbeating of every lord in France can loose the bond."

"Your ward, Bishop, yours? God's mercy——"

"Nay, not mine, but Grandfrai's."

"Have done with juggle of words; thy ward, for thou art Grandfrai! What, then, of me? Do I count for nought who have sweated and laboured and planned for Vaucourt these eighteen years?"

"At whose instance, Seigneur de Beaufoy? Your own and no one else's. It is time," and the Bishop squared his shoulders and looked Beaufoy full in the face, "it is time you learned that to lay your hand upon a thing is not to own it."

"What?" cried Beaufoy, smiting a clenched fist upon a palm, "Do I want Vaucourt? By the Lord, no! But here is my friend, Messire Henri de Beaucaire, whom I have brought to wed my ward Denise de Vaucourt, and wed her he shall. By the King's grace, I am Seigneur."

"By God's grace, I am Bishop," answered the other, "and just so much as God outweighs the King does my right overtop yours. Denise de Vaucourt is orphaned, and to the orphan the Church of Christ is mother paramount. To Messire de Beaucaire I take no exception. An estimable gentleman in all truth, but Denise de Vaucourt is already promised. Her betrothal is this very night, and so little do I fear you or your pretended rights, Seigneur, that I frankly ask your presence and that of any three you will, but let a fifth seek to cross the doorway, and I tell you, Raimond de Beaufoy, that you will set ablaze such a fire in Augoumois as will need the tears of all France to quench. Come an you will come, or bide; it's all one to me."

Turning, he left the door open behind him, and walked slowly up the path to the great grey building, of which glimpses could be caught between the laden orchard-trees that closed it round. For an instant Beaufoy sat his saddle, weighing the chances; then he flung himself to the ground. "He is right; it were a fool's deed to split Augoumois on such a question; yet, by the faith of Beaufoy, de Chapny shall not marry Denise de Vaucourt. Come, Beaucaire; follow thou, Marmontel; he said take three, and I will take but two. Hark you," and he turned sharply to his men, "let there be no brawlings. Who touches Grandfrai or Chapny, except upon my word, touches me. The Lord forbid that any unconsidered zeal should set Augoumois a-burning."

Leisurely, and like one who knew that whatsoever was in progress must needs wait his pleasure, the Seigneur followed Theodore of Grandfrai, pausing every half-dozen or dozen paces to point out this or that to Beaucaire, as if to set an accent on his slowness.

"Trust the Church to be well served! Saw you ever such a burden of fruit or such a smooth pleasantness of turf? By St. Francis, if I were not Beaufoy I would be a monk! Not Charles in his beloved gardens is more daintily surrounded. Mark the wealth of Madonna lilies, and out of season, too; the very air is spiced by them. Poor Clares they called themselves! See the carvings of the doorway, and there on yonder gables; my faith, what better could they have an they were Rich Clares! What, my friend? The Bishop waits us? Aye, aye! lead thou, and we will follow. It were the crime of a heretic to make a Bishop wait!"

Behind the great door with its many bolts and studs of metal was yet another barrier, a kind of latticed screen of hammered ironwork, and beyond it lay the cool grey of the broad and silent hall. Crossing this, they were ushered into a chamber whose magnificent proportions of width, height, and length might well have been the glory of a palace, even had its mouldings and frescoes been less splendid.

Here again there was silence, but a silence tremulous with the life of a great throng strained into attention.

For half its space the room was packed, but packed so that its lower end and three-fourths of its centre were empty. Up between the crowded lines of grey-robed women walked the Seigneur, Beaucaire at

midst—ranged at her left. Six paces from her he stopped.

“My thanks, Madame, for all the love and care you have shown my ward, and I pledge you my faith that Raimond de Beaufoi has as long a memory for an obligation as for an injury. Could a man, who has to hold his own with the world,



“Is this seemly, to come clamouring at these gates of peace?”

his side and Marmontel two paces in the rear. His eyes were smiling, but his mouth was hard-set, and to one who knew him it was plain he was in no placable mood.

But it was neither to right nor left that he looked, but in front, where, at the further end of the room, the Abbess stood, a group of her nuns about her, Denise by her side, and Theodore of Grandfrai with a dozen of his monks—de Chapny in their

say more? But now the time has come to relieve you of your charge, and that you may have no fear for her safety I have a score of men without who know no other law than that I give them. To be frank, Madame, I have promised Denise in marriage to my friend Messire Henri de Beaucaire; and where Beaufoi gives his friendship no woman need shrink from giving her trust.”

“But,” and the Abbess drew Denise



"Keep me, Mother, and hold me fast."

towards her—a slender slip of a girl, dressed in the plainest white, and her hair drawn back from her pale face in a simple knot—"Denise is but a child."

"My Lord Bishop differs, Madame," answered Beaufoy gravely. "And she who is woman enough for Martin de Chapny is woman enough for Henri de Beaucaire."

"I am here," cried de Chapny, "by grace of Monseigneur de Grandfrai, and——"

"La! la! la!" broke in the Seigneur. "May Monseigneur de Grandfrai teach you better manners, though if he fails in that duty, never fear, there are others to take his place! This is no affair of yours, Messire, saving as catspaw to Grandfrai's monkey."

"But it is of mine, Raimond de Beaufoy," and Bishop Theodore confronted the Seigneur. "Denise de Vaucourt is ward to Grandfrai by right and privilege of the Church. What? Because you mouth and bully, shall I play traitor to my trust? No!—not for fifty Beaufoys, with fiftyscore church-plunderers at their back! Listen——"

"No, rather, listen thou!" cried Beaufoy. "Must I lose my toil because it suits your crooked policies to filch my labour on a trumped pretence? Denise is Beaufoy's by right of lives set in the balance and eighteen years of struggle. And here, before you all, and in the face of God, I swear——"

"Swear not at all, Raimond de Beaufoy, lest in reply, instead of calling God to witness, I call Him to curse."

"Curse on," cried Beaufoy, gripping round for his sword, "but have Denise I shall. De Beaucaire, Marmontel, come, they are but a pack of monks!"

"Men as well as monks," cried back the Bishop, and at a sign the brethren gathered round the Abbess and fronted Beaufoy with uplifted crucifixes.

"Tush," said the Seigneur, ramming

home his half-drawn blade, "said I not that a man could no more strike a monk than a woman! For peace sake I will humour the girl. Harken, Denise. I was your mother's friend, and in the day of her need all that man could do to save her I did. You, at least, I saved. Vaucourt I have tended, nursed, nourished, and so far as lay within me I have played the father. Remember this, and tell me, is it your wish to marry Martin de Chapny?"

And out of the great silence that followed, Denise, never lifting her head from the Mother's breast, answered in a whisper, "No."

"Good!" cried de Beaufoy. "If you owed me a debt, Denise, you have paid in full. Are you answered, Monseigneur?"

"Harken, Denise," said Theodore of Grandfrai in his turn. "For eighteen years the Church has guarded, sheltered, taught, and loved you. In your sorrows you have been comforted, in your troubles you have been soothed, in your doubts you have been guided. The love of God has been brought near to you. Motherless, you have lacked no mother; fatherless, you have lacked no father. Remember this, and tell me, Denise, is it your will to marry Henri de Beaucaire?"

And again, holding the Mother the closer, Denise answered, "No!"

For a moment there was a silence, and it was the girl who broke it.

"Keep me, Mother, and hold me fast. If I am but worthy let me be as you are, the Bride of the Lord Christ and of none else."

Again there was a silence; such a silence as when men feel that the Eternal is very near, and this time it was Beaufoy who broke it.

"So be it," he said solemnly. "Let us leave bickering, we two. Thou and I must stand aside, Bishop, for here is a greater than us both."

THE SHEPHERD OF LITTLE LONGACOMING.

By FRANCIS H. HARDY.

LITTLE LONGACOMING had escaped the march of improvement. No railway linked restful town with restless city; and the wide sandy streets, shaded by old maple trees, remained for hours undisturbed. A few shops disfigured the main street. With this exception, that street was lined with old-fashioned homes—frame buildings rich in wide verandahs and great chimneys. In the heart of the town stood the First Presbyterian Church; brick walls blushing through leafy screen, wooden spire lifting a white finger against the sky.

Across the way from the old church stood the old parsonage. This was the home of Doctor Will, an old-fashioned shepherd who for half a century had led his old-fashioned flock through green pastures and by still waters. Happy days were those old days in little Longcoming—too happy to last. For one evil day American enterprise built a railway and linked the old town to the new world.

* * * * *

The "iron horse" wrought a transformation in Little Longcoming. In six months the population doubled; old homes changed into new shops; factory smoke polluted the clean, clear air; the meadows behind the town parted into building lots; the great wind-break of pine woods fell before the axe of enterprise. New people, who came with the railway, were full of new energy; they put "go" into secular affairs; they tried to put more "go" into that old-fashioned Gospel which had satisfied Longcoming for generations.

The natural optimism of the old town

angered the new Christians. True, Doctor Will's people were noted for clean living, honest dealing. The town had always been free from the coarse dissipation of other towns. But all this counted nothing, so the new folk said, in the absence of that loud profession of faith which proved spirit wrestling with flesh. This spiritual deadness of Longcoming was charged to the sinful sunniness of Doctor Will.

The new element in the townfolk, being aggressive, soon captured the First Presbyterian Church. And the first act of the new men was to ask Doctor Will to resign.

"The Doctor must realise," the new trustees wrote, "that he was too old for the leadership of a large congregation. They would pay him up to the end of the year, but he must vacate the parsonage at once."

* * * * *

It was Sunday afternoon: the Sunday after the message of dismissal had been received. That morning Doctor Will had preached his farewell sermon, had spoken, in his old-fashioned way, from the text: "Love is God, for God is love," the keynote of his own life. But not a word of protest at his dismissal had fallen from his lips.

"He was an old man: it was right for him to make room for the new generation: he loved them all: he hoped they would continue to love him: his prayers would follow them: he asked the prayers of his old congregation."

Through the open window came the spring sunshine and the sweet music of rustling leaves and fretting branches. A

new light rested, so many folks fancied, on the rugged face of the old shepherd, a new note rang clear in his deep, rich voice.

After the benediction came many hand-grips; and in many voices, some broken: "God bless you, Doctor Will!" Then a bevy of young folks had brought the old "shepherd" home, as young folks had formed his bodyguard from church to parsonage every Sunday morning during half a century. Many friends called during the afternoon. It had been a busy, trying day for Doctor Will, and the coming of twilight was indeed welcome.

But when, at last, he was safe in the twilight and alone, a wave of sad thought swept over him.

"Father, how can I live without my work?"

The old, dim eyes lifted to the white church spire over the way.

"It is my life, Master!"

Then Doctor Will turned, and with trembling hand, plucked a spray of honeysuckle, pressed it to his white lips; then he dropped the flower and took up his old Bible. Opening at random he read aloud, memory aiding dim old eyes—

"I will not leave you comfortless." Then the peace of twilight fell on Doctor Will's face, his head sank back, and the dim old eyes closed as if in sleep.

* * * *

Wind of eventide stirred the honeysuckle; a rose overhead swayed like censer swung by unseen hands; a bird hopped slowly along the verandah rail. And then the still air grew tremulous with the first note of evening bell. At the familiar sound Doctor Will started forward.

"The bell—yes, Master."

And then twilight and Doctor Will faded out of Little Longacoming.

MARGOT CHEZ ELLE.

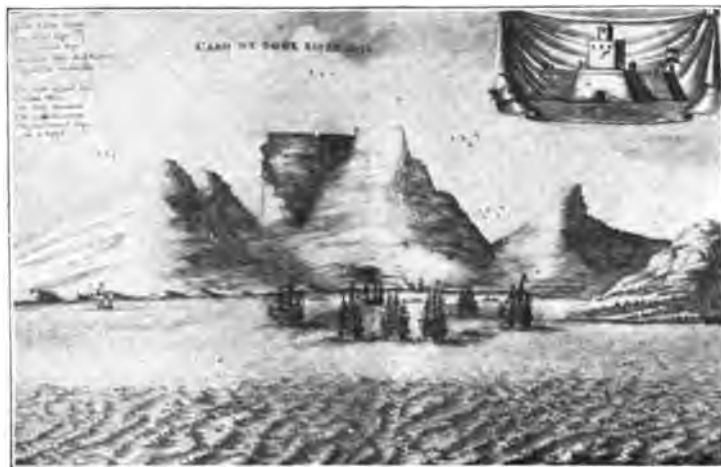
A TEA-GOWN and an easy chair;
 A book of wisdom for the fair
 Instructing them to shun the net
 Which man for womankind has set
 Or else the newest fairy tales
 Where Princess over Prince prevails;
 A cheery fire, a shaded lamp,
 Now what more do you ask, sweet scamp?
 You say there's one thing wanting yet,
 And that's (of course) your cigarette!

J. D. S.

MY MUSEUM.

THE Cape is a very different place from what it was when the Dutch Fleet visited it in 1670, when the quaint old

an extraordinary attraction for men who might have been Kings, for did not the Prince Imperial lose his life there?



From an Old Print.

THE CAPE AS IT APPEARED TO THE DUTCH FLEET IN 1670.

print reproduced here was published for the benefit of Europe. Years before this the resplendent Prince Rupert of the Rhine had wished to explore Madagascar, and would undoubtedly have done so, but for the fact that his mother's (the Queen of Bohemia) English counsellors nipped the scheme in the bud by declining to supply him with funds. South Africa has, indeed,

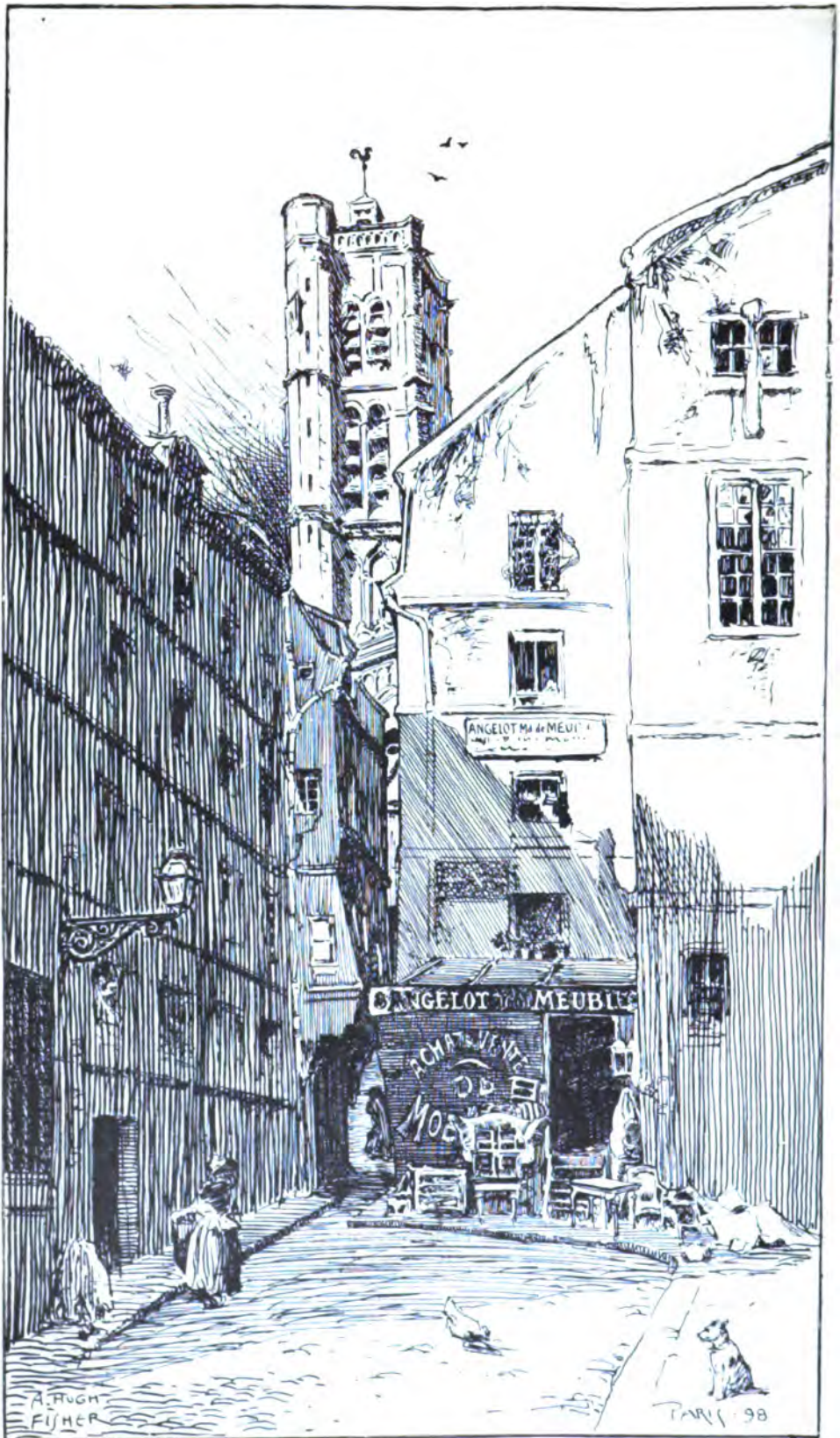
was shown as 12,275,835 ounces, valued at £43,544,084. Of course it has swollen considerably since this estimate was made.

An object lesson of the progress of the Transvaal is afforded by our picture. The Outlanders celebrated the Jubilee by dragging models through Johannesburg, showing the increase of minerals. One globe represented the Rand cyanide output at 2,740,272 ounces, valued at £9,592,957, while the gold output in the last ten years



Photo. by H. C. W. Cole.

AN OBJECT LESSON OF THE PROGRESS OF THE RAND.



PICTURESQUE PARIS: RUE GRENIER-SUR-L'EAU, WITH CLOCHETTE OF ST. GERVAIS.

BREAD OF DECEIT.

By JOHN LE BRETON.

Author of "Unholy Matrimony," "Miss Tudor," etc.

"Bread of deceit is sweet to a man; but afterward his mouth shall be filled with gravel."

"DINNER!" shouted a stentorian voice on board the tramp-steamer *Deerfoot*, which was loading at the south side of North Jetty in the Tidal Basin, Victoria Docks. The word was passed from one hatch to another, and climbing up from below to join those on deck came streams of men, who, forming into a long line, descended the ladder over the side and went out of the docks for their midday meal; a few who lived close by crossing the railway-bridge and going home, but the majority settling down to eat their food just outside the gates.

The tally clerk, the Hon. Richard Stone, lodged with a family named Brian in a small house near the Tidal Basin Station, and he went home to dinner, partly because he didn't care to associate with the men, but also because Kate Brian cooked a good dinner for him every day, and served it to him with quite remarkable cleanliness in his own tiny sitting-room. He rented the top half of the house for 4s. 6d. per week, and paid an extra half-crown for attendance. The lower half of the house was occupied by Kate Brian, her mother, and her brother Tim, who was a stevedore's labourer at present working on board the s.s. *Deerfoot* as gangwayman in the gang upon which Dick Stone was attending.

Among the men who obtain employment in the docks of London are many who once held good social positions, men who once seemed favoured by fortune, scholars

whose learning honoured their Alma Mater, soldiers at whose word of command men became machinery. These men have drifted down until at the docks they are thankful to get a few pence a day when work is to be had, earning as much perhaps in a week as they once paid in a single cab-fare. More than a step above these poor toys of fate was the Hon. Dick Stone, for through the kind offices of friends he had obtained work as an assistant ship's clerk, or tally clerk, in a firm where the work was fairly constant. The pay was six shillings a day, the hours from seven o'clock to five, with an allowance of a shilling an hour overtime, out of which the head ship's clerk expected a tribute. It was the tally clerk's business to count the pieces and packages going into a vessel and to enter the tally into a book, and he had also to see that everything shipped was in good condition. Sometimes the goods had to be measured with a rule or with callipers, and this was either done on deck while the goods hung in chains, or in the hold of the barge, or on the quay. The stevedores, who did not like waiting, favoured the two latter places, and so it happened that Dick was often compelled to climb down a swaying rope-ladder and cross slippery barges at considerable personal risk. Since he had been at the docks his courtesy title of "Honourable" had fallen into disuse; and, indeed, his indolence of mind was such that he could not stiffen into dignity when the men familiarly addressed him as "Dick."

"What does it matter?" he would say in his sluggish manner, without a gleam of interest in the subject—or in any subject.

What did it matter when he flung away his fortune? What did it matter when his friends turned him adrift? The girl who had promised to marry him broke off the engagement. What did it matter?

A cousin who had an interest in a line of steamers had procured for him his present situation, and he was told that if he worked steadily for twelve months he should be taken into the London office and promoted to a good position; and for a wonder he had worked without a break for half that period, though more for the reason that he was too lazy to look for anything better than for the hopes held out to him.

"You're late, Dick," said Kate Brian as he strolled in to dinner; "so don't blame me if the meat's too much done!"

"I never blame you, my dear," he drawled, and seated himself at the table and allowed Kate to wait upon him. He had the air of a Sultan who indulgently suffers the service of a beautiful slave; but Kate did not so understand his manner. She knew he was a "swell," and naturally would have "swell" ways, and she admired him and his kindly insolence most enthusiastically.

A fine handsome girl was Kate the hand-maiden, with good features, a splendid figure rather inclining towards over-luxuriance, a high colour, and masses of glowing red hair twisted neatly about her head. Her eyes were dark and restless, and rather small, and the constant movement of them gave her the appearance of always being suspicious. A remark which she could not quite understand would bring the dark small eyes glinting upon the speaker in a weird, uncomfortable fashion. She was incapable of a clear, steady glance, and it was the unquiet of her eyes rather than their lack of size which detracted so much from her beauty. Her admirers were legion, and before the advent of the Hon. Richard Stone she had changed from one sweetheart to another in a way that was simply audacious; but since her family had been honoured by the presence of this tall, languid gentleman,

with his colourless face and impassive expression, she had dismissed each and all of her former swains.

Dick admired her, of course; he always admired fine women; and his earlier association with certain ladies of the stage had accustomed him to peculiarities of speech and manner such as distinguished Kate, which might otherwise have jarred upon his nerves. He had no affection for her, but in his aimless way he had drifted into an entanglement which he regarded as the inevitable result of a man being brought into daily contact with a handsome woman; she, however, looked upon the said entanglement as an engagement, and considered Dick her "steady company."

She was an ambitious girl, and it was only in her first youth that the attentions of her brother's friends afforded her any pleasure; the admiration of men of her own class was offered to her so freely and generally that it soon palled upon her, and her aspirations took another course—she longed to be a lady. This ambition was unattainable, for Kate's conception of a "lady" was a woman married to a man who did not earn his living by manual labour, and who kept a servant. When Dick Stone came to the house and looked upon her with favour, she told herself that her chance had come, and she spared no pains to capture him.

Tim Brian, who had some dim idea of what was going on, became uneasy in his mind, for his views of life were broad in the sense that he dealt in large generalities, and he was convinced that gentlemen always behaved badly to pretty girls of Kate's rank. If there was one thing in this world that seemed really good to Tim, it was his sister, and he admired her intensely. She was not only handsome, but compared with his own slow wit, hers was brilliant, and any attempt on his part to show her that she was acting wrongly was foiled by one of her convincing arguments in two minutes. Yet Tim brooded over the matter, and it seemed to him that Dick Stone was a designing blackguard, and that Kate was an unsuspecting angel—a vastly mistaken conclusion. He pondered and sulked until he

saw Dick in the guise of Satan, and wondered whether he would be justified in flinging him over the ship's side some day.

Dick finished his dinner, looked at his watch, and then stretched himself and yawned wearily.

"Another four hours!" he said in his monotonous voice.

"Is there anythin' you specially fancy for tea, Dick dear?" asked Kitty. "A kipper?"

"I don't know. Have I enough money for a grilled chicken?" he asked.

"O' course you have! I've fourteen shillin' o' yours left, and it's only Thursday. I'll get you a lovely chicken, and it'll be ready at half-past five. Now, here's a letter for you, dear; I wouldn't give it to you afore in case there was bad news in it, and I wanted you to have your dinner in peace. Now, darling, give me a kiss for it!"

She bent her fresh-coloured face down to his and pouted her full red lips, and he kissed her coolly and without enthusiasm. Then he took the letter from her and commenced reading it, and very soon his eyes began to shine, and he sat up in his chair.

"Good news then, Dick dear?" asked Kate, smoothing his hair.

He paid no attention to her, but went on reading until he had finished the letter.

"Do tell me what it is, darling," she said coaxingly.

"Confounded old wretch, though, to make that condition," he muttered.

"What condition? What a tease you are, Dick! Do tell me!" exclaimed Kate pettishly.

"One of my aunts dead. Knew she was dead, but didn't ask any questions because she'd told me she wouldn't leave me anything."

"And she has?" asked Kate breathlessly.

Dick nodded.

"The interest on £20,000. 'Tisn't much, but it will keep me going."

"How lovely; and you won't have to work here."

"That's the infernal part of it. She's made it a condition that I keep this berth

for a twelvemonth, so as to accustom myself to labour and to learn economy of living. That's my infernal cousin's doing; he put her up to that, for those were his very words, damn him!"

"Never mind, Dick dear; it's only another six months."

"I suppose it can't be helped; it's better than nothing."

"I should think it was. How much a year will you have?"

"About nine hundred. The old girl put it in good mortgages, paying four and a half. She was a 'cute old lady."

"Nine hundred a year! Why we—you—can have a lovely house and servants and a carriage!" and the girl's eyes dilated, and her colour rose as she kissed him again and again.

"I shall borrow a 'thou' on the strength of it as soon as the year's up, and then I'll work that system at Monte Carlo. It's a 'cert.," he said dreamily.

"Oh, Dick! I've read about it, and it's all lit up every night, and they say it looks like fairyland," she said; and then, clinging to his arm, she whispered in his



"Now, here's a letter for you, dear."

ear, "When are we going to get married, Dick?"

"Married?" he repeated, startled out of his usual apathy.

"Yes, married," she answered defiantly.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, my girl," he said quietly, rising and taking his hat from off the cheap and faded sofa.

Kate slipped round the table, and stood with her back against the door. She was flushed so deeply that her face had almost a purplish tint, and she was strongly excited.

"Now look here, Dick, don't you think you can treat me as you've treated other women. You've got to marry me, and that's all about it. You promised it, and I shall make you a good wife!"

"Don't fly into such a rage, Kate," he said, without any appearance of being personally interested in the matter, but rather posing as a friendly adviser, "I may have promised, but you must have known I meant nothing. Our little affair has been the merest flirtation, and has never gone beyond that point. As for marriage with you, it's impossible, so don't be foolish! When I get my money you shall have some."

"It's not your money I want!" she cried shrilly, "it's you! I always said I'd marry a gentleman, and I will. I mean to be your wife!"

"I don't care what you mean, my girl. You never will be my wife, and you may as well make up your mind to that fact at once!"

Then Kate's dock-breeding came out, and she lost all control over herself.

"You mean hound!" she broke out, her white teeth showing between her parted red lips in what looked dangerously like a snarl. "I might 'a' known you'd got no honour in you. You're not fit to marry a decent woman, you cur!"

"I daresay you're quite right, Kate, so it's a good thing for you, after all. Now, let me pass; I have to get back to that beastly steamer!"

"I wish you were dead, you brute!" she shrieked, and followed up with a variety of strong expressions commonly used by the women of the neighbourhood; then,

having reached the extreme pitch of her fury, she rushed at him with hands outstretched. He caught her by the wrists and forced her into a chair, passing out of the room just before fat old Mrs. Brian entered to find her daughter in strong hysterics.

When Dick returned to the house at half-past five there was no tea ready for him, and as Kate had gone to bed ill, he was unable to get any of the money she was taking care of for him. Mrs. Brian sat over the kitchen fire and wished "him and th' loikes o' him at the devil with their loyin' tongues and decavin' ways," and so, without a penny in his pockets, Dick marched back to the ship and lounged about until one of the mates invited him to tea.

Tim Brian reached home about nine o'clock that night rather the worse for drink, and his mother poured into his ears a lurid tale of the wrong that had been done to the family, referring to Kate as an "angil from Hivin desaved by a tracherous villin, whom may de Lord look sideways on!"

It was not exactly the end to Kate's love-affair that Tim had foreseen and dreaded, but he understood that his sister had been disappointed of a grand rise in life, and had taken her defeat bitterly to heart; he understood that the family opinion was that Dick ought not to be allowed to go scot-free, and he agreed with it. His drink-inflamed brain magnified the wrong, and his mother's vehement tirades against the "murtherin' villin" excited him still more, until he was conscious of nothing but a fierce desire to meet Dick and pound the life out of him. He tumbled into bed with his brain more muddled than ever, and when he woke he was so feverish that he sent out for some gin and beer, and drank that mixture instead of having any breakfast. And he sent a message to Kate by his mother, saying that she should be "riving on the blaggard!"

Dick, having found the situation so uncomfortable at his lodgings, had accepted the mate's offer to allow him to sleep on board. He was known to be a relative of

one of the directors of the line, and as such was a favoured personage. At seven o'clock he was ready for work, and at ten minutes past the stevedores slowly came on board, Tim among them. They filed through the yellow fog, with its raw, chill,

than usual, sat in the chart-room endeavouring to warm his hands at the lamp, while the stevies tried to make the chains run easily through the frozen blocks. After much swearing and shouting the gear was put in working order, and the



Kate slipped round the table, and stood with her back against the door.

and noisome odour, like a string of unhappy ghosts; one figure looming up indistinctly after the other, each one in turn forming and taking shape in the dense atmosphere as it came into sight.

The iron decks were covered with ice, and the donkeyman had to bring ashes to throw over them. Dick, in better spirits

winches jerkily started to lift the loaded slings, and sent the steam hissing out to clog the heavy air.

Tim was at the gangway of No. 2 hatch ready to ease the sets and push them over the hatchway, giving the word to the winchman to "lift" or "lower." On the other side of the hatch the man at the guy hauled

the boom over, a hard job in which Tim sometimes helped him, for the steamer had only just commenced to take in cargo and was high out of water, with a two-foot list away from the quay.

Alongside was a barge laden with sixty tons of bar iron, some round and some flat, in lengths varying from sixteen to twenty feet, and the four men in the barge made these into sets over the slings, which were tightened and attached to the hook of the chain-runner, and sent up the side to be lowered into the great yawning hold of the steamer.

Taking a little red tally-book from his pocket, Dick began to tally, making Tim keep the sets at the gangway while he counted the number of bars in each. The bars, bent by their own weight, sometimes caught as they came up the side and sometimes slipped out; so that the men in the barge had to keep from under, for a bar coming thunder-

ing down might have gone through one of them. Sometimes Tim pulled one or two out before he lowered the set, tightening the slings when he had done so, but on such a freezing morning the job was a more than usually dangerous one.

Dick counted the bars, sometimes twelve, sometimes fifteen, eighteen, or twenty in a set, but after a time got tired of this, and called out to those below in the barge—

"Can't you fellows make your sets up all the same number?"

"No!" came the reply promptly; for stevedores and ship's clerks are natural enemies, and neither attempt to help the other.

"Steady up!" shouted Tim to the winchman as a set thundered against the iron sides, and then, rattling and steaming, the winch drew up its burden.

"Steady!" cried Tim, holding up a warning hand, and the set stopped just as the lower ends of the bars touched the deck, and remained swaying and twisting as Dick counted.

"Seventeen! All right, Tim," said Dick cheerfully as he entered the number in his book; and Tim looked with blazing eyes at this man—this gentleman—for whom his sister was suffering.

"Now then, me hearties, what yer waitin' for?" shouted a hoarse voice as the foreman stevedore came up.

"Waitin' while the clerk counts the bars," growled the old winchman.

"'Ere, that won't do! I ain't goin' to be kep' from my work by a blamed clerk! At this rate we shan't do ten ton a day!" shouted the foreman so loudly that the chief clerk came out to ask, "What's the row?"

"'Ere, your man's a-delayin' of us," was the angry reply; "why don't you send 'im into the barge? I can't 'ave my work stopped! 'Ere, up a little." The winch lifted the bundle clear of the coamings as the boom was hauled over. "Lower,



Dick began to tally, making Tim keep the sets at the gangway while he counted the number of bars in each.

away! Easy, lower! Now, me beauties, send up a sling, and look slippery!"

"You'd better go into the barge, Mr. Stone," said the chief clerk, looking over

fashion, for it was white with rime, and very slippery.

"Stand from under!" called one of the men as a set went up, bump-



He stepped backward quickly, and as he did so, slipped upon the unlevel platform of iron, and fell.

the side to where the barge lurked in the cold fog, eighteen feet below

"Well, if I must, I must!" said Dick; and with great care he climbed down the rope-ladder until he reached the barge, along the edge of which he went crab

ing against the side, and threatening to pour out.

Dick looked at the slippery iron on which he was standing, cautiously moved a pace or two, and then stood still.

"You'd better not stand there, Mr.

Clerk," said a man a moment later, as a set went up right over Dick's head, and two or three of the bars slipped a quarter of their length, and hung four feet or so below the others. Tim stood at the gangway with his right hand on the taut chain; he was breathing very hard, and he peered into the barge as the top of the iron reached the level of the deck upon which he stood. He moved his hand up as an order to the winchman to drive on, and then, when the lower ends were just below his feet, he turned his hand so that its palm was toward the winch, and the winchman shut off steam. Tim shook the iron violently, and one of the bars shifted out a little. One of the men in the barge again called, "Look out, Mr. Clerk!"

Dick looked up, and shouted, "That's all right, Tim, lower it on deck!" He saw Tim shake it again, and kick the bundle, forcing the sling round as he did so. It was a very usual act, and its purpose was to clear the iron from the projecting edge of the 'tween deck or deck, but those below were unable to see how unnecessary it was in this instance. There came another heavy shaking, and it seemed to Dick that one of the bars was sliding toward him. He stepped backward quickly, and as he did so, slipped upon the unlevel platform of iron, and fell. At that very moment three bars fell like great spears, and one struck him full in the face, making a horrible wound. There was a shout from the bargemen, and then in a stream came the rest of the iron, maiming and crushing the poor body in the barge. There was a rush of men to the side of the steamer, and a hurried flight of two or three to the dock-gates.

The chief clerk and the two mates went down the side into the lighter and tried to staunch the blood which was flowing from Dick's wounds, and the barge was let go, and pulled to the quay under the ten-ton crane. On the stone steps the dock policemen were already waiting with their ambulance, and into it poor, disfigured, insensible Dick was lifted and carried off to the Poplar Hospital. The

surgeons looked very grave after they had examined the patient, and said that his friends should be sent for, but no one knew where to send, and at last it was suggested that Tim Brian or his sister might know, and so some went for them.

Dick had recovered consciousness when Kate arrived at his bedside, and he knew her voice although he could not see her. The surgeon in charge had prepared her for the worst, and she had abandoned herself to loud-voiced and frantic grief.

"Oh, Dick, that it should come to this!" she wailed; "now I'll lose you, and there's never a chance o' winning you back. But I'll be revinged on the villin that's robbed me of you! I know all about it, and I'll be revinged!"

"Quiet yourself, my good woman, or you must go," said the surgeon authoritatively.

"Quiet, when he's bin murdered, and that by me own brother? I'll speak me mind I will, for me heart's breakin'!"

"Hush! I cannot allow this. You are disturbing the patient."

"I'll not hush! It's murder! murder! murder! I might 'a' bin a lady but for me own brother!"

"You must go outside," said the surgeon sternly. "Now, go immediately, or I'll have you removed."

"Then send for the police! Oh, I could have coaxed him round! I knew how to humour him. He's been murdered, I say, and if you don't go for the police I will!" And then, suffering herself to be led out of the ward, she went directly to the police-station and returned with an Inspector and a constable just as Tim was brought to the dying man's bedside. The Inspector spoke in a whisper to the surgeon, as Kate turned viciously upon her brother.

"You told mother you'd take rivinge on him, and I can swear you said you'd murder him! Put the darbies on him, policeman, and I'll go and see him hanged, though he is my brother! Oh, I might 'a' been a lady but for him!"



MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

Tim stood silent as Kate was again taken outside. He saw no escape from the gallows now that Kate had publicly accused him, and he only waited for the officers to handcuff him and take him away. His vivid Celtic imagination pictured all the horror of the closing scene of his life, and a strong shudder ran through his sturdy form.

"Can the patient give any account of the affair?" asked the Inspector.

"I'm afraid not—he won't last an hour," murmured the surgeon.

The Inspector moved nearer to the bed, and, seeing Dick's lips move, he bent down and asked softly if he had anything to say.

"A—pure accident," whispered the dying man. "Brian did all he could—to keep—bars from falling. I could see."

The Inspector repeated the words aloud. Tim gave one frightened stare at the bandaged head upon the pillow, and straightway fell upon his knees at the bedside, and burst out into great gasping sobs of gratitude and of bitter remorse. "'Tis the devil's own job all round," he muttered convulsively, "and may the saints forgive us all!"

Again the patient's pallid lips moved,

and once more the Inspector bent down to listen.

"Pure accident—I saw it all. Brian



"You told mother you'd take rivinge on him, and I can swear you said you'd murder him!"

p'raps—blames—himself. Not his fault. Good-bye, Tim—know it's all—over——"

The lips ceased moving and the breath became suddenly fainter, and then ceased. There was a long pause, and then the nurse drew the sheet over the face of the corpse.

HOW FIRES ARE EXTINGUISHED.

Despite all the advances of the art, the world loses £45,000,000 worth of property a year by Fire.

AMONG the many advances which the new century will see, the establishment of a Fire Brigade Training-School may be taken as a certainty. The old century in its throes has already thought of the scheme, for it was propounded by Commander Wells to a recent sitting of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Provincial Fire Brigades. The idea has been received with more acceptance than a passing fancy would be, for Commander Wells was requested by the Committee to make up an estimate of the cost of his idea. The only wonder is that such a scheme has not been mooted

long ere now, for the subject of the prevention and extinction of fire engages the attention of builders and of all civic authorities as it never did before, so that it seems impossible that the fearful conflagrations that have devastated all great towns for centuries can ever occur again on anything like the same scale, even although the memory of the recent fire in the City of London is still fresh with us.

It is appropriate that such a proposal should be formulated in London, and carried out in the greatest city the world has ever seen, for few places have suffered so much from fire as the capital. Nothing



THE BURNING OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, ON JANUARY 10, 1838.

A picture sketched at the moment when the chimes were appropriately playing "There's nae luck about the hoose."

strikes the man who wanders about London with a touch of history in him more than the modernity of the Mammoth. I am not speaking of the suburbs, which were yesterday so many green fields with hedgerows blossoming. I refer to the ancient area that lies between the Tower and the Abbey. When you consider the age of London, you cannot help wondering how modern its buildings are. With the exception of the Tower, the Savoy Chapel (walls only), the Abbey, and one or two other landmarks, there is scarcely a building that is more than three hundred years old. Indeed, several provincial towns half the age of London look very much older. No doubt much of this modernity is due to the spirit of progress which is ever transforming London, so that a piece of Georgian brickwork is regarded with veneration, but the chief reason for the blotting out of old timbered London is to be found in the devouring fires which occasionally swept over the capital for centuries, culminating in the Great Fire of 1666, which gave Sir Christopher Wren his unparalleled chance.

It is easy to understand how the Great Fire was possible even so late as 1666, for the art of combining for fire extinction did not really dawn on the people until 1698, when the first regular and permanent establishment for fire insurance was

founded by the veteran Hand to Hand Office. Pliny, writing in 70 A.D., refers to a form of fire-engine, but it was



A FIREMAN OF LAST CENTURY.

not until the subject of insurance was tackled that any really serious attempt was made to meet the immortal enemy. That is just two hundred years ago, and even then the organisation was so crude that it was left to such private enterprise as a fire insurance company, and not to the community as vested with municipal power, to meet the emergency which had levelled London so often. That is to say, the insurance companies, in sheer self-defence, had to establish fire brigades of their own. Their stations were dotted

here and there over London. For instance, the Phoenix Company had a station in Cockspur Street, of which a picture as it appeared a hundred years ago is given.

The firemen belonging to each company had a distinguishing badge on the left arm, usually bearing the device by which his particular employers were known. These devices are still fairly familiar, as cast in iron and placed on



GIRLS WORKING A MANUAL MERRYWEATHER.



THE DEVICE OF THE SUN OFFICE.

old houses. Thus you may sometimes catch a glimpse of the grotesque man-in-the-sun, which the Sun office used. Again, the Northern Company (though fairly modern) used to place a Scots lion rampant on the houses they insured; and other companies had each of them a distinctive mark, so that its particular fire brigade might hasten to the spot with its apparatus. In view of the development of our modern municipal brigades, the custom of marking houses with those badges has disappeared; and the badges themselves are becoming very rare, for they have attained that dignity of age and irreplaceableness which forms the starting-point of the collecting hobby. Collectors have sometimes taken inordinate trouble to possess themselves of such of the grimy plaques as have escaped the touch of decay or the demolishing hand of the decorator. I once knew a collector in a provincial town who had eyed a Sun device for many years with envious eye. It was set far above his reach, else he might have removed it, like the youth who

was in the habit of collecting the gilded sugar loaves that used to hang from a tea-merchant's signboard. At last the house came to be demolished in favour of a new building which would disdain such a badge, and the collector's heart beat high as he saw in imagination that Sun-plaque shedding its once resplendent golden rays on his collection. But all unknown to him—though the town was a small one—he had another col-

lector as rival, and one day when he passed he found that the tier of stone, from which the plaque had tempted him for twenty years, had been removed, and the Sun had been carried off by the other man. A well-known story is also told of a very different use to which plaques were put. A ship with a big parcel of these badges bound for a distant colony was wrecked on a cannibal island. The plaques were washed ashore and appropriated by the naked islanders, who hung them round their waists, so that a heraldic device of threatening aspect graven in metal took the place on the islanders of the fig-leaf of



THE DEVICE OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE.

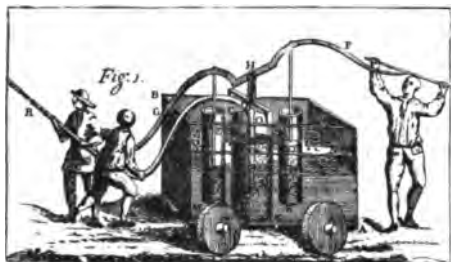


THE BURNING OF THE TOWN HOUSE OF AMSTERDAM, JULY 7, 1652.



SHOWING HOW A FIRE COULD BE TACKLED WITH THE APPARATUS OF THE VAN DER ZEIDES,
THE FIRE-MASTERS OF AMSTERDAM.

classic times. I should note that these badges are still universal in France, and they are very popular in our own colonies.



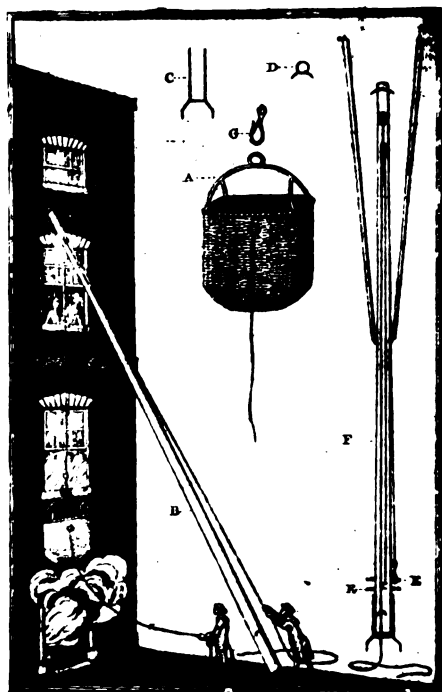
A FIRE-ENGINE OF 1751.

It would be tedious to describe the development of fire-extinguishing apparatus from the days of the primitive bucket, painfully dropped into the nearest well or river, down to the modern engine sucking up vast volumes of water from the mighty main pipes which thread their watery way under every street. Suffice it to say that a great improvement was made in 1698, when two Dutchmen named Van der Heide, father and son, the fire-masters of Amsterdam, introduced an improved engine and hose. They published an elaborate folio dealing with their invention, "embellished"—as the eighteenth century would have said—with the most beautiful engravings, of which I have reproduced two on a small scale. One of these pictures, showing the destruction of the Town House of Amsterdam in July 1652, was ingenuously given by these Dutch Commanders Wells as the horrible example. You will note that the terrified citizens are drawn up in lines from the burning building to the quay, handing along buckets of water to be poured on the blazing mass. What could be more futile than this, even had the buckets been full to the brim? But before they reached the top of the dizzy ladder, you may be sure that each bucket had splashed half of its contents on the draggled citizens, whose excitement would make the hands unsteady. In contradistinction to this scene of dreary desolation, the inventors designed a picture of their own peerless apparatus and unparalleled pluck. You are shown the

section of a remarkable building, in which all the six floors are blazing at one and the same time, while the joists remain intact—and that, too, in an age when non-flammable wood was unknown! Not only are there two engines, worked by hand, pumping water on the fire, but sympathetic neighbours are found squirting water across the whole breadth of a street.

But why jibe at these industrious Dutchmen? Just look at the picture on the first page, illustrating the burning of our own Royal Exchange so late as 1838—by the way, it blazed while its chimes were prophetically playing, "There's nae luck about the hoose"—and you will see that the lapse of many years had made little difference between the Dutchmen's ideal and the actual fact in the biggest city in the world. Hogarth's picture of a fire in 1762 is, of course, intentionally grotesque; and yet its grotesqueness is less pronounced than the enormous change that has since taken place, and has made the manual engine impossible in a big town.

The fact is that the art of fire extinction



A FIRE-ESCAPE OF 1775.



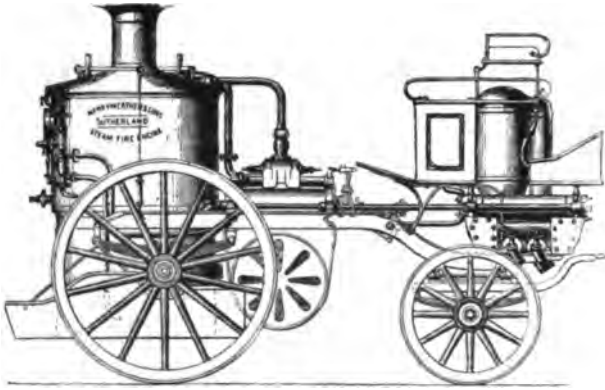
THE FIRE-STATION OF THE PHOENIX COMPANY IN COCKSPUR STREET A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

made no real progress until the introduction of steam for the purpose of pumping up water. The pioneers of the steam

fire-engine were the famous Merryweathers. They introduced a patent double-cylinder fire-engine, which won for them the first



WHAT A FIRE ENGINE LOOKED LIKE IN THE TIME OF HOGARTH,
who designed this Picture in 1702.



THE FIRST STEAM FIRE-ENGINE, THE SUTHERLAND, 1863.

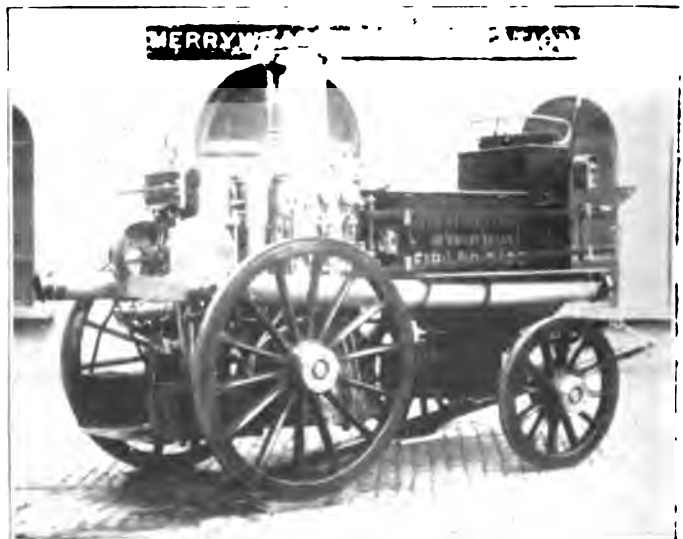
grand prize at the International Exhibition, held in what is now the Crystal Palace, in 1863. If the Exhibition had done nothing more than organise its committee for the Encouragement of Improvements in Steam Fire-Engines we would be grateful to it. This committee was presided over by the late Duke of Sutherland, who was an enthusiastic amateur fireman, and used to keep an engine of his own in London. The Merryweathers named this double-cylinder engine after him. It was capable of throwing a two-inch stream of water to a distance of 180 feet, and stood the test of lifting water through its suction-hose vertically to a height of 20½ feet from the pumps. Since then we have made great progress, so that the Greenwich pattern of the steam fire-engine, such as the London Fire Brigade uses, is capable of pumping 1600 gallons of water per minute. I may note that the Merryweathers keep a fire brigade of their own for the protection of their works in Greenwich Road, and for showing visitors the wonder of their wares.

Every big town in this country has now its permanent fire

brigade, while smaller towns have volunteer brigades. Most of the big country-houses have also fire-extinguishing apparatus. Indeed, in some cases the maids are taught to work an engine, and sometimes their mistresses join them. Six years ago a ladies' fire-brigade tournament was held at Lord St. Leven's house, St. Michael's Mount. Lord St. Leven's daughters, the Hon. Evelyn and the Hon. Eleanor St. Aubyn, both helped in work-

ing the engine, which had been built by Merryweathers.

The enormous amount of damage done by fire is shown by the fact that ten millions sterling was paid by British and American fire offices each in 1897. Probably as much was lost by Continental and Indian companies. Nor is this all, for a great mass of property destroyed by fire is uninsured. In fact, an insurance expert estimates the total loss by fire in the civilised world in 1897 as £45,000,000. How then can one hesitate over the proposal of Commander Wells to put fire-brigade training on a systematic and rational basis?



A FIRE-ENGINE OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL METROPOLITAN FIRE BRIGADE.

FEBRUARY.



Photo. by Reid.

"Once more the husbandman with joyous toil



Photo. by Reid.

Furrows the glebe from Winter's hand released."

"WANTED, AN UNDERTAKER."

By GEORGE A. BEST.

"I GUESS this y'ar place is kinder barbarous. As a healthy Christian township, 'tis about the most unholy fraud in Texas."

And the speaker, Silas A. Hank, of Yellowstone Creek, glared defiantly at the motley crowd of rough-riders who thronged Joe Smiley's saloon.

"What's the matter with the show, anyway?" asked several of the boys in chorus.

"Matter enough," replied Silas gloomily. "Haven't we bought up a cheap limber-etter what isn't clever enough to scare away his own blue-devils without the assistance of the hull township?"

"Dr. Cussbery's a tarnation imposter ye're right there, Silas!" cried the saloon-keeper. "He won't brass up for them fifty-two cocktails shouted for, supplied, an' consoomed on Independence Day; an' he has the thunderin' neck to plant me a ten-dollar bill for removin' half a tumbler outer my left cheek after the last little up-an'-downer what took place in this very saloon."

"An' what about the hire-furnishin' parson which hasn't saved a single soul durin' a seven months' ministry at ninety-five dollars a month?" continued Mr. Hank excitedly. "Six hundred an' sixty-five dollars spent in theoretical religion which hasn't succeeded in snatchin' a single brand from the burnin'!"

"Ye're forgettin' old Dick Dumper, what repented and shot himself in the church porch," interrupted Joshua Darwin. "'Twas the parson's sermon what converted *him*, anyway. Give the devil his due."

"Dick was drunk when he sent hisself home," replied Silas scornfully. "He'd got 'em badly, or he'd never have took the parson literally, an' rolled himself in wet ashes as a prelim'nary move. An' even if Dumper was a smoulderin' brand, extinguished at the last moment, wasn't six hundred-odd dollars a ridiculous price to pay for sich a soul as his'n? No wonder the city rates is high, an' the death-rate even higher, when brass is throwed away on doctors what can't cure a common case of chilblains, an' on parsons what are unable to preach an ordinary sermon on charity without stutterin', unless all shootin'-irons are left in the vestry!"

A round of applause greeted the speaker at this stage.

"Then there was that unsatisfactory policeman what we had sent from Bostonville, freight paid," continued Silas. "As you will probably rec'lect, he was bored back an' front on the fust night arter he arrove, 'cos he 'adn't the common savy to keep hisself to hisself, and refrain from interfering in matters of a purely personal nature without the consent of all parties concerned. It cost the ratepayers of Yellowstone exactly twelve times the ordinary railroad fare to send him back securely packed an' by freight-train to his sorrowin' relations. We done the thing handsome, but the ongrateful relatives haven't even acknowledged receipt or sent us back the returned empty! As I said before, this place is barbarous an' onhealthy, considerin' the dollars we've laid out to raise the moral an' social tone o' the community; an' the best thing we ken do is to chuck it an'——"

A commotion near the door of the saloon interrupted the speaker at this moment.

"Who's arrove to upset the meetin'?" asked Silas angrily.

A weird-looking stranger, attired in a silk hat of an obsolete pattern and a shiny frock-coat, buttonless, and fastened across the narrow chest with "pins" of wild briar, advanced towards the chair occupied by Mr. Hank, grinned hideously at the astonished crowd, and raising the glass just refilled by the indignant chairman, swallowed the fiery contents without a single gasp.

"Who's arrove to upset this meetin'?" repeated Silas, purple with rage, and whipping out a revolver as he spoke.

"Me," replied the stranger

simply, removing his hat and allowing a mop of greasy hair to fall across his scarred and wrinkled forehead.

The crowd laughed boisterously. The easy insolence of the interloper, and his ability to swallow liquid fire without a solitary cough, had apparently made a favourable impression upon everybody but the chairman.

"And why the blue blazes does a squintin'

prairie-wolf like you want to come where he isn't wanted, and suck up a whole cock-tail what he can't pay for?" yelled Mr. Hank.

"I am wanted," replied the stranger. "You advertised in the *Texas Terror* for a tip-top undertaker, an' as I guess I've made a larger number of successful plants

than any other single funeral-furnisher in the State, I made tracks fur Yellowstone right away. Got any sample jobs handy?"

"We required a respectable Christian body-planter—somethin' slightly more human-lookin' than you," remarked Silas thoughtfully.

"Somethin' black an' sorrowful-like," added Joe Smiley vaguely.

"A gentlemanly coon, what could combine economy with dispatch, an'

do a combination funeral at redooiced rates," suggested Joshua Darwin.

"A rale artist in theoretical melancholy an' practical carpentry," explained Mr. Hank. "Somethin' decently buttoned inside his clothes, wearin' a nineteenth-century hat an' the same-sized boot on each foot. Eh, boys?"

"In short, we wanted a kinder fancy cuss, what 'd figger well in a percession



He raised the glass just refilled by the indignant chairman.

headed by the clergy an' gentry of this select locality," concluded the saloon-keeper.

"Wal, if that 's all you *do* require, gents, I reckon I carry every qualification on my own person," remarked the candidate with a diabolical leer. "Besides bein' a practical carpenter, I served a spell with a fust-rate upholsterer, an' ken produce a most angelical effect with four yards of black cloth an' a gross of brass nails. Ten year ago I was apprenticed to a manufacturer of fireproof safes, an' I guess that my knowledge of asbestos an' sawdust should prove very comfortin' to a thoroughly Christian city sich as this. As to mere personal appearance, you can't expect a man what's rode four hundred miles in a lumber-wagon an' done a ten-hours' tramp through the prairie to appear afore you with his boots blacked an' his hair curled. But if you engage me as sole an' only undertaker to Yellowstone Creek, I'll guarantee to invest the proceeds of my fust plant in a new rig-out, includin' hatbands, black gloves, an' a silk umberrellar."

The citizens of Yellowstone were visibly impressed by the recital of such numerous and unique qualifications—the knowledge of the art of fireproofing being a strong recommendation in favour of the candidate.

"As ter terms?" asked Silas hesitatingly.

"Piecework, time, or fixed salary?" asked the stranger, fixing one eye on the saloon-keeper and the other on Mr. Hank.

The two chief citizens of Yellowstone shifted uneasily under the glassy stare of their impassive interlocutor. The remainder of the crowd sniggered feebly.

A youthful cowboy who was seated near the door indulged in a mirthless and obviously artificial guffaw; and when the undertaker slowly turned his face in the direction of the unexpected sound, the youngster slunk out of the saloon, and the yard dog, which had never ceased to whine in a dismal way since the arrival of the stranger, was suddenly silenced by a series of resounding blows from a stock-whip.

"Piecework, time, or fixed salary?"

repeated the candidate as the saloon-keeper hurriedly mixed himself a "volcano-squash," and abstractedly lighted the wrong end of a "molten-lava" cigar.

"What d'ye think, boys?" asked Joe Smiley, with a vacant stare at each of his depressed customers in turn.

"Wal, I guess that as the shootin' season's nearly over," drawled Joshua Darwin, apparently addressing the saloon clock, "as the shootin' season's approachin' conclusion, so ter speak, it'd be to our advantidge to engage this undertaker cuss at so much per job, with a small retainin' fee or salary of, say, twenty dollars per month."

"That'll suit me down ter the ground," remarked the applicant jubilantly.

"What's yer tradin' name, stranger?" asked Silas, suddenly assuming a business-like air, and placing a sheet of blank paper before the inkstand on the saloon table.

"Jeremiah K. Jackson," answered the candidate.

"Age?"

"Twoscore."

"Married or single?"

"Widower."

"Any kids?"

"Not alive."

"Religion, if any?"

"Evangelical Revivalist."

"Perfession, trade, or callin'?"

"Artistic undertaker an' funeral-furnisher. All work guaranteed, an'——"

"Dry up! I'm writing a solemn legal agreement, not a blinkin' advertisement," interrupted Silas impatiently. "Now, boys, what do you think o' this?" he continued, holding the hastily scrawled document up to the light.

"I, Jeremiah K. Jackson, forty year old, an' a widower without livin' encumbrance, Evangelist Revivalist an' artistic undertaker, do hereby agree, engage, an' undertake to undertake whosumever and whatsumever the Funeral Committee of Yellowstone Creek shall desire undertaken at anytime or place within the precincts of the said city. An' the aforementioned Committee do, on their part, agree an' engage to pay the said undertaker the sum of one hundred dollars fur each an' every undertaking so

undertook, in addition to a fixed salary of twenty dollars per month. An' the said Committee hereby agree to advance to the said undertaker the sum of thirty dollars fur the said Jeremiah K. Jackson to purchase the necessary tools, apparel, an' plantin' plant; cloth, nails, an' asbestos as verbally agreed. This agreement to be terminable on the death of either party, or upon either sich party givin' the other party one month's notice to quit."

"That's a slap-up agreement, you bet!" cried Joshua Darwin enthusiastically.

"No liar could have drawn up a more comprehensible document!" ejaculated the saloon-keeper admiringly. "What's your opinion, Mr. Jackson?"

"It's simply great, an' I accept the appointment with nary a single alteration in the contract," replied Jeremiah.

"An' yer'll clothe yerself consistently, an' git yer hair cut, and not come 'ere ev'ry night measurin' us all up in yer mind's eye?" added Silas suspiciously.

"I reckon you'd take a six-footer, with a three-foot beam," murmured the new official under his breath. "But business is business, and pleasure's—pleasure, gents," he continued aloud. "So, with your permission, we'll all drink to the health of the *undertakin*."

"Who's ter pay?" asked the saloon-keeper cautiously.

"Debit the fust case," replied Mr. Jackson hurriedly. "Now, gents, here's the

openin' toast: 'May nobody here present be ever undertook!'"

"Are we to understand that yer want yer retainin' sal'ry for nothin', then?" sneered Joshua Darwin, who had been steadying his nerves with copious draughts of "prairie dew."

"As yer please," answered the under-



The undertaker surveyed the scene of ruin and desolation with a sinister smile.

taker indifferently. "Ef yer like it better, I'll alter the toast to 'Sudden death to the hull community!'"

A howl of execration followed this daring speech. Revolvers were drawn in several quarters simultaneously, chairs were raised threateningly, and the saloon-keeper placed his hand on the lamp-extinguisher.

"Repeat that scand'ulous sentiment again, ye ole body-snatcher, an' I'll drop yer a deader where ye sit!" hissed Joshua.

"'Twas yer own fault, Josh, fur objectin' to the fust toast," yelled Silas A. Hank. "Ef yer draw on the noo undertaker, I'll drop yer atop of 'im in a brace o' shakes!"

"Down with the squintin' body-planter!" cried several of the crowd.

"Draw on bully Darwin!" roared a rival faction.

"Time, gents, please! No tarnation bloodshed on these premises!" howled the saloon-keeper.

"Shut yer face, Smiley, an' don't interfere!" shouted the youngest cowboy, hurling a chair at the head of the saloon-keeper to emphasise the warning.

"Blast everybody!" screamed the demon undertaker, dodging quickly underneath the table as he spoke.

In an instant the watchful Smiley had extinguished the lamp and taken refuge behind the armoured portion of his own counter. A dozen pistols blazed forth, and the furniture of the saloon was dashed to splinters against the four walls. The frantic citizens lay behind hastily gathered barricades of wreckage, and sent shot after shot in the direction that each fancied most. The indiscriminate firing continued intermittently for fully fifteen minutes—flagging at intervals, and bursting into a regular fusilade when a movement could be heard in any particular direction.

After a prolonged interval of silence, the light of a match flickered momentarily near the door of the saloon. This was apparently a somewhat risky experiment, undertaken by one of the fighting crowd in order to learn whether the ammunition of his neighbours was all expended. The result of the test was entirely satisfactory. Not a single shot was fired in the direction of the vesta-flash.

In another moment the daring prospector rose to his feet and groped his way towards the saloon-bar. The silent watchers, stretched at full length behind their respective barricades, waited expectantly. Then the apartment was suddenly illuminated by the dazzling glare of the relighted

lamp, and the intrepid adventurer turned round and surveyed the scene of ruin and desolation with a sinister smile.

It was the undertaker!

Three bodies lay inert and apparently lifeless on the sanded floor of the saloon; and ten prominent citizens of Yellowstone crouched sullenly behind a similar number of ridiculously inefficient fortifications, composed of splintered chairs and overturned tables. Each member of the Funeral Committee toyed nervously with his useless six-shooter, and cursed vehemently but silently. For the undertaker not only carried a brace of revolvers, but held the weapons with the confident air of a man who is master of an intricate position and can back up his arguments with ball-cartridge. So the enlightened citizens peeped furtively over the tops of their unpicturesque ramparts, while the lately elected official, standing with his back to the shattered bar, surveyed the situation with every manifestation of satisfaction and delight.

"Three hundred dollars on the floor, gents, an' a thousan' more crouchin' agen the four walls!" he cried ecstatically. "My toast, 'Sudden death to the hull community' 'as proved a rale prophecy, though it weren't exactly drunk with musical honours at the time. Twelve prospective plants in one night isn't a bad start, is it?"

"Who d'ye think 'll pay ye, ye lank-haired, sunstruck son of a vampire?" shouted Joshua Darwin from behind a capsized table.

"Don't argue, Josh. He's mad, an' we'd best humour him," whispered Silas, glaring uneasily at the undertaker through the meshes of a cane-bottomed chair. "Ef I'd only a single cartridge left in my Colt, I'd drop the scarecrow lunatic afore he'd time to wink his cock-eye, you bet! Unless an outsider happens to drop inter the saloon, promiscuous-like, with a loaded iron 'andy, you can bet yer boots we're bally well euchred. I wonder what's become of Joe Smiley? He dodged behind the bar at the fust shot, an'——"

"Stow it!" interrupted the youngest cowboy in an excited whisper as the undertaker deliberately cocked his revolver

and "covered" Darwin. "Let's rush him: he can't drop the hull crowd!"

At this moment a hand appeared above the counter, and a beer-bottle flew through the air, crashing against the skull of the newly elected official, and falling to the ground in a thousand pieces.

"Gawd Almighty! It's Smiley!" cried Darwin hysterically.

"On to him, lads!" shouted the saloon-

as the door of the saloon swung open, and, closing with a terrific bang, was securely locked on the outside.

"Now, what d'ye think of this y'ar city?" remarked the irrepressible Hank, when a candle had been lighted and stuck in the neck of the reserve beer-bottle. "As I remarked only a few hours ago, I guess the place is simply barbarous, an' the most unholy fraud in Texas!"



A beer-bottle flew through the air, crashing against the skull of the newly elected official.

keeper, emerging from his hiding-place and leaping the bar with a second bottle in his hand. "Down the brute! Madmen have nine lives, an' he'll give us the go-by, arter all, ef we give him half a chance!"

With a shriek of maniacal laughter, the undertaker dropped to the ground, discharging his pistol as he fell. The bullet struck the lamp, and for a second time the apartment was plunged into darkness.

"By thunder, he's gone!" cried Smiley

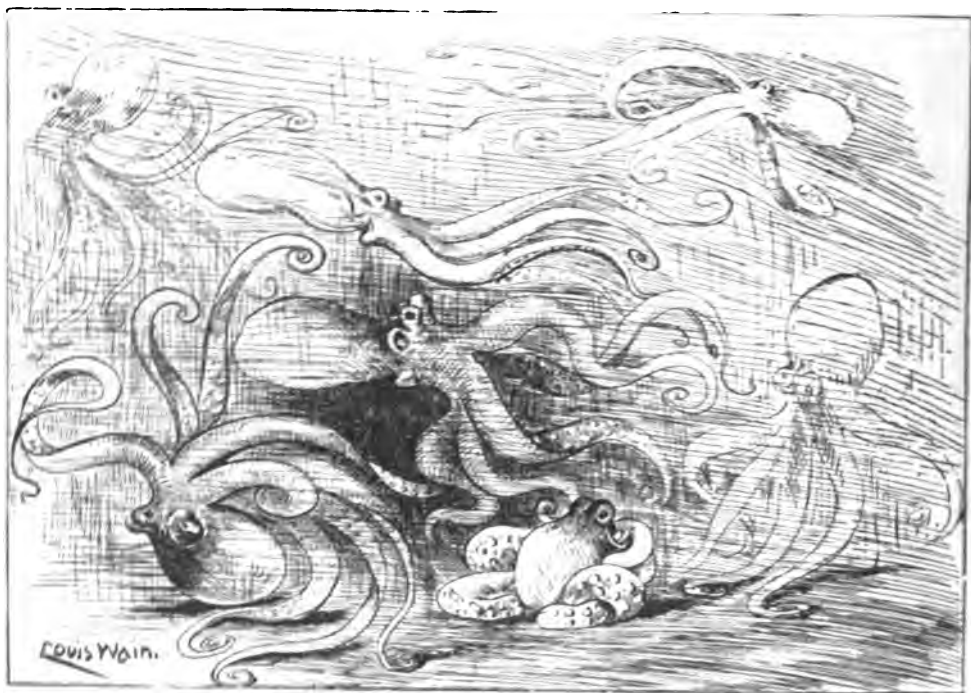
"I reckon we ken do without any more municipal addresses on this eventful evenin', Mr. Hank, so jist dry up!" interrupted Joe Smiley wearily. "Some of the poor boys dropt durin' the entertainment are in need of a certified ball-extractor, an' ef you'll be good enough to bust open that y'ar door, an' fetch ole Surgeon Cussbery along (blue-devils an' all, ef yer can't part 'em), there's a resurrection cocktail waitin' fur yer, an' nothin' to pay."

FIGHTING FISH.

By LOUIS WAIN.

DOGS may bite, and cats may claw and scratch, but nowhere in domestic animal life do we find the vicious, cold-blooded, cannibalistic qualities that obtain among the fish. A fish is

story of a friend, who, in his Norwegian experiences, notes having hooked a two-ounce trout, whereon a fine fellow of the same breed, four and a half pounds in weight, pounced upon the dainty morsel,



AN OCTOPUS FAMILY.

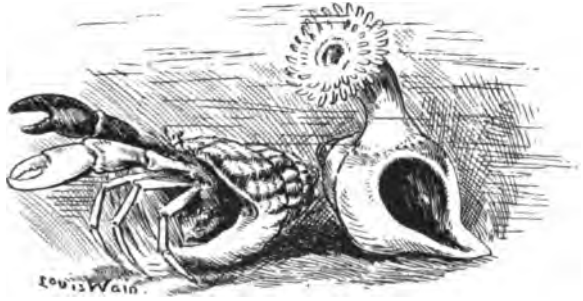
born with the set expression which varies very little the whole time of its life ; yet, however mild it may appear, it will do and dare relentlessly, feasting away on its own relations, until it in turn goes under to a gladiator fish of greater proportions. A curious instance of this is contained in the

and retained such a tenacious hold that he was safely landed without even being hooked.

It is, however, in good aquarium tanks that more of the mysteries of fish-life become known and noted, and the Brighton Aquarium affords the best

examples for illustration. Its tank superintendent, Mr. Wells, has many good stories to tell of the eccentricities of the finny tribe. Little tragedies cooped up within three walls of rock, with a fronting of glass, take place constantly; and, oblivious to prying eyes, the daily life of the ocean is re-enacted, with all its realistic episodes of love and war and hate. Fierce battles take place. There is a victor and a vanquished, and a lady fish in the background; the sandy bottom of the tank is ruffled, and the water is dimmed with its particles. In vain you watch for a sight of the first blood. Ragged scars and torn flesh hanging in ribbons from the combatants' sides do not send the shiver through one they ought, for the fight is apparently a bloodless one, and before a blood artery is torn asunder, a clawing, creeping mass

hides it in a twist of tentacles. The octopus, for such is the ugly, shiny-looking mass, fattens consumedly, and finally ejects



HERMIT-CRAB TRYING TO PERSUADE AN ANEMONE.

a shapeless rubble of crushed bone and scales on to the sand.

He will on occasion clutch hold of a lump of rock weighing half a hundred-weight, drag it over the ground, and place it before the entrance to a hole in the rocks in which a lobster has gone to sleep

after a meal, and thus starve him until he is weak enough to attack and pull to pieces. His records for rapacity are inordinate. His own progeny grow up around him, and in the light of day he rips them to pieces with his terrible beak and feasts on their remains. If a rival worthy of fighting comes his way, there is much puffing of body and distending of eyes on the part of both, they clutch each other from afar by the end of their tentacles and fib about for hours, then, when he sees an opening, he forces on a



HOW OCTOPUS FIGHTS OCTOPUS.

grows out of the gloom, a nervous, ribbon-like arm shoots up from it, curls round one of the fighters, drags it down, and

clutch, like the clapping of hands, and they fight beak to beak. The end is always one way: one eats its way solidly

into the body of the other, and absorbs him into his own system, and what is finally left of the conquered one is not worth talking about.

There is, however, a more nomadic vagrant, a fighter, too, in his way, who

will make a compact with an anemone which has taken possession of the roof of his shell—a compact of defence and alliance. The anemone will wax fat and big and beautiful upon the result of their united struggles with numberless enemies,



SPOTTED DOGFISH, THE SCAVENGERS OF THE SEA,
ATTACKING A WEAK FISH.

is not above turning over the rejected pieces, whose house and home for the time being is the largest whelk-shell he can cram his shrivelled up tail and delicate body into. The hermit-crab has few qualities. Anything in the way of rascality, be it murder or rapine, he is capable of taking a hand in. Often he

who promise to make a sufficiently satisfying meal as the result of their conquest.

If the meal, consequential upon defeat, does not promise to turn out well, the fight is cried off, the anemone curls up into a lump upon the top of the shell, and the hermit-crab himself retires into his roomy fastness. They help each other in

warfare, the anemone bending over the enemy and fogging his movements, while the deadly nipper down below shoots out relentlessly, and what the hermit-crab rejects floats up top to his friend, and all the anemone finds too hard for his delicate organisation he drops down to his hardier companion, and so it goes on, until the hermit-crab, grown gross on rich fare, becomes too big for his shell, and seeks about for a whelk of greater proportions, whom he assiduously attacks until he is done to death and eaten out of

These, however, are not the only pickers-up of unconsidered trifles of the ocean.

Should an unfortunate big fish grow weak, he is scented out immediately by the wolf-packs of the ocean, the gaunt, sharklike dogfish, and attacked on all sides by wriggling clusters of his enemies, biting, snapping, and tearing away in fierce contest. He gives up after a despairing struggle, in which he badly wounds some of his adversaries, who, in their turn, are set upon and share his fate.

There are many lesser lights whose



A FIGHT UNDER THE WATER.

his shell. Then comes the moment of tribulation in the rascal's life, when he seeks in vain to persuade the trusting anemone to change shells too, and the whilom friend and familiar tries all he knows for days to bring about the desired end; but the most the anemone will do is to detach a scrap of himself on to the new digging, and the hermit-crab has to live a life of protective self-reliance until his new lodger on the roof is old enough to take care of himself, and help him along in the world. By this time, however, the old friend on the old shell is no more. He has missed the fattening tit-bits.

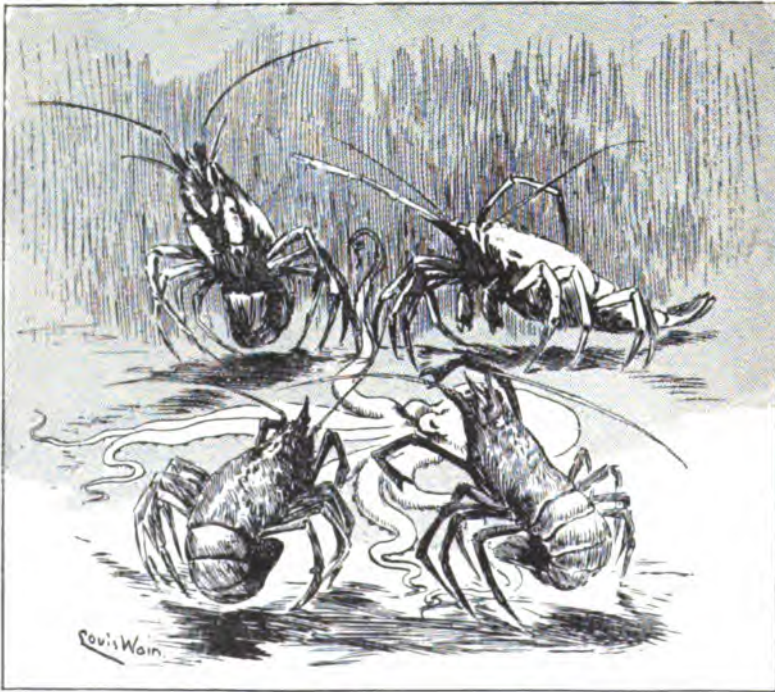
habits are little known—the pugnacious lumpfish, the gurnet, and even the humble shrimp; but they all act as bullies if they get the chance, and will lord it over big codlings with unremitting viciousness, turning them out of comfortable corners, and forcing their own particular views with unabated vigour.

Three monster pike of great weight lie on the bottom of the sand as though loaded with lead, and absolutely motionless. Fed on herring, they rarely go for the roach and other fresh-water fish surrounding them; but one daring perch waggles his tail in derision in front of

a monster's nose. A sharp movement on the part of the pike, too sudden to follow, and the perch is no more. Suddenly the monster rushes at one of his mates, and gives him a vicious dig, apparently for nothing. There is a ruffling of sand, a cloud, and when it has settled, the three big brutes are in their respective quarters again, but the aggressor is lying over a bit on his left side, with an expression of cruel savagery lurking about his jaws. The little perch, in his dying struggles, has evidently set up his spikey back fin and punctured the monster's inner man, and the pike has mistaken the cause of his troubles, and gone for one of his own kind, only to recognise, however, that an indigestion of abnormal proportions is before him. A bit of torn flesh, however, wanders up through the water, and when at a respectful distance from the big brutes,

rushes. While they fight, a fine **male** goldfish, with a harem of a hundred mates in his trail, gallops down the prize.

The first octopus, by-the-bye, which was brought to the Aquarium was put in a tank with a dogfish. The companionship was not a happy one, for the dogfish simply looked upon his rival as a good bit of food, and worried him all over the tank, never allowing him to rest in one place for two minutes together. He snipped off the ends of his long tentacles one by one, and catching him as he rushed through the water while the impetus of motion was upon him, which rendered him for the time being all but helpless, he caught him in a vital part, and the octopus sank to the bottom, a wriggling helpless mass, with his sharp and active foe still tugging and tearing away at him, until he had swallowed him almost whole.



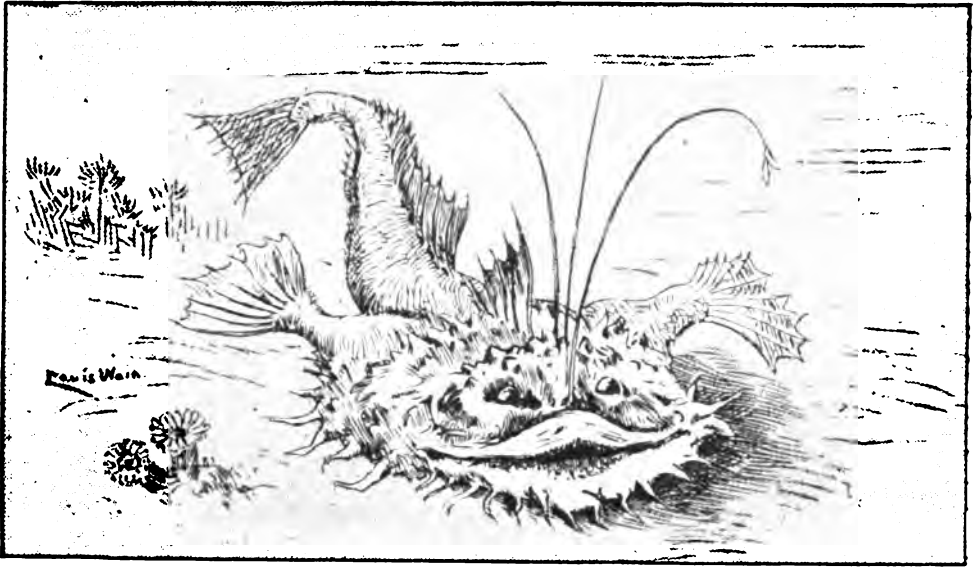
CRAYFISH CONTEMPLATING THE DIVISION OF A DEAD OCTOPUS.

whole tribes of sticklebacks war and tussle like mighty armies for a taste of the dainty morsel, elbowing each other about relentlessly with spines out, and sudden

Another nurschound, called the picked dogfish, invaded the quarters of a conger-eel, and seemed rather blinded by the turgid, slimy surroundings; yet he rushed

again and again at his opponent, who, however, did not seem any the worse for the vicious digs made at his slime-covered body, but waited his chance until he got a fair grip under the throat of the dogfish; and when he let go an hour afterwards the

crayfish. The extraordinary quickness of their movements, and the wonderful way in which first one and then the other would get the mastery out of a sudden mêlée, made it a fight of warriors. The crayfish finally lost too many legs on one side, and



THE DEVILFISH.

dogfish was in a sufficiently passive condition for the conger to swallow tail first.

Another instance of swallowing whole happened when a twenty-eight pound pike was robbed of a dainty morsel by a lesser light of his own species, who scaled some eighteen pounds when first placed in the tank. The big fellow took his smaller companion by surprise while he was in a state of lethargy consequent upon his having to digest his stolen meal, and gulped him down head first. The fight was a vicious one—in fact, one of the most protracted which have ever taken place; but the cruel jaws held tight, and gradually wore out the conquered one, evidence of whose existence remained for a whole week sticking out of the monster's mouth in the form of a tail-end, until even that, too, followed the digested body.

Perhaps less showy, but no less vicious, was the enmity which forced on a fight to the death between a lobster and a

was bowled over in his lopsided condition, and before he could recover his balance both his eyes were nipped off. The end then came, when the lobster ripped off the back shell and feasted upon his prize. When his meal was over he buried the remains, shell and all, in the shingle, and slept the sleep of the just over all that was left of the crayfish, only to wake up a day or two after with an appetite which was no respecter of the grave of the buried crayfish, which he dug up again and finished off. It is so all throughout the tanks: peace reigns until feeding-time livens up the pugnacious natures of the cold-blooded denizens of the deep, and even the monster devilfish comes out of the sulks to take in at one gulp dead food and struggling whiting before he settles for the night in his gloomy, slime-covered corner; while crayfish sit in solemn conclave in a division of spoils, which, in their case, is a dead octopus—an easy conquest.

A SONG OF LOVE'S REVENGE



YOUNG LOVE and Beauty sat at
odds,

And Love was weeping sore ;
While Beauty frowned with angry nods,
And made him weep the more.

"In love, give back my bended bow,
My little shafts of pain,
For I was never Beauty's foe,
But slave to her disdain."

"The knight you gave was false," she
cried,

"Was selfish and a knave ;
And how and quiver I will hie
In some forgotten cave.



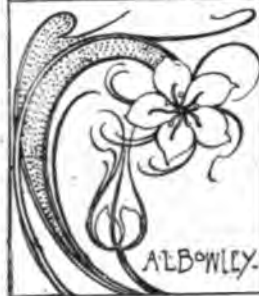
"No more shall arrow go on quest
To mock a trusting maid;
With poppies I will soothe my breast,
And be no more afraid."

"Nay, nay, sweet Beauty, pity show,
Nor curse my life away;
Give back my shafts and bended bow,
And sorrow shall be gay,

"For I will plague the knavish knight
With jilts as bright as dew;
And he shall chase and lose delight,
And wed at last a shrew."

And Beauty gave the bended bow,
The little shafts of pain;
And Cupid from her side did go,
And she from her disdain.

CHARLES LUSTED.



FLASHES FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

AN AMERICAN ACTRESS.

NO American actress has been anticipated with so much interest as that of Mrs. Fiske, who is coming to

is the most intellectual actress that America has produced. Minnie Maddern, as she was called before she married Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, the editor of the *New York Dramat.*

Mirror, has been years on the stage, but she made her first hit, like Miss Achurch, in "A Doll's House." Three years ago she electrified New York with her Tess dramatised from Mr. Hardy's novel. She is a tiny woman, with a voice that suggests alternately Mr. Wilson Barrett and Sir Henry Irving. She deserves notice, if only for her plucky effort in fighting the theatrical trust of the Frohmans, who control no fewer than eight theatres in New York, and a great many more in the different towns "on the road."

MISS ISABEL JAY.

Trained in Mr. Carte's provincial companies—unequalled as a dramatic school—Miss Isabel



Photo. by Dupont, N.Y.

MRS. FISKE, THE GREAT AMERICAN ACTRESS.

us with all the laurels of her success as Becky Sharp, in the version of Thackeray's immortal story dramatised for her by Mr. Langdon Mitchell, the son of Dr. Weir Mitchell, the doctor-novelist. Mrs. Fiske

Jay when drafted to the Savoy was perfectly at home. She is a tall, pretty girl, and bears a singular likeness to Miss Dorothea Baird. She is excellent in "Trial by Jury" whenever that capital comedietta is put on.



MISS ISABEL JAY.

Photo. by Downey.



MRS. IPSIE CARTER A. ZAZA

Photo. by Hyman, New York.

"They are good dogs," I said, wondering for words to break the silence. "Flirt! Farmer! Heel!"

The dogs slunk obediently behind me, and I rested on the barrel of my gun.

"I am not afraid," she said again, and then added under her breath, "God knows dogs are kinder to women than men."

I knew not what to say to this, unwitting whether she had meant me to hear the murmured words or no. It seemed to me that some deep sorrow had sent her wits a-straying.

"You have lost your way?"

"Yes—and shall never find it again." The sun dropped beneath the earth, and the grey stole over the hills. I may never tell of the hopelessness of her voice—it was like the low cry of a curlew on a windy moor.

"Possibly I can direct you? I have lived here all my life. My name is Trescott."

She looked up with a sad smile.

"Yes, I know. I spoke unthinkingly. I am staying in Lydford. I can find the path over yonder."

"At least I can see you home. It is growing dusk, and I wot the way is none of the easiest to find to a stranger."

"No," she answered gravely, "I must go alone."

I made no demur, but watched her pass into the greyness of the evening. Her

grief sobered me as the loneliness of the moors will sober a man. It was as though I had rubbed shoulders with a sacred thing. I went home with that feeling strong upon me, and the dogs followed



"Nay, Master John, it beain't wise fur to live aloane."

with drooping tails. I was wont to whistle on the homeward way, but that night I was mute, and I gave no cheery call as I passed through the gates and up the drive to my house. Whereat honest Pendacott was puzzled.

"Hast thee sin a wraith, master?" he

and through its yawning doorway had been carried to the little churchyard. So I loved the old place, its dark oak wainscoting, its low roofs blackened with the smoke of years, and, above all, its memories.

Thus I passed from boyhood into manhood, growing stout in the clean air and living in peace and goodwill with my neighbours. We Trescotts were all big men, and I did them no disfavour. Handsome we were not, but there were some who found pleasure in our homely features, for they bore the stamp of our lives, which, through the mercy of God and the teaching of the moors, were for the most part honest. In this I seek no praise, for a man's soul must be mean indeed not to feel the blessedness of the cool west wind and make sturdily for truth and honesty. For it seems to me God favours some of us by planting us in the midst of the largeness and the beauty of His creation, where a man must needs learn the grandeur and the smallness of life and be strengthened with a strong humility.

By such pleasant life I came to the age of twenty-seven unwed. There were few in the two counties who were my match in bodily strength, which is no idle boast but common report. Yet, when my twenty-seventh birthday came, and I sat alone in the little oak room which gave on to the terrace, I felt sad. I was the last of the elder branch of my family, and it came to me that it would be good to have a wife and children, so that the old name should not die out in Lydford.

Harry Pendacott, the old friend and servant of my father, who, with his wife Jane, did order the affairs of my household, came in to me as was his wont, to smoke a pipe before the wood fire which crackled in the open grate. Years of faithful service had made him more friend than dependant, and, as is the wont with such, he made small bones of tendering me advice, whether I would or no.

"Nay, Master John, it bean't wise fur to live aloane. Thee must be lookin' out fur a maid," he said, with the broad open vowels of the West, which are like a breath of western wind.

"Twenty-seven years have I lived, Harry, and I know of no one I would wish for a wife."

Yet the next day I met her, and from that day onwards the course of my life was changed, as the course of a brook that glances aside to wander by the foot of a young birch.

She was very fair to look upon, but when I saw her eyes I took no more account of aught else. There be some who hold that the eyes are the index of a woman's soul, and I, who have looked into the blue of Kitty Kerten's, know that they speak truth.

I was wearied with a long tramp over the swelling hills, new green with the spring, when I came on her. With me I had two of my dogs—a spaniel and a setter—and, for so little are the haps which make our lives, it was to them that I was beholden for my acquaintance with the woman who fashioned my life as she might have fashioned a lump of wet clay.

I am no fine writer that I can picture her with words, but I hold her graven upon my heart, as she stood that day in the dip of the meadow. My dogs, inquisitive brutes, gave tongue as they capped the head of the field and came upon her standing below; and I, but a few paces behind them, was in full time to see her turn, startled at the sudden clamour. She was clad in some grey shimmering stuff, which caught the glow of the drooping sun. Her head was bare, and her dark hair was in disarray. Her eyes were luminous with tears, and her face was stained with grief. I stood for a moment dumbfounded, and my dogs went to her with some show of curiosity.

"They will not hurt you!" I cried, following them.

"I thank you—I am not afraid," she answered.

I longed to ask her what her grief was, but dared not, for she was not the woman with whom to be curious. She stood silent, looking at me with a simple dignity that got into my heart, and made it ache as it had not ached since I heard the patter of the clouds upon my mother's coffin.

TITLED COLONIALS.

By CECIL DE THIERRY.

IT is curious that though one hears a great deal of American women in London society, one seldom or never hears anything of their Colonial rivals. I wish I could think it was because Imperialism has made such strides that a girl born in Australia or Canada was regarded in the same light as if she were born in England. But when the Colonies are included in that vague region known as "abroad," and the people thereof described as "foreigners," no such fond delusion is possible. It is true, however, that the Colonial varies little from the English original.

Hence she is quickly at home in the Mother Country, which is not the case with the American, whose social ideas, modes of thought, and habits of life are different from our own. As a great actress once observed, the Colonial is a happy mean between the English and American girl, not so reserved as the one or so free and outspoken as the other.

The readiness with which she identifies

herself with her sisters in this country is not the only reason why she is almost unknown to the general public. The Colonial heiress is an uncertain quantity, and it is as an heiress that the Trans-

atlantic girl looms large on the social horizon. The Australian or the Canadian has the same marked aversion to a display of his wealth that the Englishman has. If he should be a very rich man he is not, therefore, regarded as fair game by the newspaper critic and irresponsible interviewer. On the contrary, he is allowed



VISCOUNTESS WOLSELEY.

to live in peace, like any other citizen. And so the amount of his fortune, or how he made it, or how he spends it, or what he intends to do with it, are not matters of public notoriety. His money is his own until he is done with it, not the property of his daughters with an eye to a title. Moreover, the eldest son, as in England, is generally looked upon as his father's heir. Therefore, a great Colonial heiress is rare, and as yet has never figured in London as

such. At home she is regarded as the daughter of her parents, and is as little known to the local Press as she is to the London correspondent. A list of heiresses published with the amount of their fortunes is an unheard-of atrocity against good taste. It is only in democracies that they do such things.

Then supposing the girl is an Australian, unless her family is settled in England she can visit the capital only at intervals, whereas the American girl can pay it a yearly visit without any trouble. The Colonial father and husband, too, are very different from the long-suffering father and husband in the United States. They are actually so far behind the times and so selfish as to regard their wives and daughters in the light of possessions, and to expect numerous duties which are distinctly old-fashioned. In the same way they would no more allow their womenfolk to wander over Europe while they were at home working to find the means to pay for it, than their British prototype. In

have too great an idea of her own importance. She is domestic in her tastes, fond of the country and of outdoor sports, a daring rider, and has no more of the



THE HON. MRS. BLIGH.



THE HON. LADY FREMANTLE.

the Colonies a girl is the daughter of her father; in the United States he is too often merely the father of his daughter. Therefore the former is not allowed to

feverish energy and necessity for excitement, which are so characteristic of the American, than the Englishwoman. She is, however, not yet known in London or Paris as a social light, the Countess of Huntingdon and Mrs. D'Arcy perhaps excepted. This is the more remarkable when it is remembered that she is as pretty, clever, vivacious, and well dressed as the American, whose lavish entertainments are familiar in every capital of Europe. The reason, in addition to those already touched on, lies on the surface. In the United States the political field is largely occupied by the "boss" and the Irish agitator; the Civil Service dominated by the "spoils" system; and the importance of the army and navy dwarfed by the pretensions of the millionaire, therefore social distinction is the only outlet for a woman's ambition outside the literary and artistic arena. That it is recognised by the great mass of the people is proved by the American girl's education, which turns her out with every quality and accomplishment necessary to social success at her fingers' ends. Hence, up to a certain point, she has no superior. Where she fails is in individuality, depth of insight, intellectual weight, and self-abnegation. In short, she is superficial. And

"Ay, she's Kitty Kerten, daughter to the passion of South Zeal, all as scornful and as haughty as the highest in the land, and, after all, only a——"

I had started up. The room swam round me. I hit the table with my fist right soundly, until the glasses jingled, and from one or two the liquor lopped over and ran in little streams over the polished surface.

All the men stared at me, one man pausing open-mouthed with his glass before him.

"It's a lie, Crispin; a treacherous lie!" I cried.

"Steady," he said. "I was saying nothing to you, Squire. What's the wench got to do with you?"

"It's a lie—unsay it!" I made answer. It was foolish of me to stand bandying words in a pot-house, but my brain reeled, and I only knew that this man, Crispin, was traducing the woman who was more to me than aught else on earth. He had enough liquor in him

to be queer-tempered, and he looked at me evilly.

"If you are after consoling her——" he began, but with that I caught him a blow of my fist that stretched him senseless on the floor.

The others made way for me as I strode angrily to the door. I looked back at them—a ring of white-faced craven hounds, who huddled together in fear. I said no word to them nor they to me, but I held them in contempt for the part they played. To stand by and hear a woman's character taken from her by the idle words of a sneering man is one matter I cannot understand in a man—nay, nor pardon.

When I got me out into the quiet of the night my heart

grew faint, for I remembered the words of the man Crispin, and doubted not that he had spoken truly. Yet wondered I at it greatly, for her face had not been the face of a bad woman, and her sorrow was not the sorrow of one who had



I watched her pass into the greyness of the evening.

lost mere worldly betterment. I passed the cottage which I held to be hers, but there was no glimmer of light, so I paused no longer than might serve me to wonder at the peace of the night which lay over the strife of the wild heart that had come to Lydford. Being in no humour to rest, I turned down by the right, passing an old mill, and then struck across the fields where the grass was growing rank, and the sweet scents of the earth stole out upon the air. As chance would have it, I lit upon the woman. I could but see her shadowed form, yet I knew that it was she. She stood against an open gate which gave into another field. That much I could make out, for the starshine was better than no light. I quickened my steps, and then I heard her speak, and I knew that someone must be beyond in the shadow.

I am no eavesdropper, but I could not help but hear her words, for the night was still and her voice clear.

"Jasper, Jasper," she said, "I have loved you with all the strength of a woman's heart, I have trusted you with all the strength of a woman's love. We are alone here, you and I, underneath God's sky. What of the promise that you gave me? Three long months have I lived in shame—and yet not all shame, for I love you; you can never know the love that I hold here for you." I have no doubt that she put her hand over her heart, but the night was none too light and I could not see.

"Kitty, Kitty, have done! You have grown fretful, your smiles have gone——" I knew his voice. I had heard it often, for we met at Quarter Sessions.

"Smiles!" she caught up his words. "Can I smile when I think of my father? He used to be proud of me once. He cursed my name, they say, when—— Why did you come, Jasper? Why did you teach me to love you?"

"You were apt in learning, Kitty." My blood boiled at his tone. Neither had heard the swish of my tread in the grass, and when I drew close to them I cared not to move further, and half bethought me of turning back; but it seemed to me

that she might require my aid, so I hid me in the shadow of a beech-tree which stood out some twenty yards from the hedge.

"Ay, as a woman is apt when her heart teaches. O Jasper, Jasper, remember your promise! You swore to me that I should be your wedded wife, and I—how was I to know then that men keep not to their words? And now I have the shame, always the shame, and you treat me ill, Jasper, leaving me alone when I would fain have you. You cannot know what it is to be alone with shame, to walk the streets and the fields fearing to meet those who smile scornfully at you, to see the dear children fresh from the lap of God, and to know that between them and their innocence is set——"

She broke off there crying, with a hopeless catch in her voice that set me longing to put my hands upon Sir Jasper.

"Have done," he made answer. "You should have thought of all that before. Come, come, Kitty, don't cry. Be merry as you were of yore, and there shall be bright times before us yet. I have a mind that I love you even yet—when you smile."

"And you will marry me?" she asked, plucking up her head from her hands.

"Nay, that I cannot."

"But you must, you must!" she cried wildly. "Don't you understand, Jasper? You must!" I saw her white hands go out and catch him by the coat, and draw his head down until she could whisper in his ear. What news it was I could guess, and my hand clenched the ash-stick I carried until my nails were dug into my flesh.

He started and then laughed.

"It is impossible, Kitty," he said, and made as though to move away.

She gave a little cry as a startled bird might, and caught at him again. How it was I know not, but she fell and fell right heavily. In the dimness of the night it seemed to me that he struck her. It might have been that in wrenching himself free from her grasp he caused her to stumble. Thus did he swear, and she—she even said the same. Yet do I know

that there was a livid weal on her forehead, and that it had no stain of the earth.

I was ever impetuous, and I sprang out from the shadow of my tree and confronted Sir Jasper. I stood so near him that I marked well his start of surprise, and could almost feel his breath upon my chin.

"Hold!" I said. "We Lydford men are not willing to see women struck by men and stand by quietly. You are a coward, Sir Jasper, for all your birth!"

I stood full six inches over him, yet did he not flinch. I have little occasion to love Sir Jasper, yet do I bear witness that the man was ever brave, and feared no show of odds, however great.

"Ah, John Trescott, is it you?" he asked scornfully.

"Ay, John Trescott," I answered.

"Get you home to your pigs and your yard." He half turned to go, but I caught him by the lappel of his coat and swung him round as a boy might swirl a stick.

"You have done a grievous wrong," I began, but he gave me no time for more, drawing back and aiming a blow at my head with the heavy hunting-crop he had in his hand. I felt the wind on my face, but, as chance would have it, caught the crop in my left hand. In a moment I had wrested it from him and snapped it across my knee.

"Sir Jasper, Sir Jasper, you are laying up a big account against my reckoning," I said.

He would have struck me again, but she who had fallen rose and came to us.

"Stop!" she said.

There was a ring of command in her voice, and we fell apart. She took a

couple of steps forward, and stood looking from one to the other silently. As for us, we could do naught but gaze at her. The hood of her mantle had fallen back, her dress was in some disarray, and her hair, dragged back from her forehead by the slipping of the hood, showed her brow glowing in the starlight with the livid weal drawn roughly across its whiteness. And from beneath her brow shone the clear light of her eyes.

"You have made a mistake, Mr. Trescott," she said quietly. "I slipped and fell, that was all."

I was silenced.

I glanced at Sir Jasper, and he smiled at me. After a moment's hesitation I went my way, with an odd sense of humiliation. Yet was my heart hot in wrath against Sir Jasper, and full of concern for the woman who loved him, and would have no one harm him, even for her own sake and in her own defence.

The days passed wearily enough for me after that night. I cared no more for the



I could not help but hear her words, for the night was still.

Australians she is bright and vivacious, a daring horsewoman, and is always well dressed. Both in Leicestershire, where Lord Huntingdon has a place, and in Ireland, she is a familiar figure in the hunting-field. Round about Sharavogue, the family seat, she is very popular, and greatly beloved by the warm-hearted peasants on her husband's estates. For some years past the balls, dances, and cotillions which she has given with her brothers at 10, Grosvenor Square, the town-house occupied by the late Sir Samuel Wilson, have been brilliantly successful. During the past season she was not seen in London, having started on a tour round the world with her husband and brothers, a journey which came to an abrupt end owing to Lord Huntingdon's health. She is the second daughter of Sir Samuel Wilson, the squatter-millionaire and munificent patron of Melbourne University, the tenant of



LADY INGRAM.

Hughenden Manor, and member for Portsmouth from 1886 to 1892. Her husband's family is one of the oldest in England.



LADY MIDDLETON.

tracing its descent from Robert de Hastings, Steward to the Conqueror. The family name is taken from the historic field on which the Saxon Harold fell before the Norman William, and at all periods of English history there have been distinguished scions of this house. Lady Huntingdon's brother is the husband of one of the smartest women in English society, Lady Sarah, youngest daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. Another young and pretty Australian peeress is Lady Trimlestown.

Sir William Ingram, managing director of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch*, and other well-known journals, is married to a daughter of the late Hon. Edward Stirling, M.L.C., a distinguished South Australian. She is a charming hostess, at whose house may be met the literary and social lights of two hemispheres. Unlike many other Colonials who live in England, Lady Ingram never forgets that she is an Englishwoman born and bred in the Colonies, a circumstance which lends a certain piquancy to her conversation.

Besides Lady Wolseley, there are many Canadians with titled husbands. One of the most beautiful is Viscountess Dillon, whose grace, tact, and social charm we associate with the *ancien régime*, when manners were considered more than

wealth, which is hardly the case in these days. A pretty and fascinating French-Canadian is Lady de Blaquiere, whose husband lived in Canada many years before he inherited the title. Another beautiful and clever Canadian is Lady Jephson, wife of Sir Alfred Jephson, R.N. She is a Lady of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem, one of the oldest Orders in the world, a delightful hostess, and an artist of some distinction. But perhaps the best known of all Canada's daughters this side the water is tall, handsome, and stately Lady Clarke, whose husband, Sir Stanley Clarke, is Equerry to the Prince of Wales and Private Secretary to the Princess of Wales. From both sides of the house she inherits grace and wit. Her mother was descended from a member of the Temple family who was Governor of one of the Northern States in the days before tea



LADY MUSGRAVE.

was flung overboard into Boston Harbour and Washington took up arms against his Sovereign. She was one of the wittiest women of her day, as well as one of the brightest and cheeriest. Lady Clarke's father was a member of the great banking house of Morton, Rose, and Co., Sir John Rose, whose handsome presence, courtly manners, and personal fascination were even better appreciated in London than they were in Ottawa. He was a most intimate friend of Canada's "Grand Old Man," and though he was never the Dominion's Agent-General, he was always her real representative, politically and

financially. From Sir John Macdonald's letters, published in the *Life* written by his secretary, Mr. Pope, it is clear that it was to Sir John Rose he entrusted many of the delicate negotiations connected with the most critical period of the history of British North America. Socially, he was perhaps the most successful Colonial who ever figured in English society. His second wife was the beautiful Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale. Lady Clarke has three pretty daughters, two of whom are married. The eldest is a lovely woman,

a portrait of whom, by Luke Fildes, attracted a great deal of attention at the Royal Academy of the year. Lady Clarke, like Lady Wolseley and Lady Fremantle, has followed her husband round the world. She says herself that since her marriage she has never lived more than two years in the same house, though it is hard to believe

it when one looks round her beautiful home in Eaton Square. Lady Clarke's greatest charm lies in manner and intellect, and the photograph we reproduce, though the best available, does her less than justice. Lady Houston-Boswall is the daughter of another well-known Canadian, Sir Hugh Allan, head of the Allan Line Steam-ship Company; and the Dowager Countess Albemarle is a daughter of Sir Allan Macnab. Lady Middleton, like Lady de Blaquiere, is a French Canadian, and the widow of General Sir Frederick Middleton, who was for a time Commander of the Forces in the Dominion, and at his

death Keeper of the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London. Lady Northcote is the adopted daughter of Lord Mount-Stephen, one of Canada's grand old men. Her husband, the Hon. H. Stafford Northcote, has had a distinguished political and diplomatic career. Early in the year he will take up the duties of Governor of Bombay, at the present time a very difficult and onerous position. Lady Musgrave is the wife of Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart., of Tourin, Co. Waterford, who was born in 1850, and married in 1891 Jessie Sophia, daughter of the Hon. R. Dunsmuir, of Victoria, British Columbia. The Hon. Mrs. Victor Stanley is the wife of the second son of the present Earl of Derby. The Queen stood sponsor for him at his baptism in 1867; he is in the Royal Navy, and he married in 1896 Annie Bickerton, daughter of the Hon. C. Pooley, Q.C., President of the Council of the British Columbia Cabinet. Lady Glen-Coats is

1876 Elise Agnes, daughter of Alexander Walker, of Montreal, Canada.

One of the most romantic stories in the Peerage is that connected with



Photo. by Alice Hughes

LADY GLEN-COATS.

the young Earl of Seafield, the chief of the Grants. His father emigrated to New Zealand nearly thirty years ago, and married there the daughter of Major Evans, who was associated with Lord Carbery. The present peer was born in Oamaru, where the family had settled, and was educated as an ordinary Colonial. His father, who inherited the title, but not the estates, only lived a few months after the death of the tenth Earl, leaving his son, the present peer, a mere lad. Unfortunately, the entail being broken, the eighth Earl bequeathed the Seafield estates to his mother, so that the chief of the House of Grant is landless. The estates consist of about thirty thousand acres in Morayshire, Elgin, and Inverness-shire, with a rent-roll of £78,227 a year, and three country houses—Balmacraan, Castle Grant, and Cullen House. The first is one of the finest shooting-places in Scotland, rented of late years by Mr Bradley Martin, an American millionaire. The Earl of Seafield lately married the daughter of Dr. Townend, of Christchurch, New Zealand.



Photo. by Alice Hughes

THE HON. MRS. VICTOR STANLEY.

the wife of Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, of Ferguslie, Park Abbey, Renfrewshire, who is fifty-three years old, and married in

THE VENGEANCE OF JOHN TRESCOTT.

By **WALTER E. GROGAN.**

WHETHER men may say of it that it was well done or ill I know not nor care, but this I know, that were I to stand face to face with the same problem beneath the blue of God's sky as I stood that night in June, I would do the same—ay, if I were to die a thousand times for it. For I hold that a man who hath no hate in him is never a man, and that there be some matters which can have no issue but by way of passion. As to what I did, I am beholden to none but to my God and to my own self. For the thoughts of men I care not. Never have I ordered my ways for their good words, never have I strayed from my purpose for fear of their chiding. Yet it is well that I should write clearly and calmly of these matters, so that those who bear my name may point to the wrong that got me by the heart in justification of my deed.

To be short, I, John William Trescott, do come of a good family. For centuries we Trescotts have lived on the border moor which lies betwixt the counties of Devon and Cornwall. From the good salt air that cometh up fresh and broad from the sleepless Atlantic we have breathed in faith in ourselves and an honest understanding with God. Loyal men and true have we been, as the record of the bloody wars of the Stuarts will declare. Loyal men and true, yet no courtiers, sturdy in our independence, and counting our manhood the greatest of our possessions. What we have done for the Crown we have done cheerfully and willingly, and are content that it was so. There have been some of us who have voyaged afar, and have served our country in divers lands, but we are mostly of a

homely cast, and love the broad purple of the moorland as our lives. In the sunny Acre of God which lies under the shelter of Lydford Church can be read the record of the lives of many Trescotts.

I came into the world when the century was yet young, and men looked anxiously seawards for the coming of Bonaparte. The seas then were often white with the sails of ships, and men's hearts were stout, for danger to country doth ever stiffen men's courage. By the will of God, I lost both father and mother full soon, even before the hair had grown on my upper lip. Brother or sister I had none, for which I do now thank God. Then it seemed hard to me, yet in the midst of my sorrow I held some pride that I should be the shaper of my own life and be beholden to none.

In the matter of worldly goods I was fair content, owning many broad acres and a house set in the hollow of a hill which caught the evening sun, and smiled a welcome to me as I passed homewards with the day's work behind me. When the sorrows of my bereavement passed I envied no man, and with the dawning of peace and a quiet country happed on a joyous life. The breath of the country was as incense to my nostrils, and I was proud of my land, my family, and my home. In all truth my home was none too luxurious, and could vie in no way with the houses of the Courtenays, or the Carews, or any such noble family; but a man's home is dear to him, however plain, and for that same matter Hurlington Manor was dear to me. It stood solid and square, with a kindly look upon its grey granite face. In its walls my forefathers had lived and died,

asked, as I handed him my gun and bag—for I had knocked over four or five rabbits.

"Ay, Harry," I made answer, "a wraith verily."

"Thee looks whisht," he said anxiously. To which I made no reply, but got me to my room to think.

I reasoned not with myself whether I were in love or no. I knew that I counted my life as naught save in such way as it might be of service to her. Yet I knew not the woman, nor her name, nor even the cause of her sorrow. Who she was and what had been her life before I met her in the dip of the meadow were to me sealed books. Yet in the heart of me grew up a grave strong pity for her, and as I remembered the look of her tearful eyes and the white strained look of her face, I grew sad.

My dinner, which was served in the old oak room, seemed to me tasteless, yet I have no doubt that Mrs. Pendacott's skill had lacked nothing in the making of it. A sad face got between me and my plate as I ate, and for the life of me I could but play a sorry part at the eating. When all was done, I lit a pipe and went out into the starry night.

I passed through the yard and so into the high-road. I do not think that I had any set purpose in my walk, but my footsteps took me into the village of Lydford, and then I remembered that she had told me that she was living there. As I passed a cottage standing a little back from the road, on the left as one passes down it from my place, I thought I heard a sound as of a woman sobbing. I lingered a moment in the road, gazing at the windows in the hope of catching some glimpse of her. Someone passed me and turned, regarding me curiously, and for very shame I was constrained to continue my walk.

I stopped at the sign of the Dun Cow to drink a jug of Master Easterbrook's cider. I was little given to calling at his house at night, and my visit was hailed with some show of curiosity. There were some half-dozen men in the best parlour. The room reeked of tobacco-smoke.

I nodded to the men whom I knew and called for my jug of cider. Then I sat me down by the square table over by the diamond-paned window, opening the casement and letting in some of the free air.

"The weather holds up tidily, Squire," said Jack Crispin, the horse-doctor, whom I liked not for his foul language and his manner towards the wenches of the village. He was a man of strength and a violent temper, and was beholden to me for six days at the county jail for half killing one of my labourers some while back. For this I knew he bore me malice, yet was he not able to show it openly, for I was the Squire and a magistrate to boot. So he spoke me civilly, and I made him some answer, and turned to the window, whence I could catch some glimpse of the starry sky.

The men, seeing that I was in no mood for conversation, continued their discussion, to which I gave little heed until I heard Jack's rough voice. Then I strained my ears and forgot the starry sky.

"Ay, she's fair enough—they all be. Men like Sir Jasper Grenill favour them of comely appearance."

"They say she be in a poor way, Mr. Crispin. She be cryin' an' cryin', an' a-wanderin' all alone like." I knew the speaker, a yeoman farmer who lived hard by Okehampton. His voice was rough, but it was not without some tenderness.

My heart told me they were talking of her—the woman with the sorrow. And Sir Jasper—what had Sir Jasper to do with her? I knew him for a mean hound, and shuddered. Then the memory of her words came to me with a stab—"Dogs are kinder to women than men."

"Sir Jasper tires of her, maybe," Crispin went on. "He has a roving fancy, and when one wench is won—well, his fancy strays again."

"And what of the wench?"

"She has a week or a month of crying and making believe that she's all for dying, and then prays Heaven for a new lover with more brass."

"She do seem more than ordinary, Mr. Crispin. I doubt not she be a lady?"

"They are good dogs," I said, wondering for words to break the silence. "Flirt! Farmer! Heel!"

The dogs slunk obediently behind me, and I rested on the barrel of my gun.

"I am not afraid," she said again, and then added under her breath, "God knows dogs are kinder to women than men."

I knew not what to say to this, unwitting whether she had meant me to hear the murmured words or no. It seemed to me that some deep sorrow had sent her wits a-straying.

"You have lost your way?"

"Yes—and shall never find it again." The sun dropped beneath the earth, and the grey stole over the hills. I may never tell of the hopelessness of her voice—it was like the low cry of a curlew on a windy moor.

"Possibly I can direct you? I have lived here all my life. My name is Trescott."

She looked up with a sad smile.

"Yes, I know. I spoke unthinkingly. I am staying in Lydford. I can find the path over yonder."

"At least I can see you home. It is growing dusk, and I wot the way is none of the easiest to find to a stranger."

"No," she answered gravely, "I must go alone."

I made no demur, but watched her pass into the greyness of the evening. Her

grief sobered me as the loneliness of the moors will sober a man. It was as though I had rubbed shoulders with a sacred thing. I went home with that feeling strong upon me, and the dogs followed



"Nay, Master John, it bea'n't wise fur to live aloane."

with drooping tails. I was wont to whistle on the homeward way, but that night I was mute, and I gave no cheery call as I passed through the gates and up the drive to my house. Whereat honest Pendacott was puzzled.

"Hast thee sin a wraith, master?" he

asked, as I handed him my gun and bag—for I had knocked over four or five rabbits.

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"She do seem more than ordinary, Mr. Crispin. I doubt not she be a lady?"

"Ay, she's Kitty Kerten, daughter to the passon of South Zeal, all as scornful and as haughty as the highest in the land, and, after all, only a——"

I had started up. The room swam round me. I hit the table with my fist right soundly, until the glasses jingled, and from one or two the liquor lopped over and ran in little streams over the polished surface.

All the men stared at me, one man pausing open-mouthed with his glass before him.

"It's a lie, Crispin; a treacherous lie!" I cried.

"Steady," he said. "I was saying nothing to you, Squire. What's the wench got to do with you?"

"It's a lie—unsay it!" I made answer. It

was foolish of me to stand bandying words in a pot-house, but my brain reeled, and I only knew that this man, Crispin, was traducing the woman who was more to me than aught else on earth. He had enough liquor in him

to be queer-tempered, and he looked at me evilly.

"If you are after consoling her——" he began, but with that I caught him a blow of my fist that stretched him senseless on the floor.

The others made way for me as I strode angrily to the door. I looked back at them—a ring of white-faced craven hounds, who huddled together in fear. I said no word to them nor they to me, but I held them in contempt for the part they played. To stand by and hear a woman's character taken from her by the idle words of a sneering man is one matter I cannot understand in a man—nay, nor pardon.

When I got me out into the quiet of the night my heart

grew faint, for I remembered the words of the man Crispin, and doubted not that he had spoken truly. Yet wondered I at it greatly, for her face had not been the face of a bad woman, and her sorrow was not the sorrow of one who had



I watched her pass into the greyness of the evening.

lost mere worldly betterment. I passed the cottage which I held to be hers, but there was no glimmer of light, so I paused no longer than might serve me to wonder at the peace of the night which lay over the strife of the wild heart that had come to Lydford. Being in no humour to rest, I turned down by the right, passing an old mill, and then struck across the fields where the grass was growing rank, and the sweet scents of the earth stole out upon the air. As chance would have it, I lit upon the woman. I could but see her shadowed form, yet I knew that it was she. She stood against an open gate which gave into another field. That much I could make out, for the starshine was better than no light. I quickened my steps, and then I heard her speak, and I knew that someone must be beyond in the shadow.

I am no eavesdropper, but I could not help but hear her words, for the night was still and her voice clear.

"Jasper, Jasper," she said, "I have loved you with all the strength of a woman's heart, I have trusted you with all the strength of a woman's love. We are alone here, you and I, underneath God's sky. What of the promise that you gave me? Three long months have I lived in shame—and yet not all shame, for I love you; you can never know the love that I hold here for you." I have no doubt that she put her hand over her heart, but the night was none too light and I could not see.

"Kitty, Kitty, have done! You have grown fretful, your smiles have gone——" I knew his voice. I had heard it often, for we met at Quarter Sessions.

"Smiles!" she caught up his words. "Can I smile when I think of my father? He used to be proud of me once. He cursed my name, they say, when—— Why did you come, Jasper? Why did you teach me to love you?"

"You were apt in learning, Kitty." My blood boiled at his tone. Neither had heard the swish of my tread in the grass, and when I drew close to them I cared not to move further, and half bethought me of turning back; but it seemed to me

that she might require my aid, so I hid me in the shadow of a beech-tree which stood out some twenty yards from the hedge.

"Ay, as a woman is apt when her heart teaches. O Jasper, Jasper, remember your promise! You swore to me that I should be your wedded wife, and I—how was I to know then that men keep not to their words? And now I have the shame, always the shame, and you treat me ill, Jasper, leaving me alone when I would fain have you. You cannot know what it is to be alone with shame, to walk the streets and the fields fearing to meet those who smile scornfully at you, to see the dear children fresh from the lap of God, and to know that between them and their innocence is set——"

She broke off there crying, with a hopeless catch in her voice that set me longing to put my hands upon Sir Jasper.

"Have done," he made answer. "You should have thought of all that before. Come, come, Kitty, don't cry. Be merry as you were of yore, and there shall be bright times before us yet. I have a mind that I love you even yet—when you smile."

"And you will marry me?" she asked, plucking up her head from her hands.

"Nay, that I cannot."

"But you must, you must!" she cried wildly. "Don't you understand, Jasper? You must!" I saw her white hands go out and catch him by the coat, and draw his head down until she could whisper in his ear. What news it was I could guess, and my hand clenched the ash-stick I carried until my nails were dug into my flesh.

He started and then laughed.

"It is impossible, Kitty," he said, and made as though to move away.

She gave a little cry as a startled bird might, and caught at him again. How it was I know not, but she fell and fell right heavily. In the dimness of the night it seemed to me that he struck her. It might have been that in wrenching himself free from her grasp he caused her to stumble. Thus did he swear, and she—she even said the same. Yet do I know

that there was a livid weal on her forehead, and that it had no stain of the earth.

I was ever impetuous, and I sprang out from the shadow of my tree and confronted Sir Jasper. I stood so near him that I marked well his start of surprise, and could almost feel his breath upon my chin.

"Hold!" I said. "We Lydford men are not willing to see women struck by men and stand by quietly. You are a coward, Sir Jasper, for all your birth!"

I stood full six inches over him, yet did he not flinch. I have little occasion to love Sir Jasper, yet do I bear witness that the man was ever brave, and feared no show of odds, however great.

"Ah, John Trescott, is it you?" he asked scornfully.

"Ay, John Trescott," I answered.

"Get you home to your pigs and your yard." He half turned to go, but I caught him by the lapel of his coat and swung him round as a boy might swirl a stick.

"You have done a grievous wrong," I began, but he gave me no time for more, drawing back and aiming a blow at my head with the heavy hunting-crop he had in his hand. I felt the wind on my face, but, as chance would have it, caught the crop in my left hand. In a moment I had wrested it from him and snapped it across my knee.

"Sir Jasper, Sir Jasper, you are laying up a big account against my reckoning," I said.

He would have struck me again, but she who had fallen rose and came to us.

"Stop!" she said.

There was a ring of command in her voice, and we fell apart. She took a

couple of steps forward, and stood looking from one to the other silently. As for us, we could do naught but gaze at her. The hood of her mantle had fallen back, her dress was in some disarray, and her hair, dragged back from her forehead by the slipping of the hood, showed her brow glowing in the starlight with the livid weal drawn roughly across its whiteness. And from beneath her brow shone the clear light of her eyes.

"You have made a mistake, Mr. Trescott," she said quietly. "I slipped and fell, that was all."

I was silenced.

I glanced at Sir Jasper, and he smiled at me. After a moment's hesitation I went my way, with an odd sense of humiliation. Yet was my heart hot in wrath against Sir Jasper, and full of concern for the woman who loved him, and would have no one harm him, even for her own sake and in her own defence.

The days passed wearily enough for me after that night. I cared no more for the



I could not help but hear her words, for the night was still.

ordering of my farm; and though I spent long days on the moors with my gun, as often as no I came back with empty bag, which, being a fair shot and a quick eye, gave Harry Pendacott and Jane his wife much to marvel at.

Sometimes I met her, and then the day would seem to me fair. Oftener, though, I saw her not, for she went not much abroad until the world was sleeping, and there were none to shame her with their gaze. To me those days were full of a wild joy which was as much pain as pleasure. The pain came with the marking of her ebbing strength. She who had looked so fair with the promise of health grew wan until her eyes were unnaturally large. God knows the suffering which tortured that poor heart. Yet ever did she bear the look of one who waited. Sometimes when I came upon her of a sudden she would start as with pleasure, and it smote me cruelly to see the newborn hope die out of her eyes when she looked upon me.

I seldom spoke to her, yet I knew that my secret was no secret to her, and I took some comfort that she did regard me with no disfavour. At times I thought that she seemed glad of my silent sympathy.

One day I took my courage into my hands and spoke to her.

"I fear you are not well," I said.

We had met in one of the lanes which was all agreen with leaf and grass. She looked at me quietly.

"I am well," she answered simply, and passed on.

Another time she spoke first, and I felt my blood leap at her voice.

"I thank you," she said, looking at me with a smile which was like a lost sunbeam on a winter's day, "for the flowers you have sent me. They are very fair."

In truth, I was wont to leave at her cottage many gifts of flowers which I had gathered with my own hands. I did this by stealth, leaving no word or sign by which she might know from whom they came, yet she never doubted.

I stood ill at ease, fingering my gun, and half wishing that she had passed with the grave bow she ever gave me.

"Flowers," I made push to answer at last, "bring a breath of their own leaves home with them."

"Yet do they die," she murmured.

I care not to lengthen out the record of those days. They held much pain for me, yet would I not barter their memory for all the wealth of the world. I had never thought of her from the first as aught but a prize beyond my winning, so that the love which I had for her was pure. I think I have never been nearer Heaven than I was in those months, loving a woman who had been shamed. For my part, I saw only in her the womanhood a man should hold above all things sacred; tricked and cajoled into a shameful mistake. I could not come to count her as one who had sinned. It seemed to me that the sin was only his who had lied to her, and for that I hated him.

He came not to the village since the night I met him by the gate and snapped his hunting-crop in twain. Gradually I saw the hope die out of her heart, and I noted that her steps were feeble. So she sank as a flower might wither for the want of the sun, and I swore that, if such chance came to me, Sir Jasper should reap somewhat of the bitterness he had sown.

She had no wish to live—she had every wish to die, for the sake of the life that was dawning within her. So she faded until she could no longer walk abroad, and then— There are some matters of which a man cannot write. Suffice that one day the curtains were drawn in the cottage, and I spent long, long hours alone with the sky, the heather, and my sorrow.

I took upon me the ordering of the funeral. We put her to sleep in a corner of the churchyard, and I was happy to think that she was near my mother, who had loved me too well to think harshly of aught on whom I had spent my love.

When the service was ended, the parson and his clerk, and the few villagers drawn thither by curiosity, passed out of the gate, but I stood looking at the new grave, and thinking.

It might have been half an hour after that I heard the sound of the lifted latch,

and footsteps crunching the gravel of the path.

I did not turn, thinking it was some villager passing through the churchyard. The footstep came nearer, passed me, and paused at the head of the grave. I looked up. It was Sir Jasper Grenill.

"You!" I said. It seemed to me sacrilege that he should be there. My breath came with difficulty.

He looked at me long and curiously. As I remember now, there was no anger in his glance. It seemed more as though he wondered at me.

"Yes, John Trescott, I," he made answer.

"You have come to see the end of your work," I went on sternly.

He looked away.

"Six months ago she came to me with a laugh. There was a laugh in her eyes. She was glad to be alive. And now——"

His voice faded off into a murmur.

"Sir Jasper Grenill," I said, "if you have aught to set right between God and yourself do it speedily, for you are guilty of murder, and vengeance shall overtake you."

"And you, too, loved her," he said wonderingly, letting the words drop slowly from his lips. Then he added, "Yet she is dead—poor Kitty."

A bird hard by on a bush made trial to sing, but his notes were hushed. I caught

the swish of a rat in the hedge, and shuddered.

"Sir Jasper," I began again. He made an emphatic movement, and broke in upon my words.

"Go!" he said. "She was nothing to you—she could have been nothing to you but a dream. I would rather be alone."

"You have killed her."

"Ay, I have killed her."

"And vengeance——"

He caught up my words.

"Vengeance has an odd trick of glossing over these matters—" he stared at the nearest head-stone—"as we gloss over the errors of life on the memorial stones of the dead."

His words were brutal, but now I know they were meaningless to him. I think then he was undergoing his punishment and was trying to cloak his grief with hard words. Then, however, they angered me.

"Vengeance sleeps sometimes," I muttered.

"Always, I think, on such occasions. Poor Kitty had no friend—unless," he looked at me curiously, "you cared to take it up?"

"Unless I care to take it up." I repeated the words slowly, and then went down the path and into the road.

That night I waited on Lydford Bridge. Underneath, forty feet below, was the rocky bed of the stream. Trees growing



He looked at me long and curiously.

on its banks half hid the bed from sight. The summer moon was nigh its full, and cast fantastic shadows around.

I knew that Sir Jasper would pass that way. I had made full sure of that. What was in my mind I knew not, neither did I much care. All I did know was that she was dead, and that Sir Jasper Grenill had slain her as surely as though he had taken his sword from its sheath and plunged it into her heart. For that I had some desire for vengeance, but how that vengeance should come I had no thought.

For the matter of half an hour I waited in the shade of the wall that edged the bridge, watching the shifting shadows of the stirring trees below. Once I started to my feet, but the noise which drew me thus hastily from the shadow was but the scurry of a dog out for a night foray.

I had but made an end to counting the strokes of Lydford Church clock that told me the hour was twelve when I heard the hurried sound of hoofs.

In the shadow of the wall I made ready. I had no weapon, but trusted solely in the strength which I had gotten by honest

living and much exercise. The moon came nearer, until, breasting the round of the bridge, I saw Sir Jasper, mounted, strode into the centre of the way.

"Hold!" I cried. "I have a word to say unto you, Sir Jasper."

"Stand aside!" he cried, spurring his brute at me, but I, nothing daunted, seized the animal by the bridle, and with little effort checked him until he backed on to his haunches.

In the light of the moon Sir Jasper was white and the muscles of his face stood out in relief.

"What do you want with me, John Trescott?" he asked.

"The life of Kitty Kerten—the life of the woman you cheated with lies."

"She is dead!" he made answer. "Let me pass!"

"Nay, not until I have told you what I have in my mind. Not until I

have had from you some sign of remorse."

"What is Kitty to you? She was mine. She came to me readily enough. I told her no lies. She was but too willing to give herself——"

I swore at him. Under the light of the silent moon he told me that—



*I thrust him over, holding him by the waist
dangling above the torrent.*

the blackest lie of all—and I cursed him.

Sir Jasper was no coward. I think he must have seen my purpose in my face when he uttered that lie. He stood up in his stirrups and cut me across the face with his whip. I felt the sting of the thong as the sting of a serpent. With my left hand I tightened my grasp upon the rein, bearing back on the curb until I heard the snap of the horse's jaw. Then throwing my right arm round Sir Jasper's waist, I dragged him from the saddle. The horse screamed, and, maddened with pain, dashed wildly down the road. Sir Jasper, frenzied, strove to free himself, but in my grasp he was powerless. I dragged him—dragged him until he was on the parapet. Underneath we heard the brawl of the torrent. Straining the muscles of my arm, I thrust him over, holding him by the waist dangling above the torrent, forty feet below.

"Pray, if you can, this moment, for in the next her life shall be required of you."

He looked at me in a dazed way. His bloodless lips formed the word "Mercy!"

"Mercy!" I said. "Ay, even that mercy you showed her."

For a moment more, even as it might be the while he murmured a brief prayer, I held him over the torrent. Then I relaxed my hold, and there was space. I heard the sound of crashing among the trees that branched over the torrent, and a few moments after, as though he had been caught by the interposing branches, a thud upon the boulders beneath.

This that I have written is the true account of those matters which changed the tenor of my life. When I was tried for my life at the Assizes I was acquitted by a jury of my countrymen for reasons in which, perchance, sentiment played a greater part than justice. Yet, if I were again circumstanced as I was then, I have but little doubt that I should play a like part.



SOME NOTABLE DWARFS.

By ARTHUR VIZETELLY.

DWARFS have always been more numerous than giants. Herodotus refers to the pigmies of Central Africa, whose descendants are still extant, as are many similar races in different parts of the universe.

European dwarfs, of whom we possess some record, have shown themselves more frequently well proportioned and strong for their size than otherwise. They have generally attained the full period of human existence, and have proved lively, active, irascible, and intelligent. Some have been known to speak four or more languages.

From most ancient times down to the eighteenth century these quaint little people found comfortable homes and easy lives at the Courts of Sovereigns and potentates, where they were regarded in the light of playthings. In later days

they have chiefly had to rely on public curiosity for a living.

The Emperor Augustus, according to Suetonius, was a particular admirer of

comely young dwarfs. One of his nieces is said to have possessed two, measuring only 2 ft. 4 in. Charles IX. of France kept a large number of dwarfs. So did Peter the Great. Gibson and his wife, in the service of Queen Henrietta Maria, the hapless spouse of Charles I., had a united height of 7 ft. 2 in. They begat nine children, five of whom lived to years of maturity, and were the full ordinary size.



CHARLES I. AND JEFFREY HUDSON.

But "Baby," the dwarf of Stanislaus, the dethroned King of Poland, only 33 in. high, died at twenty-three.

One of the most celebrated of all dwarfs was Sir Jeffrey Hudson, another of Queen Henrietta Maria's pets. This

prodigy first saw the light in 1619, at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, appropriately enough the smallest county in England. The little gentleman's father, who kept the Duke of Buckingham's baiting bulls, possessed the frame of a lusty, broad-shouldered man. His mother, a woman of no mean height, had other children, who were all full sized.

Sir Jeffrey at the age of eight was well proportioned, but measured no more than eighteen inches. About this time he entered the service of the Duchess of Buckingham, at Burleigh-on-the-Hill; and when Charles I. and Henrietta were entertained there, was served up at a banquet in a cold paste, which had been specially made to hold him. On the Duchess cutting the pie open he sprang out, armed cap-à-pie, to the astonishment and amusement of the royal guests. The Queen, delighted with the tiny mite, at once took him into her service.

From the age of eight to thirty, Jeffrey remained the same height, but on attaining the end of the third decade he sprang up to 3 ft. 9 in., and then stopped growing altogether. This diminutive man afforded vast amusement at Court. The ladies were extremely fond of him, but he was much teased by the courtiers and domestics, and had many squabbles with Will Evans, the King's giant knock-kneed porter.



OWEN FARREL (THE IRISH DWARF).

One day when the King happened to be in a merry mood, he knighted Jeffrey, who thereupon, seeing himself so much favoured by royalty, forgot his humble origin, and gave himself airs. "Hee was high in mind, not knowing himself, and he would not knowe his father, for which, by the King's command, he was soundly

corrected." Poor Sir Jeffrey! Nevertheless, his royal master entrusted him with a very important and delicate mission. In 1630 he was despatched to France to fetch a midwife for the Queen, and also her Majesty's dancing-master! On the way home the whole party fell a prey to Dunkirkers, along with the many costly presents sent to Henrietta by her mother, Marie de Médicis, and money and effects to the value of £2500, gifts to Sir Jeffrey from ladies of the French Court. Sir William Davenant immortalised this adventure in a poem entitled "Jeffreidos." An extremely rare little volume,



TITLE-PAGE OF BOOK DEDICATED TO JEFFREY HUDSON.

written in Sir Jeffrey's honour, and published in 1636, under the title of "The New



BORUWLASKI.

(From the Title-page of his Memoirs.)

Yeere's Gift," contains a small full-length portrait of the dwarf, engraved by Martin Droeshout. Years afterwards, Heath in his "Clara-stella," 1658, wrote in this little man's praise—

... Though low you seem,
Yet you're both great and high in men's esteem:
Your soul's as large as others, so's your mind:
To greatness, virtue's not like strength confin'd.

Sir Jeffrey, in point of fact, proved himself a valiant little fellow. When the troubles came, he was appointed

captain of horse in the Royal Army and in 1644 accompanied the Queen to France. He there had a dispute with the brother of Lord Crofts, and challenged him to fight. Mr. Crofts accepted, but deeming his little antagonist beneath his anger, arrived on the ground armed with a squirt. This so enraged Sir Jeffrey that a real duel ensued on horseback, in order to place the combatants more on a level. The dwarf shot his opponent dead at first fire.

This happened at Calais, about 1653, and Sir Jeffrey was first of all imprisoned.



JOSEPH BORUWLASKI.



BORUWLASKI ESCORTED TO HIS COACH.

and afterwards expelled the Court. Ultimately he returned to England, and for some time resided in his native county, living upon several small pensions allowed him by the Duke of Buckingham and others. After awhile he removed to London, where, arrested on suspicion of being connected with Titus Oates's Popish plot, he found himself committed to the Gatehouse at Westminster. He died in 1682, shortly after his release from prison, in the sixty-third year of his age. Another old-time dwarf of the "public character" species was Owen Farrel, an Irishman,

who was famous for his (comparatively) prodigious ragged staff and still more ragged attire.

About the middle of the last century crowds flocked to the "Dwarf Tavern" in Chelsea Fields, kept by a certain Pinchbeck, to contemplate John Coan, the "Norfolk Dwarf," who came into the world in 1728, at a place called Twitshall.

Sixteen years later this little man measured no more than 3 ft. in height, and weighed only 27½ lb. In 1750, when he had attained the age of twenty-two, he brought down the scales at 34 lb., with all his clothes on, and marked 3 ft. 2 in. under the standard, in hat, wig, and shoes. He had not been long in town before the Princess Dowager of Wales sent for him to Leicester House, where

he agreeably entertained the young Princes and Princesses, to whom he recited some lines concluding thus—

Let others boast their stature or their birth,
This glorious truth shall fill my soul with mirth—

That I now am, and hope for years shall sing,
The Smallest Subject of the Greatest King:

No wonder if soon afterwards he was received by George II and presented with a handsome purse:

Coan had histrionic tastes. He played at Tunbridge Wells, and frequently

delivered prologues and speeches for the amusement of his visitors. In 1762 he took up his quarters at the tavern in Chelsea Fields. The Cherokee King and his two chiefs were among those who paid him a visit, and, according to the *Daily Advertiser*, were so delighted that they returned again the following Sunday at seven in the evening to drink tea, promising

to make a third call a few days later. Two years afterwards Mr. Coan succumbed to the task of keeping his numerous visitors constantly amused. The publican-showman exhibited his body as long as possible, and when the corpse at last had to be buried, still endeavoured to attract customers by showing Coan in effigy

Joseph Boruwlaski, styled the Polish Count, was another



BORUWLASKI AS COURTIER.

remarkable dwarf. When born, near Chaliez, Polish Russia, in November 1739, he measured exactly 8 in. long. He was neither weak nor defective, and his mother, who suckled him, affirmed that none of her children, of whom Joseph was the third, had given her less trouble. At twelve months he measured 14 in., at six years 17 in. At the age of thirty he had attained 3 ft. 3 in., and there he remained.

His parents, who were of medium build, had five sons and a daughter. Three of these children grew to be tall. Two, like

Joseph, failed to pass the average height of boys and girls of four or five. Anastasia, the sister, Joseph's junior by seven years, could stand under his extended arm. When death overtook her at the age of twenty she measured only 2 ft. 4 in., but was a perfect model of symmetry and beauty. Joseph's eldest brother, eleven years his senior, became a strong, vigorous



THE CORSICAN FAIRY.

little fellow 42 in. high. He also ceased growing at thirty.

When Joseph Boruwlaski, at the age of eight, lost his father, the Stadstina of Caorlitz took charge of him. Four years later his benefactress married her second husband, and Joseph passed to the protection of Countess Humiecka. In this lady's company the dwarf made a tour of Europe, and on being presented to the Empress Maria Theresa, was taken on her knee and questioned as to his travels. Boruwlaski answered that he had seen many things worthy of admiration, but

nothing so extraordinary as what he beheld at that moment.

"And what is that?" inquired her Majesty.

"Why, to see so small a man in the lap of so great a woman," answered Joseph.

The Empress, mighty pleased, gave the dwarf a ring, which she drew from the finger of a little girl some six years old, who was none other than the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, future Queen of France.

From Vienna the travellers went to Luneville to visit Stanislaus, and there Boruwlaski met "Baby," the King's dwarf. A few inches the taller, he attempted to set poor Joseph on the fire, for which he received a good whipping at the King's command, and for a time was forbidden the royal presence.

When Joseph visited Holland, Princess Nassau-Weilbourg took him on her knee, as had done the Empress Maria Theresa, inquiring if he regretted not being taller. The little man, ever ready with a repartee, at once replied—

"No, for if I were I should not have the honour of sitting upon your ladyship's lap."

Considering all the caresses showered on this dwarf by the fair sex, it is hardly surprising that he at last fell in love. This event occurred when he was twenty-five years old and 35 in. high, the object of his affection being a full-grown French actress. On the intrigue becoming known, it occasioned much gossip, and the actress, to save herself from ridicule, openly laughed at her little admirer, while his benefactress, the Countess, exceedingly indignant, read him a severe lecture. Boruwlaski, promising amendment, was restored to favour, and for some years passed a pleasant, uneventful existence. At the age of forty, love again disturbed his happiness. This time his heart fell a victim to a young person in the same household as himself, named Isalina Barboutan. The girl was discharged, and the dwarf confined to his apartment. Love proving victorious, the Countess showed herself inexorable, and poor Boruwlaski found himself turned adrift on the world.

In this predicament he applied to Prince Casimir, who secured him a

pension of 100 ducats from his brother, King Stanislaus II., the last Polish monarch; whereupon the parents of his sweetheart, noting that their daughter's liliputian suitor was enjoying the King's favour, gave their consent to the union, and the lovesick Joseph at last became happy.

Not long afterwards, with a view to increasing his income, he made a second tour of Europe, accompanied by his wife. They left Warsaw in November, and after visiting several cities on the Continent, landed at Margate in March 1782, along with a little stranger in the form of a daughter born during their travels. Under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Boruwlaski was taken to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and presented to the King, the Queen, and the junior members of the royal family. In 1783 he set out on a tour through the United Kingdom, and while in Ireland received news of the birth of a second child. In 1788 he published his memoirs, which were issued again in 1792, and finally in 1820. After

AUTOGRAPH OF SIMON PAAP.

ripe age of ninety-eight. His wife and two children had died many years before.

Quite a dainty little lady dwarf was Madame Theresia, the "Corsican Fairy," who held receptions at the Arts Museum, Cockspur Street, in 1769. This small person stood only 34 in. high, and weighed no more than 26 lb. at six-and-twenty. Her birthplace was the Stata Ota Mountain, in Corsica. Elegant, pretty, exceedingly well proportioned, of admirable symmetry, vivacious, spirited, womanly, and yet fairy-like, speaking French and Italian with equal facility, she became a great favourite with her visitors, and made a strong impression on all who saw her, besides arousing general public interest. This charming little creature paid London a second visit in 1773, when her whole-length portrait was engraved by Worlidge.

In 1816 a diminutive Dutch dwarf, named Mr. Simon Paap, was on show in London. He came into the world on May 25, 1789, at Zand Voort, in Holland, and in early infancy had the appearance of a fine, thriving child. His father, a fisherman, was blessed with other sons and daughters, all being of ordinary height. When Simon had completed his third year, he ceased to grow, to the astonishment and dismay of his parents, and thenceforth remained stationary. At twenty-nine he did not exceed 28 in., and weighed only 27 lb. Although handsome and well proportioned, his head was over-large for his size. His appetite seldom exceeded that of a child of four. He took his wine freely, but not to excess, and, like all his countrymen, was fond of his pipe. Extremely affable and

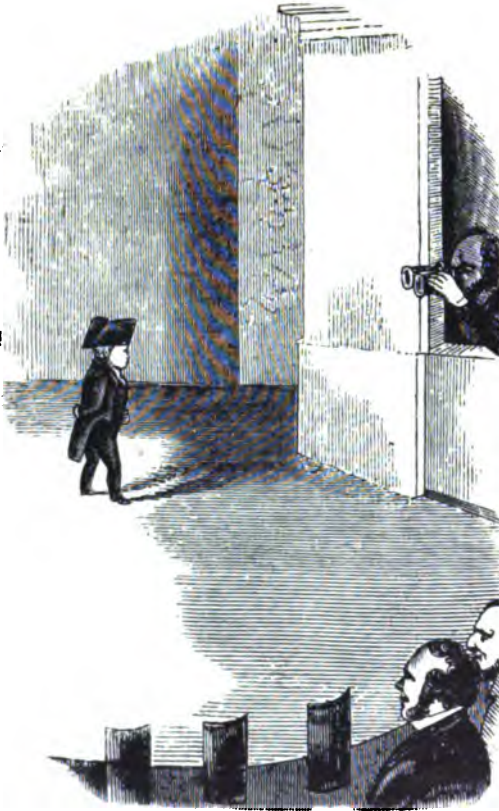


SIMON PAAP.

one visit to his native land, he settled down in this country, where he ended his days in ease and comfort on Sept. 5, 1837, at Durham, having reached the

communicative, he spoke good French and English besides his own language.

When first seen in Bond Street, he wore a blue silk jacket, large baggy breeches of blue figured satin, white silk stockings and waistcoat, with steel buckles in his shoes. On his breast shone a miniature portrait of the Prince of Orange set in gold. The front of his jacket was ornamented by two



TOM THUMB AS NAPOLEON.

large gold buttons, and his fingers sparkled with several rings.

Mr. Simon Paap had the honour of being presented to the Queen, the Prince Regent, and the royal family at Carlton House on May 5, 1815. He was also introduced to the Lord Mayor, and exhibited at Smithfield, upwards of 20,000 persons flocking to see him in four days. He twice appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, where he discharged a liliputian musket, and went through all the exercise of a soldier with great precision. When taking an airing in St. James's Park and

the West End, he walked out attired as a boy of four, generally with a small whip in his hand, and always accompanied by a nursemaid to screen him from public importunity.

In 1844 we were visited by Mr. Charles Sherwood Stratton, the "American Man in Miniature," more popularly known as "Tom Thumb." He is said to have been born at Bridgeport, Conn., U.S.A., on Jan 11, 1832, when he weighed 9 lb. 2 oz., somewhat more than the average babe at birth. On reaching five months he brought down the scales at 15 lb., and measured 25 in. Up to 1845 he did not increase in stature, and only added 2 oz. to his weight. He first appeared in public at Barnum's old American Museum, in New York, where he attracted 30,000 persons, and for six weeks was the lion of the city. After a triumphal progress through the States, he sailed for England in January 1844, escorted to the ship *Forkshire* by 10,000 people.

Immediately on his arrival in London he called at the office of the *Illustrated London News*, and the first portrait taken of him in this country appears in the copy of that journal dated Feb 24, 1844. Tom Thumb had light hair, a fair, fresh complexion, dark eyes, well-developed forehead, good mouth, great vivacity of expression, and was gifted with a never-failing cheerful demeanour. His voice was pitched in a shrill childish treble. He appeared at the Princess's Theatre, where he mimicked the walk and manner of the Great Napoleon with ludicrous effect. Afterwards he posed as Grecian statues, and enacted other drolleries.

Escorted by Barnum, this "little, great, small man" waited upon the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Duchess of Kent at Buckingham Palace on March 23, 1844. He appeared before the Queen and members of the royal family several times, receiving many costly gifts from her Majesty. On the last occasion he wore a full Court suit, and sang a comic song to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," into which he introduced the royal personages present.

Before leaving England he had an elegant chariot built for him in Soho, at a

cost of £400, suitable in size to his dimensions. This vehicle, lined and fitted in the most sumptuous style, had the door-panels emblazoned with the "General's" arms: Britannia and the Goddess of Liberty, supported by the British Lion and the American Eagle. Crest: The rising sun and the British and American flags, with the motto "Go ahead!" To draw this liliputian conveyance a pair of Shetland ponies were purchased at Astley's Amphitheatre, and two lads in gorgeous liveries acted as coachman and footman. An engraving of the whole turn-out appeared in the *Illustrated London News* for Aug. 31, 1844.

In February 1845 Tom Thumb visited Paris, where he was received by Louis Philippe and the royal family, afterwards making the tour of France and Belgium.

Subsequently he appeared before Queen Isabella and the Spanish Court. In

December he returned to England, and after a second visit to London, where he was as popular as ever, made a tour in the United Kingdom.

On the completion of this trip, Tom Thumb sailed back to the land of the wooden nutmegs with a nice little fortune of £150,000. He visited England on several other occasions, once accompanied by his wife, Mercy Lavinia Bump, otherwise Warren, a dwarf like

himself, and two other liliputian creatures named Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren.

Tom Thumb is said to have had one child, Minnie, who died in infancy. The "General" died at Middleborough, Mass., U.S.A., July 15, 1883, of apoplexy. At



GENERAL TOM THUMB.



TOM THUMB'S CARRIAGE.

the time of his demise he had increased to a height of 40 in. and weighed 70 lb., having grown very stout. He was buried at Bridgeport, where a marble shaft 40 ft. high, with a full-length statue on the top, stands to his memory. In 1885 his widow married Count Primo Magni, an Italian dwarf.

At the same time as "Tom Thumb" came over here, there appeared in the

dances and sang songs before the Queen and a select Court circle in May 1840.

About the same period, a most extraordinary young person, styled the "Wonderful Dwarf Giantess," arrived from Australia. The peculiarities of this person were her short stature and prodigious fatness. Her name was Mary Jane Youngman. She was fifteen years of age, and almost as broad



THE HIGHLAND DWARFS.

Metropolis three Highland dwarfs from Ross-shire. The eldest, Finlay Mackinlay, who had reached the age of twenty-three, measured 45 in. from head to heel, and weighed 81 lb. His brother John, a junior by two years, stood 44 in., and weighed 73 lb. Mary, their sister, two years younger than John, was 44 in. high, and weighed 80 lb. Attired in the full dress of the Clan of Ross, these remarkable little people performed their national

as long, for she measured 2 ft. 11 in. high, 3 ft. 6 in. round the shoulders, 4 ft. 3 in. round the waist, 2 ft. round the leg, and 1 ft. round the arm.

Chung-Mow, a rebel Tartar dwarf who visited us with Chang, the Chinese giant, measured only 38 in. high. His face and manner were most amusing, and he showed in striking disproportion to his tall companion, but his figure was no match for that of Tom Thumb.

THE BEAUFOY ROMANCES.

No. III.—BEAUFOY'S VENGEANCE.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

WHEN the men of Augoumois spoke of the Vengeance of Beaufoy, which they did for three generations, they had in their thought a certain late August day in 1467, the year that saw that gamecock among princes, Charles the Bold, buckle on his spurs. And if, in that Vengeance, the Seigneur forgot mercy in judgment, there is this in his excuse: that he dealt with those who showed no mercy. Further, if the chief end of judgment is to deter evil-doers, then had there never been before so shrewd a stroke of justice, since for hard on a score of years thereafter the Suzerainty had peace from reivers, forest thieves, and masterless man. Yet, for all this, the vengeance was unbecoming a Christian man, though it was characteristic of Raimond de Beaufoy that because he struck for another he struck hard, for it was not Beaufoy that he avenged but Theodore, Bishop of Grandfrai.

This was how it came about.

As, hard upon seven years before, they two had ridden out from the Convent of Our Lady of Good Hope, as has been already told, the Seigneur was half content and half wrathful. He had lost his point, but so had my Lord Bishop, and they were therefore quits. Now, to hold himself no better than his neighbour was a new thing to Beaufoy, and set him thinking; so that at last, out of the fullness of his heart, he spoke—

"I owe you no grudge for this day's worsting," said he. "At best 'tis a stalemate, and none can cry check to the other. The wisdom of it to me is this: that you have need of me for this world,

Bishop, and I of you for the next. Let us join hands, and so both be the stronger. Who touches Grandfrai touches Beaufoy, and Beaufoy will see to it; and thou, on thy part, hast thy prayers, thy masses—eh? Is it a bargain?"

Theodore of Grandfrai turned in his saddle and looked down the long line of Beaufoy's men. "I understand well enough," said he, still looking hard behind, "but I think the heavy end of the stick lies with me."

"By St. Francis, not so!" cried the Seigneur. "Heard you ever that Beaufoy had wronged woman or weakling, sold justice for a bribe, broke the plight of his oath, set self before sacrifice, lived sleek on another's sweat, swined himself with wine, or worked another's downfall by false craft? No saint am I, Monseigneur, to my shame and sorrow, but no sinner beyond Christ's mercy. Besides, a five-year-old boy makes for virtue in his father. Is it a bargain?"

"Raimond de Beaufoy is Raimond de Beaufoy," answered the Bishop; "but what of two score of the earth's dross?"

"Leave them to me to keep clean by the fear of man if not of God. Is it a bargain, I say?"

And Theodore answered: "A bargain, Seigneur; and for life?"

Whereat Beaufoy rubbed his chin. "Why, no, Monseigneur; that were as bad as if a man took to himself a second wife; and one is enough for me. A life's a long arm's-length. Say seven years."

"And then," said the Bishop slyly, "the year of release!"

"The year of release," echoed Beaufoy gravely, not understanding a jot of the reference, "a good phrase, and mayhap an apt one."

"And will the pact include the Convent of Our Lady?"

"The Convent of Our Lady holds Denise de Vaucourt," answered Beaufoy sternly, "and say what you will, she is Beaufoy's ward. Woe to him, gentle or simple, who touches Our Lady of Good Hope while Denise de Vaucourt lives."

"Between us two, then, Seigneur?"

"Between us two, Bishop. There is my hand upon it, and if I fail to hold to my pledge, may the Lord show me no mercy in my time of need."

And so the compact was made.

That, as has been said, was seven years past; and now, with no more than the last few sands of the time to run, Raimond de Beaufoy had roused the Seigneurie that he might keep faith. Thrice before he had done this, but thrice only in two-and-thirty years. Once after the Vaucourt massacre, to beat the woods for men as a hunter might for wolves and foxes; once when he led fifty trained men and four times that of villains to aid, at his own cost, in the crushing of Talbot at Castillon; and once, as shall be told, when the King came to Beaufoy.

For the repressing of sudden turbulence, the enforcings of his powers of justice or right as Seigneur, Beaufoy's paid men were commonly sufficient. But this was no common case, and so he had roused the Seigneurie, and marched on Grandfrai with five-score men at his back.

"This," said Beaufoy to Marmontel, his squire, who rode by his side, "comes of living over-little for this world and over-much for the next. A man, while he has his feet on the earth, should keep some of his wits there too. Here is Theodore of Grandfrai, as gracious and kindly a man as ever said 'No!' out of a stern conscience, and yet he must need set his vassals by the ears, as if they were not flesh and blood, because they were chattels of the Church. Pray God they have not got his palace tore down about him before we succour him."

"But, by your leave, Seigneur," said Marmontel — it was Marmontel the younger, and own son of his father in devotion to Beaufoy — "if Flemish Peter told truth these are the very scum of the woods. Broken men from east and west, camp-followers from the wars round Paris, free-lances, rogues, thieves, and worse. How then——"

"The nearer the devil the greater need of the Church," and the Seigneur laughed. "Would you have my Lord Bishop fret and harry grey-frocked monks? But he missed his mission. Stocks, pillories, and brandings stand in poor stead of the love of God, and yet I do not blame Theodore of Grandfrai, but rather that thin-faced Spaniard that sits in his ear. May the Lord love Beaufoy better than to leave its Seigneur to play the fool to its undoing in his old age! See what comes of it, Marmontel. There was Grandfrai, a father in Augoumois these fifty years. If he spoke a blunt word now and then, it was all in kindness; and what man had the better right than he, who fed the hungry, soothed the sorrowing, assoilzied the dying, and loved all, the small and the great, with an equal love, and never to his own gain? That he clung to his rights like a dog to a bone was naught to his disparagement: a man should be a man, and no boneless jellyfish. Then comes this Salamanca Prior, and in a twinkle white 's black. A year ago these rogues, scum as they are, would have throttled the vile rogue who cursed Grandfrai; now they have passed beyond curses, and come to works."

"And we," said Marmontel sourly, "must dance till our bones ache to the music set blaring by this same lean bigot."

"No, by St. Francis, no!" cried the Seigneur, "but rather you must uphold Beaufoy's pledged word; and that you shall do, were it passed to the devil himself."

Grandfrai, for all its bishopric, was no more than a straggling village on the high-road from Ruffec to Nortron, and lay beyond the boundary of Beaufoy's Suzerainty, and, saving for his compact, the quarrel was no more his than that of



"Who touches Grandfrai touches Beaufoy, and Beaufoy will see to it."

Blaise la Valette, Gaspard St. Claud, or the Count de Confolens. But of these the first was in his dotage, the second at Paris with Louis, and no mortal ever knew the third care for aught save the filling of his stomach with meat and drink. On Beaufoy, then, fell the burden of law and order, and as they rode into Grandfrai it was plain there was no light weight to be borne.

Not a house but was mishandled. The doors driven in, the thatch a-smouldering, the patches of vineyard and melons broken down, or trampled into ruin, and the paths strewn with the wrecked litter of the poor furnishings. Nor had their owners escaped. Sorrowful lamentations were matched with still more sorrowful silences, and the bitterest fruit of war had been plucked and scattered in the lavish waste of an abundant harvest.

Half Grandfrai lay dead in its spoiled gardens. Here a huddle of woman's clothes, there a sodden lump choking the trickling flow of the kennel; further on a greybeard peasant prone across his threshold, half within and half without, and who had died on his knees as he fell; groups of twos and threes that in desperation had turned, bare handed, on their murderers—but everywhere, to right and left, desolation and death. But neither fire nor slaughter checked the Seigneur until, midway up the straggle of the village, he halted to question a woman sitting in the road with a babe on her lap. She was the first living thing he had seen in Grandfrai.

"What of Monseigneur the Bishop?" he cried, leaning across his horse's neck.

She looked up at him dully, then back to the babe, shaking her head. Gathering her burden into her left arm, she fumbled at the bosom of her dress, opening it, and setting to her breast the mouth of the child. As she did so a trickle of blood came from the lips that should have sucked; and again she looked up, silent but whimpering, and her mouth all a-tremble.

"Damnation!" said the Seigneur softly, between his teeth; and sitting back in his saddle, he drove his spurs hard

home. "Ride on, men!" Nor paused again until they turned into the square where stood the palace, with its ugly, squat, low-roofed church across the angle.

From end to end the place was empty, but there were those scattered on the shallow flight of steps leading up to the church-doors to show that life had been. In ones and twos they lay as they had fallen, but chiefly to the sides, as if they had been caught and cut down in a frantic rush for shelter: women, for the most part, drawn by the service; for the day was the day of St. John Baptist.

At the sound of the hoof-beats in the square there came a stir from the church. White scared faces looked out of the black vault of the open door, across which there hung the tattered remnants of a heavy curtain, and of a sudden there was a thin babble of lamentation. The terror-bound tongues were unloosed, and wrath and sorrow found voice; no form of words, no coherency, only a shrill, murmuring clamour as of Rachel weeping for her children and beyond all comfort.

Leaping down, his face white under its bronze, Beaufoy mounted the steps, Marmontel and a dozen others hard behind. In the sharp fury of battle he had sent more than one man to his death, and thought naught of it either then or afterward. But this callous slaughter as of sheep, this dry-voiced wailing, half fear, half loss, moved him as never had stricken field.

At the door of the church he paused in a rare uncertainty.

"Where is Monseigneur? Have they dared mishandle him like—like——" And he looked, with a gesture, down the steps. "Like these others?"

It was a woman who answered, an old witch-wife, shrunk and wizened with age. "Come and see," said she, and gripped him by the arm.

She had seen too much that day to have terror of the living, though he were Seigneur, Suzerain, or King. Where has rubbed elbows with death for hour, there is little left in life to fear day before it might have cost her right hand to have so much as to

the Seigneur; now calamity had drawn together class and class, and she gripped him as if he were but flesh and blood like herself.

"Come and see."

She led him in, the now silent troop of peasants shuffling at their heels. The church was in utter darkness except for one twinkling lamp hung high up against the roof: so high that it had escaped the

Grandfrai, dumb, or whispering shrilly under their breath, and staring hard at the Seigneur. The strength of the church, their trust for so many years, was broken; but here was a new and rougher power, and dimly, half unconsciously, their trust went out to him.

Slowly the darkness gave up its secrets. First, the loom of the wide pillars with rough, unusual, sprawling patches at their



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destruction measured out to every altar and in every side chapel; but so thick was the gloom—for the church was built against blind walls to north and south—and so thin and remote the light, that all the further end, where was the great altar, and behind the pillars, was black as night.

Ten steps from the door, and Beaufoy—the woman still clinging to him—paused at his eyes might grow accustomed to gloom, and in behind him gathered small remnant of the people of

feet, with here and there a blotch of grey that, as their eyes found power, lightened into a dead face; then the uncertain stretch of walls, broken by niches or small votive chapels; and lastly, slowly, very slowly, the far-off chancel stalls and the dim brown depths of the choir.

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been torn from their place and used to batter down the shrines. Not a marble stood upon its base, not a candlestick but was crushed and twisted, not a vestment but was rent to rags and rolled in the blood of that day's martyrdoms.

"See!" and the woman turned her wrinkled face up to Beaufoy, shaking his arm as she spoke. "See, they were worse than devils. Not Satan himself would dare touch holy things."

"But Monseigneur?" cried Beaufoy, speaking in his impatience and dread as men were not wont to speak in such a place. "Where is Monseigneur?"

"Come and see," said the woman a second time.

With the assured step of one who knows every tile in the worn pavement, she urged the Seigneur forward, then of a sudden, when a dozen feet from the shattered railing that had shut apart the chancel, she dropped his arm and ran forward alone.

At the altar-steps she paused, and falling on her knees, and in a hoarse whisper, "See, Seigneur, see! Were they not worse than devils?"

There, on the third step, was Theodore of Grandfrai, done to death in the very ministry of the service. That he had turned to meet these breakers of Sanctuary was clear, for his wounds were all in front, as those of a warrior should be, and to the last Theodore of Grandfrai had been a true Soldier of the Cross. That he had died denouncing sin and defending his flock was probable, for behind him was a shambles and his wounds were many and deep. But whatever of wrath there had been was gone, and he lay as if asleep. His eyes were closed, his arms drawn decently to his side, and on his breast lay a rude crucifix carved from some common wood.

"God give us all as sweet a rest," said Beaufoy, turning to those about him. "Which way went these slayers of priests?"

As he spoke there was a hum and buzz across the church. They loved their Bishop, these poor souls, and the Seigneur's pity was dear to them, but for the moment they loved vengeance better. At

once a dozen voices broke out, and in the dim light there were wild and passionate gestures.

"Westward, Seigneur, westward, and there are none so many of them, no more than two score."

"Two score! And they sacked Grandfrai?"

"Two-score devils," answered the woman; "and they took us by surprise. My son Jean they piked as——"

"Aye, I can guess the tale; let it rest, mother."

Down on his knees he went, and lifting up the crucifix, he kissed it before them all and held it aloft.

"I was too late, Lord God, too late to save him. And though he might say 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge,' so say not I." Then he kissed the cross a second time, and laid it back whence he had taken it.

"Let Beaufoy's men follow me," he said, rising. "The rest bide here and right this disorder as best they can."

At the door he turned, and thrusting aside the tattered curtain, looked back into the gloom. "Listen!" he said, "and I pray God the dead can hear it also. Until justice be done I swear by the honour of Beaufoy that I will not cross the door of my house, no, not though the vengeance be seven years in the coming," and at the words from behind him there came a shout that grew and swelled into a roar. Beaufoy's men were as hot in the blood as Beaufoy's lord.

"If it were into Hell's mouth," said Marmontel as they rode at a sharp trot out into the pastures, "they would follow you unwinking, their gall is so stirred. Seigneur, you never heard the like of the poor folks' tales; they were a shame to Christendom, and the Lord have mercy on the Spanish Prior"

"By St. Francis," cried Beaufoy, "I had forgotten the Prior. What of him?"

"They have him fast, and if we do not catch them up by nightfall——"

"We must, we shall," and Beaufoy smote his thigh with his clenched fist. "Their spoil of beasts hinders them, and besides, they are drunk with slaughter,

and so have no fear. Be content, Marmontel, we shall catch them."

"And then, Seigneur?"

Raimond de Beaufoy's face grew ugly in its grim hardness. "Wait," he said, "wait," and said no more, but the words were fuller of meaning than a curse.

Yet at this time the Seigneur had no plan. How or where he should lay hands on them, or how deal with the wretches, he knew not, and what happened afterwards happened, in a sense, of chance.

"There are some two or three on horseback, Seigneur," went on Marmontel; "part of the loot of Grandfrai."

"On horseback, eh?" and Beaufoy laughed dourly. "Set a beggar on horseback, and where does he ride? On my word, they are like to learn shortly, whether or no the proverb holds. "Faster, men, faster!"

To track two-score reivers with a mixed multitude of cattle, sheep, and goats was no hard matter. The broken undergrowth and trampled grass left no room for question. Apparently they had been in no haste, for at intervals the belt of trodden herbage broadened out that the beasts might rest and crop the grass, green enough under the trees in spite of the parched dryness of the long summer. What need had they for haste? Grandfrai was palsied, and they guessed nought of the urgent message sent to Beaufoy.

The Seigneur's troop had held their course for little more than an hour, when Marmontel, who rode by his master, half

checked his horse and pointed ahead. Between the distant tree-trunks, here more scattered than common, was a brown and dun dappling that twinkled in and out, now showing clear, now lost again.

"We have them, Seigneur, we have them. Ten minutes' gallop and we're in touch."

But Beaufoy threw up a warning hand



There, on the third step, was Theodore of Grandfrai, done to death.

and reined back. They had ridden far and their beasts were fagged; now that they held their prey, as it were, in a leash, there was no need for haste. So, for half an hour the hunters and the unconscious quarry kept an even pace. So near were they that at times laughter or a snatch of song came down the wind, but never once did those before look back. Then there befel a kind of chance. A horse of the

troop of those ahead whinnied, and one of Beaufoy's answered, and on the moment the Seigneur struck home his spurs.

"The hunt's afoot," he cried. "Forward, men, and leave mercy to God Almighty!"

With a shout they broke into a gallop, sweeping like shadows between the tree-trunks; and with an answering shout, half terror half rage, the men in front woke into life. There was an instant's confusion; then, like men used to the worst emergencies and trained to prompt action, they dashed on, abandoning their booty without a thought to fight for it. Rogues in grain, they could thief or murder, but had little stomach for battle.

To Beaufoy's joy they held together. Had they scattered his vengeance would have been as slow to win as to eat a pomegranate seed by seed; and as he saw them driving ahead in a bunch, he blessed St. Francis in his heart.

In the centre of the flying group was a bound man—the Salamancan Prior, no doubt, and he hindered them.

"See," said the Seigneur to Marmontel, a grim laugh on his face, "vengeance is ever sweeter than spoils, and the rascals will risk hanging for their small hope of revenge. There they go to the left like a drove of scared sheep; was the straight course not good enough for them? By the Saints! I have it. They are in full cry for the Cave of the Wolves, and may slip our fingers yet. There is an outlet on the south. Round with you, Marmontel, and five with you. The exit there is narrow, no more than the squeeze of a horse. Block it up, and we have them in a trap. Ride, man, ride! there are rocks in plenty. Oh, St. Francis, my patron, I thank thee from my soul—I thank thee from my soul! Ask what thou wilt of me, and by the Lord whose man I am I will give it thee, aye, to the whole of Beaufoy!"

In his deep wolfish gladness the Seigneur's heart was in his cry, but there is no record that he was ever the poorer for his oath; mayhap because St. Francis was sworn to poverty.

Away to the left sped Marmontel with half a dozen at his beast's heels, each

urging his horse to the utmost speed. The distance was not great, but the ground was on an upward slope, and if they were to stop the second hole of the burrow they had need to make haste. Stop it they did, rolling down into the narrow gap heavy boulders and cruel pointed rocks, so that neither horse nor man could force a way through, and so that end of the cave comes no more into the tale.

But while Marmontel rode fast, Beaufoy checked his men. Now that he saw their goal, he had no mind to baulk them. He would have them pent as in the hollow of his hand, whereas to have blundered into their midst would have been to lose some of them in the scattering. Therefore he checked the pursuit, and let them break out of the wood and into the cave's mouth unmolested.

As he sat waiting and rubbing his chin, his eye caught the dull glare of the charcoal furnaces spread through the great stretch of beech-trees, and a thought struck him.

"I shall try it—by St. Francis, I shall try it!" he cried. "The pity is for the beasts; as for the men, 'tis their due and no more. Listen!" and he beckoned to Flemish Peter to come near. "Back, thou, to Grandfrai, and search out a dozen or a score of horses; never fear but there are some hidden away. Clap on their backs as many of Beaufoy's men as they can carry, two or three apiece, if need be—the louts can hold one another in place—and let them bring every man a shovel and a mattock. Hunt through the palace of my Lord Bishop, and pick me out a dozen or more of sheets or blankets, as broad and as long as thou canst find, and be not too nice in choosing, since those we saw in the church are done with such things. Bring these, thou, and bid them send wine and meat after us. Then ride here, every man of you, and waste no time though your beasts drop."

Then, the quarry having gone to earth, he roused up his horse and pushed on.

The cave opened from a narrow cleft in the flat face of naked rock, the mouth being set some thirty yards back at the

head of a roofless path, with a double turn approaching in shape to a rude S, so that those without were hidden from those within. Facing this wall of rock was a sun-dried, semicircular plateau stretching back a half furlong to the outlying timber that fringed the forest, a plateau that had been a luxuriant

"Here we camp for to-night at least. When they come racketting back, as they will presently, let them find a fire to welcome them. A dozen of us in sight will do, and some of you tether the beasts back in the woods for coolness."

The story of how the trapped wretches, hearing the rattle of the rocks, rolled into



He beckoned Flemish Peter to come near.

greenness while the spring rains endured, but which was now a barren wilderness of sere and crisped herbage.

Across this rode Beaufoy, and boldly pushing between the lines of rock, only drew rein when in full sight of the cave's mouth. As he had reckoned, it was empty, those within having made all haste to escape by the upper end, only to find Marmontel forehanded with them.

"Off and unsaddle," cried Beaufoy.

the cramped narrowness of the upper outlet, rounded in their tracks, and made pell-mell for the entrance, only to find a camp-fire crackling in their path; and how they turned back to the inner blackness, cursing their folly, may go untold. So, too, the story of the weary, and yet unwearied, vigilance of Beaufoy's men, who all night long watched by the roaring blaze, sleepless and singing, for never once from midnight onward did they cease the

chant the Seigneur had bid them strike up to muffle that ring of mattock and shovel being plied in the open outside the rocks.

It was at midnight that Beaufoy's men came straggling in from Grandfrai in twos and threes, and found their labour waiting them.

"See!" and the Seigneur pointed out in the moonlight two lines of little sticks ten feet apart, and drawn from rock to rock in a curve, so as to enclose the entrance of the cave. "Draw me a trench between these lines. First skin the surface some two inches deep and lay aside the dry sods. Then let the sides sink as if by a plummet. Spread out these cloths to the outer edge of the curve, and fill the stuff into them. One-third dig, one-third empty the cloths into the wood yonder, and one-third rest. Change shifts every hour. The ground is sandy and easy to work, but with enough of clay to bind the sand. Remember what you saw this day in Grandfrai, and work. Or, if you will not work for the honour of Beaufoy and the glory of God, work for the five crowns wherewith every man of you may drink himself drunk for seven days hereafter; or, if not for that, then, by St. Francis, work for your skin's sake, for, by the faith of Beaufoy, the man who lags had better have died this day at Grandfrai. Do you hear, dogs? Work, I say, work!"

So, on through the changing shadows of the night: on into the dawn and breadth of the young day, there was no pause in the stroke of mattock or swing of shovels, and by the time the sun was above the beech-trees Beaufoy had his will in a huge black trench, ten feet across and as many deep, that yawned in a great bow from cliff to cliff, its sides as smooth and straight as if set by stone and cord. Only at either end was there a path a foot wide, and battened up to keep it from falling in.

"Good," said the Seigneur. "Go and rest, my children; you have done well. Now, Marmontel, seek me out of the woods straight saplings and lay them across, two yards apart and as many inches below the surface, while I talk to our friends of the charcoal furnaces."

A long furlong off, where the forest thickened, were the huts of charcoal-burners and their furnaces: first, rude, temporary booths, built thatched to give some shelter from rain; need of warmth there was none: second, conical sod-coated heaps about piled faggots, with here and there vents that glowed ruddily by night, when the sluggish smoke was thick. Between the huts were great stacks of new-made charcoal, ready for the buyer's winter store of fuel. The men themselves were sturdy and strong-built, more than one having the muscle of a Hercules under the grime of Vulcan.

At first they had crowded forward to see the unwonted sight of a score of fellows digging a hole to apparently no purpose; but presently, with the apathy of men who have no room in life for a thought beyond meat and the toil that earned it, they returned to their work.

"Sell me your labour for three days," said Beaufoy. "By that, I think, we shall see the end of the play. If not, we shall make an end. First, spread me the bottom of that trench with dry brush. Let it bulk as big as you will—it will make the better heat, and in the burning it will go down to small compass. Then over that spread me a foot deep of sticks, from the thickness of a finger to the girth of a man's arm. That done, we can wait. Let enough keep in the bend beyond the trench to check any thought of a rush. For twenty-four hours the rogues will sulk; then we shall see."

So that day and the next night Beaufoy's men, except for guarding the cave's mouth, lay at ease, eating and drinking that which had been brought from Grandfrai. Only the men of the forest laboured, doing as they were ordered, and laying the wood ready for burning with the cunning that comes of a life's toil. The next day, too, they lay at ease, or frolicked like school-boys in the cool shade, and but one thing happened.

The shadows had but just turned to the east when a fellow bearing a white rag

be to-night; and yet again my word for it, they will make their dash all together, lest if they go in twos and threes they be all cut down, whereas in the bursting out of a score some half may break through and escape. Thou hast stout arms, Marmontel; but thy wit is fat."

That night Beaufoy withdrew his men by the narrow paths left along the face of the rock, and hidden in the wood, set himself to watch, nor had his men need of orders to bid them stand sentinel. Not a soul of them all slept.

The sky was clear, except for a rare drift of cloud, and if the moon set early there were stars enough to show the bend and tremor of the grass as the rising wind swept round the face of the cliff, and enough, too, to show a solitary blur that suddenly grew black against the grey of the stone. The men of the cave were awake, and in an instant the lethargy that comes of long watching was slung off.

"See! Said I not right?" And Beaufoy gripped Marmontel hard by the shoulder. "One, two, three, four—there must be a dozen or more of them! And yon grey shadow is the Spanish Prior. May the Lord have mercy upon him! Look! They are thicker now—a score maybe; and, faith of Beaufoy, the rest are

not far behind! They know there is a trap—that is a thing of course; but where is it, and what? Aye, aye, that's the rub. Besides, they have no choice—it's rush or starve. See, now they are in line. Their plans are as plain as noon—to make a burst on all sides at once. Let them do it, and, by St. Francis, we have them every man. Pray the saints some blundering fool creep not too far out, and mars the plan. No, no! they are off, Marmontel, they are off! Three strides and—ah! My God! my God!"

For an instant there was a rustle of grass as the many feet trampled its dryness, then the black line wavered, tottered, and went down in a red glare that shot across the night like a sudden angry dawn, a glare that shook and flickered and darkened in the tossing of many shadows, till swallowed up in a live flame as the dry grass of the sods caught fire and flared up with a roar that was overborne by a cry so fierce and so terrible that those who heard it stopped their ears and, still staring, fell upon their knees.

"May the Lord have mercy upon me if I took His vengeance into my own hands," said Beaufoy afterwards, "but let no man judge me who has not seen the sorrows of a Grandfrai."



"Now," said Beaufoy, "a sprinkling of light brush to make a covering and keep in the wickedness of the fire and yet mask its heat. That will give it a skin of grey ash, but so light that it will fly at a puff.

"But, Seigneur," said Marmontel, "they have horse."

"Not so, man!" And Beaufoy laughed. "Do you think they have starved these three days? My word for it, they have



The black line wavered, tottered, and went down in a red glare.

Take, then, these cloths and stretch them over the charred saplings, fixing them with pegs tightly to the pit's mouth. That done, bring the sods and spread them where they grew. No need to be over-nice, a scattering of leaves will make all good, and but add fuel to fire."

no horse. My word for it, too, they will make their venture to-night, when I withdraw the guard. For, look you, the longer they wait the weaker they grow; and there is not a man of them yonder but would barter all the booty of Grand-frai for a draught of water. Aye, it will

be to-night; and yet again my word for it, they will make their dash all together, lest if they go in twos and threes they be all cut down, whereas in the bursting out of a score some half may break through and escape. Thou hast stout arms, Marmontel; but thy wit is fat."

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"See! Said I not right?" And Beaufoy gripped Marmontel hard by the shoulder. "One, two, three, four—there must be a dozen or more of them! And yon grey shadow is the Spanish Prior. May the Lord have mercy upon him! Look! They are thicker now—a score maybe; and, faith of Beaufoy, the rest are

not far behind! They know there is a trap—that is a thing of course; but where is it, and what? Aye, aye, that's the rub. Besides, they have no choice—it's rush or starve. See, now they are in line. Their plans are as plain as noon—to make a burst on all sides at once. Let them do it, and, by St. Francis, we have them every man. Pray the saints some blundering fool creep not too far out, and mars the plan. No, no! they are off, Marmontel, they are off! Three strides and—ah! My God! my God!"

For an instant there was a rustle of grass as the many feet trampled its dryness, then the black line wavered, tottered, and went down in a red glare that shot across the night like a sudden angry dawn, a glare that shook and flickered and darkened in the tossing of many shadows, till swallowed up in a live flame as the dry grass of the sods caught fire and flared up with a roar that was overborne by a cry so fierce and so terrible that those who heard it stopped their ears and, still staring, fell upon their knees.

"May the Lord have mercy upon me if I took His vengeance into my own hands," said Beaufoy afterwards, "but let no man judge me who has not seen the sorrows of a Grandfrai."



THE EVOLUTION OF A PAIR OF TROUSERS.

By ALGERNON WARREN.

FROM early ages those who have been given to write on male clothing have done their best to impart a sense of dignity in connection with the robe and

his martial cloak around him." When a prisoner was brought to the tribunal of the Inquisition, those who have depicted such scenes have generally laid stress on the



TROUSERS IN THE NINTH AND TENTH CENTURIES.

cloak. When Julius Cæsar perished, it was recorded that he becomingly wrapped his toga round him as he fell. When Sir John Moore was interred, special allusion was made by the poet who immortalised his burial that it was "with

fact that the ordeal was all the more dreadful because the faces of the judges were hooded from view, and that their appearance in their long dark robes struck terror into the soul of the accused. The gallantry of Walter Raleigh in saving

Queen Elizabeth from stepping on mud by interposing his cloak is immortal.

But although there are some episodes of monarchs who, when they were out



GERMAN PUFFED BREECHES (ABOUT 1520).

hunting or riding, got caught in storms, and had to seek shelter and temporary change of clothing in cottagers' huts in consequence, yet no special romance has been associated with the pairs of nether garments in which royalty has encased itself on such occasions. Dignity is not wont to be associated with the masculine coverings of the lower limbs. These have far more often been associated with ridicule. Old ballads tell us how millers' sons were wont to use their hose as receptacles for black puddings. Even in those days of lesser competition the price of the garment sometimes caused grumbling, for we read that—

King Stephen was a worthy peere.
His breeches cost him but a crowne;
He held them sixpence all too deere,
Therefore he called the taylor Lowne.

Nor are more modern writers less sparing of ridicule in their allusions to them. Much capital is made out of them in describing scenes of corporal punishment; the sea-novels of Marryat and others abound in full-flavoured jokes connected with them. The discomfort of a midnight serenader is generally made to culminate with the rending of his trousers by a savage dog; and the maltreatment of a pair of inexpressibles, when worn by a particularly stout old gentleman who has had the misfortune to have sat down in an arm-chair already occupied by the irritable mother of a progeny of young kittens, is a sketch frequently reproduced by the artists of comic periodicals. Instances are not uncommon when a young bride has been delighted to walk up to the altar clad in a dress and bridal-veil which her mother wore before her at her own wedding, and set aside for her daughter; but who ever heard of a bridegroom in raptures because of being endowed with the paternal pantaloons which did duty when his father ceased to be a bachelor?

But the garment, if not an emblem of



JAMES II. OF SCOTLAND (1447).

dignity, is assuredly one of utility ; therefore it may not be using time to no purpose to give some consideration as to its evolution. There are some who, by their protest



A PAGE, TIME OF FRANCIS I. (1545).

against the length of trousers in the present day, would appear to regard it as an innovation of modern times. But this is an erroneous conception. There are statues in the Louvre of ancient Britons with loose trousers, or "braccæ," as they were then termed. These were loose on the leg and gathered tight on the ankles. The Anglo - Saxons and Danes also wore wide trousers to below the knee. The celebrated Bayeux tapestry affords evidence that the Normans of the eleventh century — horse - soldiers and archers — wore full trousers to the knee, also "chaussés," or tights, and also trousers reaching to the ankle with cross bandaging. The Plantagenets very persistently favoured the tight hose, which contrasted fantastically with their long - toed shoes, called "crackowes" or "poleyns." These were

supposed to have been so named as having been amongst the fashions imported from Poland. The effect of the whole costume caused the moralists of that time to make loud complaints both of its affectation and unbecomingness.

A change, however, came in with the Tudor period. The long, pointed shoes gave place to broad-toed ones, and instead of the chaussés, or tights, a garment was constructed of which the part worn above the knees, or not lower than the middle of the thigh, was slashed and embroidered, and termed hose, the lower portion being called stocking. This subsequently led to the wearing of two separate articles, breeches and stockings. The puffing and the slashing of the former were carried to an absurd extent, the German style of the day being much copied.

The inclination to follow foreign fashions



LORD DARNLEY IN BOMBASTED BREECHES (1563).

of dress was so great in the time of Henry VIII. that a proclamation restricting it had to be issued. This is alluded



HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, IN BOMBASTED BREECHES TAPERING TO THE KNEE
(ABOUT 1610).



A ROYALIST (THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND).

to by Shakspere, who makes Sir Thomas Lovell say that it is for—

The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
and, further, that they, under penalty of
expulsion, will have to renounce—

The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel.

It was found expedient to regulate the dress of the community, and during the reigns both of Henry VIII. and of his daughter Mary there were strict laws relative to it. There was a prohibition by order of the former forbidding the lawyers in Lincoln's Inn to wear "cut or pansied hose or breeches" under pain of a fine of three shillings and fourpence for the first offence and of expulsion for the second. In the reign of Queen Mary it was enacted that in the Middle Temple none of that society should wear great breeches in their hose after the Dutch, Spanish, or Almain (German) style.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign some of the nobles and gentlemen wore breeches

of the Venetian style. These had but little quilting or padding, and were usually made of silk, cut or slashed in the form of crosses or stars, having a lining of coloured taffeta, which was very plainly visible through the slashes. Others, however, adopted the French fashion of "bombasted breeches," which were padded to absurdity. These were not uncommonly made of brocaded velvet. Fashions so ran riot during this reign that in 1562 a proclamation was issued against the wearing of great ruffs and breeches. No one was to be allowed to wear the latter with more than a yard and a half of kersey in them.

The inclination of the English to adopt various modes of dress gave rise to much ridicule. In one of Valerius' songs in Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," after allusion has been made to the mode of dress preferred by the Spaniard, Lombard, Russ, Turk, Jew, and Grecian, the following lines appear—

The thrifty Frenchman wears small waist,
The Dutch his belly boasteth;
The Englishman is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.



A PARLIAMENTARIAN (THE EARL OF ESSEX).



PETTICOAT BREECHES (PERIOD
CHARLES II.).

There is a print in Borde's "Introduction of Knowledge" in which an Englishman is depicted in a state of complete undress with a pair of shears in one hand and some cloth over an arm. The verse underneath runs—

I am an Englishman, and naked I
stand here,
Musing in my mynde what rayment
I shall were;
For now I will were this, and now
I will were that,
Now I will were I cannot tell
what.

It was not surprising that the bombasted breeches remained in fashion at the commencement of the Stuart era, for King James I., who dreaded assassination, was naturally inclined to favour a form of dress which was capable of being made so as to resist a dagger-stroke. They now became more worn tapering to the knee, and all sorts of expedients were resorted to to

stuff them out. Bulwer, in his "Artificial Changeling," refers to a Court gallant who had filled his with bran. But this follower of the fashion, according to the account, happened to sit on a nail, which made a traitorous hole, out of which the bran poured on to the floor, half covering it, and giving the effect as coming out from a mill.

The reign of Charles I. introduces us to the elegant costume termed the Vandyke dress. The breeches were worn longer and narrower. They descended almost to the boot-top, and were fringed or ornamented with ribbons or points.

When the Civil War commenced, both parties, Cavaliers and Round-heads alike, preserved them of much



THE DUKE OF ORLEANS (PERIOD LOUIS XIV.).



PLAIN KNEE-BREECHES (FROM WILLIAM III.
TO 1789).

the same length; but whereas the Cavalier wore fringed ornamentation above the boots, the Roundhead studiously avoided any display of this kind, the latter being as proud of the simplicity of his attire as was the former of the picturesqueness and richness of that generally affected by himself and other Royalists.

Butler in "*Hudibras*," that work full of bitter jests against the Puritans, says of the sport-detesting knight—

His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own,
Though they were lined with many a
piece
Of ammunition bread, and cheese.

For, as we said, he always chose,
To carry victual in his hose;
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise.

With the Restoration, "petticoat-breeches," a French fashion introduced by Charles II., came in vogue. These were ornamented with ribbons up to the pocket; the waistband also was surrounded with them, and the shirt allowed to hang out above it. Mr. Randal Holmes has furnished a description of the same in his "*Notes on Dress*" in the Harleian Library, which were written about 1660.

When William of Orange came to the English throne it was not surprising that a plainer fashion should supersede the previous one. Petticoat-breeches were discarded for plain tight ones gathered in at the knee, similar to those worn in the present day as ordinary Court dress costume.

During the subsequent reigns of Anne and the first two Georges, the square-cut coat with its long lappets made the appearance of the breeches a minor consideration, as they were all but concealed by it under ordinary circumstances. An instance of this may be seen in the portrait by Sir



FRENCH BREECHES (NAPOLEON I.).

Godfrey Kneller of the Right. Hon. James Craggs. The coat completely hides them. It may be of interest to mention that prints executed towards the middle of the

teenth century French fashions had a great influence on English dress, and tight breeches were worn accordingly. Beau Brummel is recorded to have been the first introducer (some say he was the inventor, but others give the palm to his tailors) of tight trousers, which reached to the ankle and buttoned up from it at the side to the middle of the thigh. Knee-breeches of buckskin were also considered "immense taste." The buckskin breeches of King George III have been alluded to in verse by satirical writers of the time.

Those who desire to note the further development of the trouser in its various forms from this stage will do well to refer to the volume of "Civil Costume" dedicated to Prince Albert by the brothers Charles and Leopold Martin. They will find a plate in it showing various fashions of male attire up to 1841. Would-be students



FRENCH INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH COSTUME
(1807).

eighteenth century show sailors wearing what were termed loose slops, which were somewhat similar to the petticoat-breeches of Charles II.

In 1772 the Macaroni Club was started by a number of young men who had been to Italy, and its members, who called themselves "Macaronies," introduced new styles for gentlemen's dress. They wore short coats, and tight breeches which were made of spotted or striped silk with enormous bunches of strings at the knee. A notorious criminal, Jack Rann, who was hanged in 1774, was known as "Sixteen-Stringed Jack" on account of his having adopted this fashion.

At the commencement of the nine-



TIGHT TROUSERS (OPERA DRESS), 1828.

of elegance, Grosvenor, the Duke, and Bunthorne. The æsthetic movement effected something permanent as regards the House Beautiful; as regards dress, however, its influence has been of the slightest; and who shall say that the portraits of Bunthorne, Grosvenor, and the

were vanquished, and trousers are still with us.

Of the adoption of this most delicate of garments by the fair sex, there is nothing to be said in the present article, because the kindred garment which they affect goes by another name, and is held to be



1859, "DEAR ME, FRANK, WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF YOU SHOWING UP IN CRINOLINE!"

Duke aforesaid had not their share in robbing it of potency? Were it not far too late in the day to allude to the mortal wound that ridicule can inflict, one could here point a moral from this slaying of a butterfly movement by butterfly-winged shafts; for to talk of Gilbert's grey-goose quill were to overload our bolt. The æsthetes came, were seen through, and

distinct. In the "Bloomer" movement, of course, the article was undeniably a trouser, and the pantalettes of the early Victorian maiden of six or seven must likewise be regarded in the same class. But these are mere offshoots, and cannot strictly be held to bear a part in the great scheme of the "Evolution of a Pair of Trousers."

costume, and although trousers were still painfully short, straps were introduced to avert calamity when one rose from one's chair. Above the knee the trousers clung as closely as those of the ballerina, but below, were given a degree more slackness. The coat might very well have been that of 1807.

For walking-dress in 1828, the freedom of evening dress was replaced by tights, that clung to the ankle, above which they ended, displaying exquisite white socks, completed by low dress-shoes; and the following year, where tightness still prevailed at the knee, trousers had begun to fraternise with the boots, which they veiled in folds of almost nautical amplitude, a tendency towards too much sail being carefully counteracted by a close reefing of straps.

The little boy of the period, who wore an Eton jacket such as his great-grandson wears to-day, affected white duck trousers of a taper elegance, which forecast the famous "pegtop" of 1859. The pegtops aforesaid are illustrated in their utmost extravagance in the caricature of the period where a fair *demoiselle* affects to believe that the captain with his whiskers is actually practising the sincerest form of flattery by adopting the crinoline!

Since those days, trousers have been furlled and reefed many times. Men of thirty, when they were schoolboys, remember a garment that clung so closely as to make them feel like stable-boys. About

the time they were leaving school the empire of trousers was expanding, and a period of generous amplitude succeeded. Then came the marvellous craze for turning up the lower hem, introduced, it is said, by a fashionable young nobleman who arrived

somewhat late at a wedding in New York and forgot to turn down the hem of his pantaloons. Immediately the *jeunesse dorée* of the United States fell in love with the marvellous effect, and a man who did not always seem to suggest that the streets were muddy was regarded for many a day as a hopeless "outsider" in sartorial taste. But "creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole" even in trousers, and to-day we are nearing another period of close-fitting garments which fall gracefully over the shoe, and which must—an we die for it—display a careful longitudinal crease running from the waistcoat to the instep.

The rise of the so-called æsthetics brought an inevitable protest against the harmless and most necessary trouser. It was scouted in good set terms, and the consistent disciples of the beautiful were careful on their public appearances to array them-

selves in elegant knee-breeches of black silk. Everyone who is old enough to remember the delightful fooling of "Patience" (the only one of the immortal series of Savoy operas that has suffered at the hand of time) must in this connection recall three figures in their subtle decrescendo



LOOSE TROUSERS, TIGHT AT KNEE,
1829.

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A HARVEST OF SALMON.

THE Outer Wharf at Victoria, British Columbia, presented a busy scene on a February morning of 1893. The crowd on the wharf was, like the city itself, thoroughly cosmopolitan; every nation in Europe had representatives in the throng that disputed standing-room with heavily laden drays and luggage-vans.

Asiatics slipped noiselessly here and there with great bales upon their slender shoulders, while their relatives, the Siwash Indians, squatting on the rails, looked stolidly and lazily on at the bustle and confusion.

Freight and passengers were being shipped on the Canadian-Pacific steamer *Empress of India*, whose great, white, shining bulk of graceful lines and polished brasses reflected the brilliancy of the morning sun. Steamers were also loading for Australia and San Francisco, but the centre of noise and excitement was a "little cargo-boat that had to load or die." Its singing winches slung on board great cases of sheet-tin, coils of rope, cases of canned goods, and the varied stores needed in a cannery outfit.

Steam was escaping fussily, and short, angry yelps of the whistle warned the passengers that the *Barbara Boscowitz* was making ready to cast off her mooring-lines.

Chinese—one hundred or more—hurried on board; these, with half-a-dozen white men, made up the passengers bound for the salmon canneries on the Skeena River.

The white passengers were also representatives of life in the Far West. The "boss," or manager, was an uneducated,

vile-tempered man from the American border; two of the company were college graduates, in Western parlance "broke"; another was a son of the manse; the fifth a Swede, whose title of "Big William" was suggestive; and the sixth was Sam'l, a tall, strongly built native of one of the eastern provinces of Canada. During the past half-hour Sam'l had been sitting apart in a sheltered corner of the wharf, gazing dejectedly out on the shining sea; his pale-blue eyes were heavy with unshed tears, and his long arms hung limply by his sides.

"Here, Sam'l, get a move on!" shouted the boss.

Sam'l shuffled himself out of his nook, and with a groan he muttered: "Four thousand miles from home, and startin' on another thousand, and poor Sarah Jane had a bad pain in her breast the mornin' I left."

Another shout from the boss, flavoured with some choice profanity, hastened Sam'l's steps; the gang-plank was drawn aboard, and the *Barbara Boscowitz* headed for her long journey north.

Behind us Victoria looked like a golden "land of glory," the sunny dazzling green of spring foliage, the lawns and gardens with their wealth of blossom, the snow-capped tops of the Olympic mountains piercing the upper blue, while on the broad expanse of sea the morning sun glittered and gleamed in a track of opals, and rubies, and diamonds.

The accommodations of the *Barbara Boscowitz* were somewhat limited, berths for four being the extent of the cabin, the others sleeping 'tween decks on canvas

cots and separated from the Chinese passengers by a bulkhead. The latter proceeded to take matters philosophically, unrolling their blankets, lighting their

swept everything in their way into the water, leaving the rock bare; in time this becomes covered with sediment, then bushes (chiefly alder, easily distinguished



A MORNING CATCH OF 30,000 SALMON, MALCOLM AND WINDSOR'S CANNERY,
FRASER RIVER.

pipes, some of bamboo, some of brass, and then to the inevitable gambling.

Our first stop was at Vancouver, where we took on more tin. We next proceeded to Departure Bay and coaled. On the third day out we passed through the Narrows, the strait separating the northern end of Vancouver Island from the mainland. The tide at this place runs like a mill-race, boats waiting until the slack water at high or low tide to pass through.

The coast of British Columbia is studded with islands, while on the mainland the mountains rise perpendicularly from the sea. These mountains are covered with a thick growth of spruce and cedar; here and there are to be seen streaks of lighter green, like a huge ribbon extending from the summits to the water's edge. These mark the course of landslides which have

by their lighter green) spring up as if to hide the scar.

On our fifth day out from Victoria we arrived at the Skeena and proceeded to Port Essington, nine miles from the mouth. This was our destination, and the captain and the "boss" both hastened our disembarkation, one anxious to take advantage of a fair wind and tide, the other loth to miss such a fine opportunity for a display of temper.

The Chinese, who knew "Bossy-man" of old, hurried on shore with their baggage, their multitudinous cooking-pots and pans, balanced from the ends of poles on their shoulders, keeping a fine jingling accompaniment to Bossy's expletives.

Freight for the cannery being unloaded, the steamer cast off her lines, and, being

aided by the outgoing tide, was soon around Point Lambert and out of sight.

As she disappeared Sam'l heaved a heartrending sigh, and, accosting me, said in tones expressive of deepest misery, "Ross, do you suppose that we shall ever round that point on the way to Victoria?"

As the scene was anything but cheering, there being two feet of snow on the ground, and the wind blowing a gale, I was not very enthusiastic in my reply.

Sam'l, with a mournful shake of his head, informed me that he never expected to get away from the Skeeny River, that "something" told him that he would never see Sarah Jane again. But Sam'l had to put his woes behind him, and assist in piling the freight into the warehouse.

It was getting dark when this was accomplished, for the days were still very

building, the cracks between the boards being stopped by battens, which had warped and split, allowing the wind and rain free ingress. Sam'l and the "clerk" were detailed to get firewood, and on the writer devolved the task of making a fire. The stove was a huge sheet-iron contrivance, shaped like a barrel, laid on its side and filled about one-third full of gravel, as a protection to the bottom.

After several futile attempts to get the sodden wood to burn, we succeeded, but only to discover that the pipe smoked abominably, necessitating our leaving the door and window open; making it a question whether we were not as well off with the door shut and no fire as with the door open, little fire, and much smoke.

After each one had given his opinion the fire was put out, the pipe taken down, cleaned, and then put up again with the



DELIVERING SALMON AT THE CAMP, FRASER RIVER.

short in this high latitude. Nothing could be done outside, so we wended our way to the mess-house. This was a rough board

usual exhibitions of temper attending such ceremonies, Sam'l coming in for a generous amount of abuse for not properly

holding the light at critical moments. The fire was again lighted, and the stove did nobly. Supper being announced by our almond-eyed cook, we lost no time in getting to the new "mess"-house, which building was sacred to the manager and the Celestial who perpetrated the culinary outrages during our stay on the Skeena River.

The Indians, numbering one hundred or more, of all ages and sexes, seemed to be much interested in our movements, coming to our curtainless windows and pressing their flat visages against the glass in their anxiety to lose nothing of what was going on inside. As bed-time drew near, Sam'l, who had been viewing these demonstrations with increasing alarm, hung various articles of clothing across the windows, locked the door himself, and finding a stout board in one of the bedrooms, proceeded to brace the door with it as an additional safeguard against "them blamed Siwash." Beds were made up in the corner rooms, which opened from the general sitting-room. This being done, Sam'l seated himself on a bench near the stove, and producing an enormous clasp-knife, proceeded to whet it to a razor edge. Asked why he was sharpening the knife at that hour, he replied that he was "taking no chances with his life," and if he had "only knowed" what was before him, "no one would ever have got him to the Skeeny."

The stove was then filled with wood, and, like Mr. Pepys, "we to bed," hoping to get asleep before the fire burnt down, and the house got cold. I was dozing off when I heard Sam'l's voice calling, "Ross! Ross!"

"Well!" I replied; "what do you want?"

"Ross, would you mind if I moved my bed into your room?"

The tones were so full of entreaty and fear that I could make no objection, so, after much labour and many dismal comments on his present surroundings, Sam'l was at last anchored for the night.

Early in the morning I heard him meditatively spelling out a notice pasted on the wall by some former occupant, to

the effect that "God helps him who helps himself, but God help anyone caught helping himself in this mess-house."

Breakfast was announced at half-past six. This being despatched, we all went to the cannery, each to take up his separate work—the "clerk" to assist the "storekeeper," Sam'l, who was a mechanical genius and an engineer of no small ability, to overhaul the *Nora*, a small tug-boat used at the cannery for towing the large fish-boats, and the rest of us to repair and caulk boats. The Indians were despatched up the river to cut cordwood for the boilers. The Chinese started on the manufacture of cans, and the manager to raise the devil generally.

The work at a cannery for the greater part of the time consists in getting ready—i.e., repairing nets, pipe-lines, boilers, boats, etc., cutting wood for the boilers and steam-boat, and making cans, the latter work on the Skeena being delegated to the Chinese.

About May 1 a few salmon appear in the river, and are known locally as chinook or spring salmon. A few Indians are detailed to fish for these, and they are used in supplying the various tables of the cannery employes. June 1 the sock-eye species "begin to run" (come up the river to spawn), and then the season's work of canning begins. Boats and nets are given out to the white fishermen who come up the river from "below" for the fishing, and camps established at different points on the river for the convenience of fishermen.

A camp is either a hut on the bank or a large scow with a house and fish-bin, the latter surrounded by a net-rack, used in mending torn nets. Anchored close to the camps are large boats holding from three to four thousand salmon each. The camp is in charge of a white man, called a "camp boss." He must be competent to mend nets, also read, write, and cipher, as he keeps account of all fish brought into his camp, and from his accounts the amounts earned by the different fishermen are made up. The fishermen generally use the Canning Company's boats and nets, getting six

cents for each salmon. There are two men to a boat, and when the run is heavy catches of a thousand in twenty-four hours are not infrequent. The fishermen usually come to camp at high water. Their catches are discharged into the large boats which, when loaded, are towed to the cannery by the tug. Here they are emptied into a large box and are hoisted by steam power to the cleaning-room.

steam expelled from the cans by striking the cover with a small wooden mallet. This hole is then soldered over and the cans taken to the retorts, where steam is turned on, the temperature being kept at 240 F., which softens the bones.

The cans are then allowed from thirty-six to forty-eight hours to cool, or show indications of leakage. The latter can easily be detected, as gases quickly form



BRITANNIA CANNERY: 1,500,000 CANS PACKED IN 1895.

After being cleaned, they are soaked in large tanks filled with pure water from the mountains, then scrubbed with brushes, and every particle of blood and offal removed. They are next taken to the cutting-tables, where a series of knives cut them in pieces the length of a can. These pieces are then quartered and packed in the cans. The covers are put on and the cans taken to the cooking-tanks. These tanks are made of wood, and the water in them is heated by a coil of steam-pipe. After being soaked in the tank for an hour, they are removed, and the

in leaky cans, causing the ends to bulge outward.

The next process is labelling and boxing for shipment. The cleaning and filling are done chiefly by Indians, who also set up the boxes which come from the mill "knocked down."

The remark is often heard, "If you could see those salmon put up you would not care to eat them."

This is a fallacy, and, like many others, due to ignorance. In all of the great canning establishments of British Columbia the most scrupulous cleanliness

is observed. The tables and floors are constantly scrubbed, lime-wash is much in evidence, and the various utensils are kept sweet and clean. The packing companies are keenly alive to the value of

into any human mind except that of the stolid Siwash.

After a great deal of parleying a compromise was effected, and Sam'l, with two other white men, was sent with the tug and a load of squaws to the scene of danger.

The sea was rough, and as the little tug pitched and tossed, Sam'l's passengers were soon feeling very uncomfortable. During the afternoon we heard a wild outburst of wrath from below, and peeping into the little cabin sacred to Sam'l's use, we saw the occasion thereof: his berth, which was kept scrupulously clean, was occupied by one of the fattest and dirtiest of the squaws, whose big, black, greasy head was rolling



REPAIRING NETS.

cleanliness, and make it a requisite in their employés superior to godliness.

To the squaws is delegated the most disagreeable part of the work—slitting and cleaning the salmon.

The season usually lasts from June until September 1, and in the long bright days of the northern summer much work is accomplished.

Our one break in the busy monotony was the trip of the cannery-tug *Nora* to Fort Simpson, forty miles north of the Skeena. One bright July day, when work at the canneries was busiest, an Indian arrived from the fort with the news of a terrible forest fire raging in the vicinity of the Siwash encampment, and he had been sent for the cannery Indians' help in fighting it. Their homes were in danger, and also their revered totem poles, and the Siwash at once left work and prepared to depart. In vain did the Bossy-man storm, and rage, and swear with a neatness and despatch that would have been calculated to strike terror

to and fro in an agony of sea-sickness; another was stretched on the floor; and a third, in whom the passion of vanity was still superior to sea-sickness, had fastened Sam'l's treasured red satin stock round her neck, and was vigorously applying his brush and comb to her unkempt locks. Sam'l almost choked with wrath.

"Well, I'll be——!" he began, then checked himself. "No, Sarah Jane doesn't like me to swear——" But here a flash of the brilliant necktie roused him afresh, and Sarah Jane's gentle influence was forgotten.

A heavy rain put out the fire, and when we reached the fort there was nothing but to turn back again. It was a very unpleasant trip, and the Bossy-man did not object when Sam'l demanded the help of half-a-dozen Chinamen and a keg of sal-soda for cleansing the tug.

Early in September the "run" was over, and the tug proceeded to tow the camp scows to the cannery. Shore camps were dismantled, and the eager looked-for

steamer arrived from Victoria with the money to pay for the season's work. The Indians were paid first and took their departure to Fort Simpson, there to indulge in a mighty "Poltatch." The white fishermen were then paid, and nothing remained for them but to await the arrival of the steamer from Methalataka and Fort Simpson. The regular employes stowed away boats and nets, and hauled up the tug to her winter quarters.

Sam'l had been counting the days, and was greatly worried for fear we should not get through our work in time for the first boat south. As we steamed slowly from camp to camp after the scows, Sam'l, sitting in the little engine-room with his chin in his hands, and looking down the river, said, "Ross, I've lost my soul on this Skeeny River, and something tells me I'll leave my bones here. You may go south, Ross, but as for me I doubt it, I doubt it. I've had no letter from Sarah Jane in the last two boats, and I know she's a-going."

Here his monologue was interrupted by the "Old Man's" "What the blankety blank are you doing? Don't you see Stapleton's boat is passing us?"

To alleviate the tedium of waiting for the steamer, two of us hired an Indian to row us to the river's mouth, where we had a chance of some good shooting, and could join the steamer at the wharf of a little Indian village.

It was one of the rarely beautiful days of these high latitudes, very similar to an Indian summer day in Eastern Canada. The sun shone warm at noon through a purple haze; the mountains, rising boldly from the water's edge, were mirrored with their gorgeous autumn tints and granite scarred sides in the still waters of the Skeena.

We landed in a little cove with a smooth sand beach, where a clear stream trickling down the mountain-side promised good water. H—— took his rifle and started round the shore in search of game, while I built a fire on the beach and made preparations for our evening meal. Lying back in the glow of the fire, with pleasant anticipations of a game supper, and the aroma of coffee rising on the still evening air, I felt myself to be "sweet idleness" personified.

A sharp snapping of twigs caused me to turn lazily to the left, and there, standing not seventy-five yards away, was a large brown bear that had also anticipations of supper. I made a hasty snatch for my rifle. H—— had providentially loaded it before taking the cartridges away. The bear advanced boldly, and the probabilities were that the time of one of us was short, and that one would be myself if the light cartridges failed to reach a vital spot. I did not allow myself time to grow nervous over the issue, but took steady aim and fired. The bear rolled over. Cautiously sidling up with an axe, I hit him a blow on the head which settled the business; and when H—— returned with



COSTELLO'S CANNERY, FRASER RIVER.

a plentiful supply of wildfowl, I was engaged in roasting bear steak on the coals.

That glorious day proved to be what the pioneers call a "weather-breeder."

Waking in the night with a sense of great cold and discomfort, I found that it was snowing heavily and the ground already covered by several inches. A cold, sleety rain succeeded, and in the grey dawn, as we sat wet and shivering round our smoky, sputtering fire, it would have been hard to find two more miserable-looking creatures.

Making our way through the woods, we came out near a little log church in the parish of a well-known missionary to the Indians. H—— tried the door, which was unlocked, and we stepped in. The rain

The stranger's tall figure proclaimed him to be the missionary, and both H—— and I looked and felt as criminals must when caught red-handed in some terrible crime. H——'s *savoir faire* carried us through the crisis, and within an hour we were trudging along beside the Rector to more suitable if less comfortable quarters.

We had hardly reached the village when the long, hoarse call of our steamer was heard in the offing, and we were picked up and taken back to the cannery.



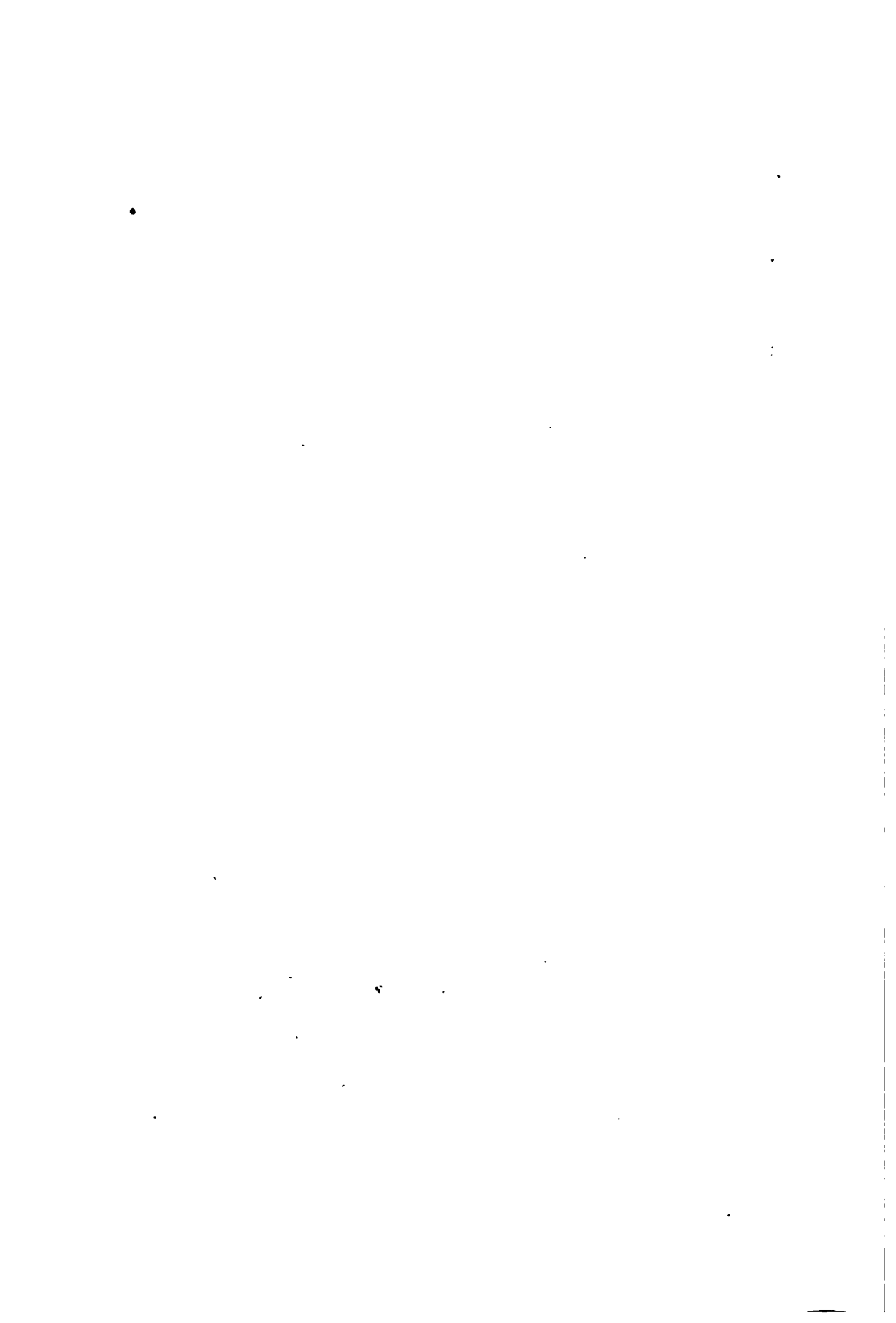
MALCOLM AND WINDSOR'S CANNERY, FRASER RIVER.

was now falling in torrents, and we congratulated ourselves heartily on finding shelter.

Although there were a stove and dry wood, we refrained from building a fire until late in the afternoon, partly from fear of discovery and ejection, and partly from sentiment. The continuous down-pour made us loth to turn out for a long walk through slush and mud to the village, but the gnawing of hunger settled the matter, and the fire was lighted, coffee boiled, and H—— was in the depth of culinary operations, when the door suddenly opened, and a stern voice demanded, "What! What's the meaning of this?"

The long-looked-for day had arrived when, after the last case of salmon was put on board, Sam'l, well charged with Hudson's Bay rum, stood on the deck of the steamer, with his face turned toward the goal of his desires. After four days' steaming in fog and rain, we arrived in Victoria. I asked Sam'l how long he was going to stay in Victoria.

"Just as long as it takes me to buy a ticket over the C.P.R." He was true to his word, for as the *Islander* steamed out on her way to Vancouver, Sam'l stood on her deck waving his long arms in joyful farewell as he speeded on his way to the Atlantic coast and his beloved Sarah Jane.





Framed in the empty space was a woman, the spotless white of whose robe shone dazzling in the sun.

SEE "THE BEAUFOY ROMANCES," PAGE 328.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

THE BEAUFOY ROMANCES.

No. IV.—*HOW OUR LADY OF SUCCOUR CAME TO BEAUFOY.*

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

WHEN English Talbot landed at Bordeaux in '51, France was stirred even to far-off Paris; and when the pocket-ridden patriotism of Guienne shouted a welcome to the buyers of its wines, France woke from the folly of placid contentment and, for the fiftieth time in the century, made ready for war. With the feeble skirmishes and feints of battle in the south this history has nothing to do, nor with the part played in them by Raimond de Beaufoy. He bore his share of danger and privation as was his wont, and if the winter was frittered away in little better than gasconades, it was none of his fault. The story is rather of his home-coming in the summer of '52, and of the foe he found encamped within the four corners of the Suzerainty. If any man doubts that he and his did their duty against the Englishmen, let him find his answer in this: whereas they rode out a full score, they came home but fifteen, and scarcely one of them a whole man.

As they rode north they travelled by way of Vaucourt, a kind of temporary appanage to Beaufoy because of Denise de Vaucourt's minority, and Marmontel would have had his Seigneur halt and rest.

"It is but five hours to nightfall," he urged, "and with the moon in its last quarter, the woods will be as black as a burnt-out charcoal-furnace. Let us bide, Seigneur, and push on to-morrow."

But Beaufoy would have none of the suggestion. Since he had lost a wife at

Vaucourt he had hated the grey old pile, with its sinister reminders of fire and sack still smirching its face. Hated it, be it understood, less for the loss of the wife than for the wound to his vanity. Wives were to be had for the asking, but to fling his handkerchief and see the girl catch another man's in place of his had galled him, and thenceforward, so far as women went, he had played the cynic, pretending there was neither virtue nor faith in their whole generation.

"Ride on," he answered the squire curtly. "Five hours will take us three parts through the woods, and at the worst we can shelter at Lervins. Vaucourt has over-many ghosts to please my taste. Why, man," and turning in his saddle the better to scan the castle, he half drew his rein as he spoke, "these upper rooms are alive with owls, bats, and the Lord knows what vermin."

"Better the vermin of Vaucourt than the vermin of Lervins," said Marmontel bluntly; "and as for ghosts, I reckon the living are more to be feared than the dead. Lervins had no good repute a twelve-month back. What will it be after a year's rioting, and the Seigneur absent!"

"What? Are you coward?"

"Faith, Seigneur, I never knew a man hurt by an honest love for a whole skin, and it's late in the day for us two to call coward to each other. Have your way; nevertheless, whoever sleeps at Lervins to-night, I will not."

Thenceforward they rode up and down the slopes in silence, halting only once as the sun slipped behind the trees and the weary sultriness of the day slowly lifted. Then, supper ended, the beasts washed down and lightly watered from a brook hard by, they again rode on, strength and vitality coming tingling back with the growing freshness of the night.

In the thick shadows of the trees dusk fell swiftly, and the sun was no more than a hand's-breadth below the rim of the world when the greyness shrivelled into gloom and the full dark was upon them. Could the squire have had his way they would have camped there and then, but Beaufoy was obstinate, and pushed on. A foot's-pace was their best speed, and no man trusted to his own skill in guidance; had he done so it had been to his cost, for he would have found timber within the first furlong. As it was, the grey loom of the bare trunks stole by them no further than an arm's-length off.

Whether even their beasts' instinct was at fault, or the way longer than they had supposed, the shadows of morning had come and gone before the softening of the gloom ahead foretold a clearing, within which lay the handful of huts called Lervins. With the light Marmontel's scruples had vanished, and now he pushed on gaily. Lervins meant food, drink, and a stretching of cramped limbs, and a nest of cut-throats had no terrors for him under the honest sun.

Once inside the clearing he slackened speed. Men have no liking for being caught napping, and a warning sometimes wins a welcome.

"Hulloa!" he shouted, his powerful voice echoing in the hollows of the wood. "Lervins, hulloa! hulloa! My faith! but they sleep like the dead," he went on to Flemish Peter, who rode on his flank. "There must have been better liquor flowing last night than goes to a goat-skin bottle! Come, both together. Hulloa! hulloa!"

They might have spared their breath; Lervins was both deaf and dumb. Then, as they watched, wondering and a little afraid, for this was the charcoal season,

when Lervins was wont to hum with rough life, a thing happened that made Marmontel jerk his beast back upon its haunches, and start up in his stirrup, gasping. Out from a doorway a long, lean grey head was thrust, and a starved wolf stole out into the sunlight, blinking, and at its heels there trotted a half-grown cub. For an instant it stood snarling, then the two slipped like shadows behind the house and were lost.

"Saints! Did you see that?" cried the squire, flinging his arm out stiff before him. "Wolves couched at Lervins! I had sooner have seen the glint of English lance-heads than the white of their teeth. The place is a tomb."

Driving his spurs home, he went forward at a gallop, hard pressed by Flemish Peter, with the Seigneur and the rest following more leisurely. Of the prowlers of Lervins they had seen nothing, and Marmontel's actions had been to them those of a madman.

But, for all his excitement and haste, he had a method with him. Once within twenty paces of the huts, he checked his beast and swung himself to the ground, stiffly enough, for years and leagues get the better of a man sorely. Then hooking his reins across his arm, he went forward to the nearest doorway cautiously and with circumspection, since there might be a four-legged tenant within which his shout had left unaroused.

At the threshold Marmontel paused, peering; then he drew back, shading his eyes with his hand. The sun was already ablaze in the glade, and the glare dazzled him. A charcoal-burner's hut was but a squalid sight at the best, grimy as became its owner's trade, and miserably poor because of the *pitance* that trade earned. That was of course. Therefore, it was neither the squalor nor the poverty that Marmontel's gaze sought for as the shadows took shape, but rather something which presently he found. Tenants there were, but let the world call as it might they would pay no heed. Then, having found them, he slipped the reins down to one hand and beckoned with the other to Flemish Peter.

"Look!" he said in a hoarse whisper. "Is it murder?" And Beaufoy rode up with his men to find the two staring silently and with intent faces into the black vault of the open doorway. Window there was none, and as the hut faced to the north no sunlight fell within.

What they saw was this: In the centre a rude table with a wooden settle at either

grim humour, but never turning his head as he spoke. "Often enough, but never quite like this. It is death; murder, I think."

While the squire was speaking, Flemish Peter had dropped his reins—small chance of his beast breaking away after eighteen hours of a march—and entered the hut. After the first suddenness of the shock



"Vaucourt has over-many ghosts to please my taste."

side of it. Beyond these, and along the further wall, a heavy layer of bracken and beaten straw was spread; on this three men were stretched, dead, and dead in an agony, for their limbs were crooked and twisted as if in the worst extremity of mortal pain. In one corner stood a huge cooking-pot.

"What fool's comedy is this?" cried Beaufoy from behind. "If there is aught inside have it out that we may see it."

"We have seen it often enough, Seigneur," answered Marmontel with

another man's murder had no terrors for him.

"Stand aside from the door," he said, as he went down on one knee in the bracken and bent over the nearest of the three; "the light is dim enough——" He stopped short, as if the words were choked in his throat, and those without saw him bend lower, staring hard, then leap to his feet and run madly for the open air.

"The plague! the plague!" he cried, catching at his beast's bridle. "The Lord

have mercy on us all, the plague is in Beaufoy ! ”

Swinging himself into his saddle, he sat a moment breathless, and swaying like a drunken man, then with a cry of “The plague! the plague!” he galloped hard for the woods, anywhere away from Lervins.

“After the fool, and have him back,” called Beaufoy; “but thou, Marmontel, stay where thou art till we hear more of this thing, though God grant the fellow lied.”

Flemish Peter’s break-away availed him little. In his terror he swerved to this side and that, holding no true course, and so inside of a furlong he was headed. A glance at his face gave, at least, evidence of his good faith, for no simulated terror could have aged him ten years in fewer minutes. The bronze was wiped from his cheeks as breath is wiped from steel, and the hand that gripped the reins shook as with a palsy.

“The place is accursed!” he began, not waiting for Beaufoy to question him. “Let us begone while there is time, Seigneur, if need there is still time. Time! Saints forgive me, but I’m done with time. Three days to die in! Lord God, what’s three days to a man like me!” and he fell to chattering.

“Come, man, keep your wits in hand,” cried Beaufoy sternly. “What wild talk is this of the plague, and how could the plague come to Lervins?”

“Of whys and hows I know nought, Seigneur,” answered the other doggedly; “but the plague it is. Who sees it once knows it twice.”

“Is this certain, fellow?”

“Certain?” and in his contempt for the Seigneur’s doubt his voice settled down to firmness again. “Certain? Look at his neck and see! Why, he has that under his jaw”; and Flemish Peter held up a huge clenched fist. “I know the marks, and a loathsome sight they are. For the Lord’s sake let us begone.”

“The plague here? Then may God help Beaufoy! Let us ride home, men.”

And so it came that the Seigneur found the enemy within his gates harder to fight than the foe without.

It was a dismal home-coming. Marmontel would have had him ride by the villages if for nothing else but to get news; but Beaufoy was obstinate.

“We shall get news soon enough,” he said bitterly; “who ever heard that evil tidings lagged on the road? There were we no more than fairly in the Seigneurie, and the thing flies in our face. Ride home, man, and be in no haste to sup sorrow.”

So they skirted the towns, and shunned even the far-apart shepherds’ booths. Nay, they avoided the very peasants labouring in the fields, as if the Seigneur were a child that hid his head and said that there was no evil because he saw none. But to one and all there was a sullen tranquillity in the air, the hot, calm certainty of storm that comes before the thunder.

Once within sight of the castle walls Marmontel plucked up spirit.

“Shall I ride on, Seigneur, and bring them word that —”

“Bide thou behind,” answered Beaufoy curtly. “I will have no man schooling them to say this or that. Let them tell the truth, and neither more nor less, though it be as bitter as wormwood.”

So, as became his right, Beaufoy rode under the portcullis of the great gate at the head of his troop, and there was none to say nay or to give welcome. To all appearance the Château was as bereft of life as Lervins, a thing that roused the Seigneur’s wrath and set his blood coursing.

“By St. Francis!” he swore between his teeth, “plague or no plague, I will teach the knaves to keep better watch than this, though they keep it staggering!”

Even as he spoke a small side-door was pushed open, and a woman’s face looked out, stared an instant, and disappeared, and from within there arose a sudden clatter of life. Into the open courtyard they scrambled: maids, lackeys, and men-at-arms, and stood in a group under the shadow of the east tower, shamefaced, silent, and expectant. Nor were their anticipations disappointed. Of the Seigneur’s anger they knew something

of old, but if they thought they had plumbed its depths and measured its strength, they learned their ignorance that first hour of his home-coming, and the fierceness of his stern wrath was their best medicine.

"Now begone to your work, every one of you," he said sharply when his tongue had lashed them into life and spirit. "For this time I let the fault pass, but not twice. As for you"—and lowering his voice, he turned to the fifteen grouped closely behind him—"not a word of Lervins. If they have tales to tell, listen and make light of them, but sift the truth. And do you, Marmontel, come to me in the justice-room after the night-watch is set. To leave the great gate gaping, the careless rogues! By St. Francis! if Talbot had marched this way, Beaufoy had been his for the asking."

It was with a sour mood as companion that the Seigneur waited in the dusk the coming of Marmontel. Vexation was piled upon vexation. The pestilence was evil enough; but what for the moment touched him nearer, because it touched his pride, was the flatness of his home-coming. Here had he been away these months on the King's business, and at their end to find nothing better than the cold welcome of a beggarly outcast! Was the spirit of Beaufoy wrecked because a dozen churls were dead of the plague? And as he asked himself the question, Marmontel came with the answer.

"It is a pitiful business, Seigneur, a most pitiful business. The poor folks are clean demented. You have seen the panic of a rout? Men flinging away arms, clothing, what-not, in their unreason, and fleeing they know not where, so long as it is but flight? That is Beaufoy. From the towns they crowd to the fields and from the fields to the towns, and so contagion spreads. From east to west there is but one thought, one theme, one terror—the plague, the plague, the plague. They breed the sickness in themselves with their fears, and then die of despair. Turn their minds to other things, Seigneur, or Beaufoy is lost."

"Aye, aye, I see, poor souls; I see.

What shall it be now, Marmontel? A hunt?"

"By your leave, Seigneur," answered the squire, with a laugh that, clearer than a curse, told of his bitterness of soul. "That you understand the leading of men I grant, but, by your leave, I say you know little of the temper of men who wrestle three hopeless days with death and then go down to the grave howling. To the grave? No—to bare earth, and rot. A hunt? As well say hang a score to cheer the rest! My faith! I think the score would thank you, for it would bring the end the sooner! No, no, Seigneur; they want a man among them to hearten them."

"A man?" said Beaufoy. "What of the monks? Where are they?"

"The monks are there and are men, truly, since they fear like men and die like sheep with the murrain, and yet hold by their posts. Oh, aye, the monks are men; but it is not men they need, but a man. Go yourself, Seigneur."

"What! I? And the plague raging?"

"Aye, Seigneur, you, and because the plague is raging. Who could hearten them like Raimond de Beaufoy? If that same rout was afoot, and you turned bare-fisted on the pursuit, is there a Beaufoy's man that would not follow you back even to the pit's mouth? Not one!"

"That," said Beaufoy, "would be but a man's duty and a man's risk, but this—Let it rest for the moment. What of Mesnil, Montbrion, Charnex?"

"The best hope is that rumour lies," answered Marmontel bluntly. "In their terror of solitude, the people have flocked to the towns. Who can blame them, poor souls? To fight the battle of death alone, and lose it alone, is fearsome enough, without having the plague added. The towns, therefore, are packed. The monks do their best; but what avails a monk against panic? They say he but does his cloth's duty, and no more. It is a man they need."

"And how," asked Beaufoy hesitatingly, "how does it take them? I mean, how long? Come, man, you understand!"

Just what Marmontel answered need not be set down here. He told the truth, hiding nothing of the loathsomeness, of the sly cunning and lying in wait, of the sharp agony and swift suddenness of the collapse—all these he told, and in full clearness of detail. If the Seigneur faced the enemy, he should face him open-eyed.

"But," he added, "worse than all that is the miserable inertness and the terror of anticipation. It is there they need a man to show them better things, and that to die like men—if so it must be—is better than some sort of living. Not one of themselves, nor a monk; but a man, Seigneur, a man."

"Aye, I know," answered Beaufoy, speaking like a man uncertain, and not looking the other in the face. "Let it rest till to-morrow. Then we shall see."

But when the morrow came, he let it rest for that day too, and contented himself with sending food and drink and cordials: the plague was the plague. Had it been a foe he could have warmed his blood against—English Talbot himself and his whole backing—he could have cried "Coward!" upon himself to have held back an hour; but a foe that, all unseen, slew by night or noonday, and filched the courage from a man as well as his life—that needed thought.

On the second day Marmontel came to him again, and from the fire in his eyes it was plain that the squire was much stirred.

"A miracle, Seigneur, a miracle!" he cried. "Our Lady of Succour has appeared at Mesnil. Michel Bische has run up with the news, panting."

"Miracle? Our Lady of Succour? What fresh madness is this, Marmontel?"

"No madness, Seigneur, but God's truth," urged the squire. "Michel saw her go from house to house with his own eyes. 'Tis a miracle, I say, and the saving of Beaufoy."

"Send the rool to me," said Beaufoy sternly, "and hold thou thy tongue meanwhile. Who am I, or what is Mesnil, that a miracle should come our way?"

But Michel Bische clung fast to his tale.

"It was an hour past, Seigneur, and except for a moan or a cry, all Mesnil was

dumb in the heat. God keep us from such heat; it was like the blast of a baker's oven, and not so much as a dog was astir in it but myself. I was in the middle of the path, Seigneur, as far as might be from the houses—there is less danger that way—when I heard the creak of a door behind, and looked back across my shoulder, so: and she was there: I swear it, she was there!"

"Who, fool?"

"Our Lady, Seigneur, our Lady of Succour, and all in white, with the hood about her head, her robe across the shoulder, and the blue band of the Madonna, as she stands in the church at Grandfrai."

"What next?"

"I went down on my knees in the dust, Seigneur, and when I looked again she had crossed the road to Gil Troyes, where four lie dying and two dead. 'Tis the filthiest spot in Mesnil. Then I ran here as fast as feet could carry me."

"Did I not tell you, Seigneur?" cried Marmontel. "Is it not truth?"

And for answer Beaufoy said curtly, "Go thou and get ready the horses. We will ride to Mesnil and see for ourselves."

Neither then nor any time afterwards could Raimond de Beaufoy have said what was clearly in his mind. To him Beaufoy was the pivot of the world, and therefore, if such a manifestation were to be given, there was no place more appropriate. But he was little tinged with what may be called the religiosity of the age, the wide-throated capacity for swallowing theological camels without a strain, and so looked askance at marvels. On the whole, he had that commonest of minds of any age—the lazy inertness that neither accepts nor rejects.

Only once he spoke, and even then it had nothing to do with Michel's tale. It was as they rode down the slope of the hill that overtops Mesnil.

"Who are these camped yonder beyond the river?"

And Marmontel, shading his eyes, shook his head. "Strangers, Seigneur, but I know not who. There are five horses tethered there in the shade. Shall I push on and ask?"

"No, they can wait. This other presses more nearly."

Mesnil they found as Michel Bische had described, silent and breathless. The dust

straggling street, he cursed his folly for having thrust himself into danger for a fool's tale. Nay, death lay even nearer than behind these scorched walls, whose



Beaufoy rode under the portcullis of the great gate at the head of his troop.

was fetlock-deep, and at every beat of the hoof it rose in a fine cloud, hot, dry, and pungent; but to Beaufoy the muffled tread had a subtle sound of death. That death lay to right and left he knew; and as they halted midway along the one

radiated heat burnt out the vitality of the air. Three several places Beaufoy's folk lay where they had fallen on the roadway, and more than one of the dried-up gardens had a tenant whose sleep not even the fierceness of the sun could break. Life

there was none, except that once two grey-frocked brothers of St. Francis passed, staring hard to see the Seigneur de Beaufoy in such a place, but white and frightened, and with no sign about them of having seen a vision.

"Well, what next?" Sick at heart, and shaken in nerve, he turned sharply on Michel Bische, who all the way from Beaufoy had trotted sturdily at their heels. "Where is this Gil Troyes?"

For answer Michel Bische went ahead slowly, and for all that Our Lady of Succour was present in Mesnil, the Seigneur noted that he rigidly held to the middle of the path. Michel Bische did not believe in tempting Providence. Fifty paces further on he stopped.

"There, Seigneur."

"It was a plain, dingy house, of weather-stained wood, as was all Mesnil, the huge projecting eaves of the sharp-pitched roof giving it an overweighted clumsy appearance. Five steps led up to the porch, from which there hung the withered shoots of some creeping plant.

Then, my friend, do thou hold these, and Marmontel, do you come with me."

Handing the reins to Bische, Beaufoy turned into the scorched garden that fronted Gil Troyes' house, and for reasons best known to himself he made such haste that the squire had much ado to follow hard behind him. With his foot on the second of Gil Troyes' five steps the door opened, and, for all his haste, he stopped, staring at the vision set in the black cavity.

"Saints! 'tis the Madonna herself!" he heard Marmontel gasp; and looking back, he saw the squire on his knees on the path, bonnetless, and his eyes starting like a crab's. As for Michel Bische, he had flung the reins to the winds and was face-flat in the dust, mumbling he knew not what incoherent prayers.

The door had opened inwards, and framed in the empty space was a woman, the spotless white of whose robe shone dazzling in the sun. From throat to instep there was but one line of colour to break the glistening purity, a belt of palest blue binding the waist. Round the head was

wound a white shawl, its end falling in a curve upon the shoulder.

For a full minute Beaufoy stood staring as hard as the squire; then he cried—

"What? Mademoiselle de Salice here, and Mesnil no better than a pest-house? It is pure madness!"

To Bonne de Salice the meeting had been as unexpected as the Seigneur, and as she looked down from her vantage-height upon the three men, her pale face flushed red in its setting of white draperies.

"Oh, believe me, believe me, Seigneur de Beaufoy, I had no knowledge that you were home from the South. I would never have dared——"

"What?" cried Beaufoy, laughing as he had not laughed these three days; "am I a worse terror than the plague? You are frank, Mademoiselle Bonne!" Then he remembered the sorrows of Beaufoy, and the jesting smile passed to a stern gravity. "This is no place for women," he said, mounting the steps as he spoke, "least of all for a frail woman delicately nurtured. How could I look my old comrade and friend, your father, in the face if—if—if aught happened?"

"Then what is woman's work, Seigneur de Beaufoy, if not to nurse the sick, comfort the sorrowful, and make smooth the rough places, whether they be of life or of death? There, in the South, you and my father took your lives in your hands a dozen times, I make no doubt. That was fighting France's battles, and men would have called you 'coward' had you hung back. Is a woman's life so much more precious than a man's that she must not fight France's battles in her turn? I had cried shame upon myself had I hung back when Beaufoy was stricken; for is not Beaufoy part of France's life's blood? Only, only——" And again she went red as a rose, and fell a-stammering. "I had no thought that you were in the Suzerainty, or I might have let you fight your own battles at home, like a brave man, as you would have fought them abroad."

And, whether it was the fire of the sun or the flush of shame, Beaufoy's face went redder than her own when he remembered

how he had held back from the danger which she had faced without a second thought.

"But to face this place alone?"

"No, no," she cried eagerly, "not alone. My people are camped beyond the river there, and my women with them. They—I do not judge them, Seigneur—they were afraid, and he who fears is best away from the plague."

"And you have no fear?"

"Why should I? God is as near at Mesnil as he is at Salice. There is loathing that one cannot help; but in the pity for the poor folks' agony and terror it is forgotten. Give them courage and you give them life."

Which was Marmontel's theory; and in his heart Raimond de Beaufoy swore that if their Seigneur's presence could hearten up the people of Mesnil, and so rout the enemy, heartened they would be, come what might of it.

Thenceforward they forgot they were man and woman, if, indeed, Bonne de Salice had ever remembered it, except in her first startled maidenliness. Night by night she retired to her tent under the trees beyond the river, while Beaufoy took his six hours' rest at the Château. In vain he had proposed to reverse the arrangements, seeing that she had her own women with her, and for her sake he would gladly have slept in the bare dust of Mesnil; but she was firm, and when he saw the thing troubled her he left off urging. By day they worked together; Marmontel, the monks of Grandfrai, and a few others who were fired by their example, helping them. Wooden pest-houses were hastily run up: rough and comfortless enough, but still places of isolation. Wholesome, well-cooked food was given, and such drugs as, out of their ignorance, the monks prescribed. But, chiefest of all, Bonne de

Salice moved among the stricken folk with a gentle, calm assurance, as if there was neither death nor danger in all Beaufoy.

Nor were the ministrations confined to Mesnil. Montbrion, Charnex, and every village and hamlet had their turn, till at last the plague was stayed, and the day came when even Bonne de Salice thought it no sin to say: "We may rest to-morrow."

But with the morrow a change came to her and to Raimond de Beaufoy. The fellowship born of the days of heat and struggle was gone. Their minds had been so full of thought, their hearts so full of care, the crying needs of others had so possessed them, that there had been no room for self. But all that had passed, and into the void was born—especially on the woman's part—a sudden and acute consciousness. Surely this thing had been unwomanly, and the doing of it had shamed her in his eyes! Surely, too—and the very thought made her quake—she had shown him in these days that which was a reproach to confess even to herself! So when Raimond de Beaufoy rode into camp he found the tent struck, the pack-horses laden, and Bonne de Salice a full league on her road home. For a moment the Seigneur sat gnawing his lip; then with his spurs he savaged his beast as he had never savaged it in the heat of battle, and made straight for Salice.

"Michel Bische told more truth than he thought," said Marmontel to himself as he rode slowly homewards. "She is Our Lady of Succour, and none other. That she may be our Lady of Beaufoy I pray the Saints! Give us your aid, good St. Francis, and I vow you the tallest candle ever seen in the Seigneurie!"

Which vow was honestly paid within a twelvemonth.



THE WORKMAN'S WIFE.

By G. HILDA BACON.

THREE wide, white roads met at a little piece of short, dry turf where stood a finger-post, pointing in three opposite directions.

Two of the roads led to the small town and smaller village just visible across the meadows, and the third up a long, dusty white hill to the downs beyond.

A dreary, dismal prospect, with its stiff rows of poplars against the sky-line, and the stunted willows fringing the slow-flowing stream. But here and there a bush of white blackthorn shone out pure and beautiful, and patches of yellow marigolds made gay the low-lying meadowland. Spring showed herself in the faint green of the hedgerows, the pale blue of the sky, and the rich song of the thrush. She laid her flower-laden hands on the poor bare pasture and made all beautiful, like the smile of a mother in a dismal home.

Up the steep hill a group of workmen toiled, their white tool-baskets hung on their backs, their brown figures all in harmony with the scene.

They moved with the slow slouching gait born of long toil, their heads bent, their eyes dull and listless with the weight of many years of hard work and drudgery. One of them, a younger man, paused at the finger-post, and bidding a brief "Good-night" to his comrades, chose a small path running close by the line and through the brown fields, ploughed and harrowed in readiness for the seed. A few solitary crows stalked up and down among the ridges, looking for the grain they had come too early to find.

One corner of the field was still yellow

with the useless mustard, and a fire had been made of the rubbish and was dimly burning, sending a cloud of pale blue transparent smoke across the landscape. Everything stood out clean-cut in the clear spring atmosphere, and the heart of the man was as the heart of a little child, drinking in insensibly the beauty of life and of nature.

His rough garments were stained with the chalk and redstones he had been working among all day. His thick corduroy trousers, strapped at the knee, creaked as he walked; his heavy, mud-caked boots trod the young grass under foot. His throat was bare and brown, and in his rough, hairy hands, with their split and blackened nails, he held his tool-bag and tea-tin, as well as some fragments of dry wood he had picked up on his way.

But God made man in His own image before the days of fustian and corduroy, and the reflection of Heaven lay in his blue eyes and on his broad brow. The splendour of life and the goodness of the Creator came to him as naturally as the song to the bird, and the thankfulness in his heart as he strode on was as acceptable as the prayer of a saint.

A little figure crossed the meadow on the opposite side of the line, and his gaze fixed upon it. A dainty figure, despite the old brown gown and lilac apron; a girl with the sun in her hair and eyes, and who carried the heart of the workman in her little hand. Over his face stole a tenderness too deep for words, and his heavy walk quickened as he watched his wife seat herself on a stile and shade her eyes with her hands.

Watching for him, he thought, "God bless her!" and he waved his tool-bag awkwardly enough.

But the shaded eyes were looking in another direction, watching a graceful figure advancing with swinging gait. Tibby glanced down coquettishly at her trim feet swinging from the stile and then up at the young squire, and her husband smiled at her pretty attitude.

Then the youth paused, and the two fell into conversation, passionate and pleading on his part, timid, yet yielding, on hers. She laid her hand on his arm and looked up at him with tearful, loving eyes, and the grip of the devil's hand took hold of the husband's heart.

With white set face and clenched fists, he moved slowly on towards the two figures, still unconscious of his proximity. Then the girl laid her head back against her companion's breast, and their lips met as meet the lips of lovers.

Reluctantly they parted. The gentleman was soon out of sight, while the

village wife sprang down from the stile, and as she did so she caught sight of her husband on the opposite side of the line.

Afraid of discovery, ashamed, blushing rose red, with quick woman's deceit she ran lightly down the bank to meet him, as if she had been watching for him, and him alone. As she did so the misery of his face changed to one of horror, and the dull roar of the approaching express fell on his ear.

Quick as thought he flung himself across the line, and meeting his wife, hurled her roughly back on to the bank in safety. What passed between the souls of husband and wife, as for one moment their eyes met? Was it confession on one side, forgiveness on the other? God knows. But the train passed by, crushing out the life of the workman as a moment before a woman had crushed out his joy.

* * * *

And to the ever-swelling crowd of saints and martyrs was added yet another soul that day.



CREVE-CŒUR



I

✠ made a supple coat of close-link'd mail.
And gave it to my friend: "This coat," said I,
"Whatever evil hand of man may try,
"Shall never fail."

II

I made a little dagger, thin and keen,
 And gave it to my love with many a kiss:
 "Whatever hap," said I, "honour with this
 "Is safe, I ween"

III

My friend, alas! my friend, loved my beloved.
 I sought a man's revenge. My eager blade
 Turned from his heart: the coat that I had made
 Too faithful proved

IV

My loved one, ah! my loved one, weary grew
 And, when I chid her, drawing me apart,
 She seized the dagger meant to guard her heart
 And pierced me through.

FAMOUS REGIMENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By GEORGE DOUGLAS.

FEW regiments have a record so distinguished as the 5th Dragoon Guards, now under service in South Africa. Raised by the Earl of Shrewsbury to support King James against "King Monmouth" at the battle of Sedgemoor, they nevertheless refused to support the tyrant in his later aggressions, and rendered signal service to King William at the battle of the Boyne. They lay before Namur in the terrible siege which resulted in its capture by the British arms; and, later, they won glory for Marlborough on the no less terrible day of Blenheim. In Parker's "Memoirs" there is quoted an admirable repartee of the great Duke to Marshal Tallard, the captive leader of the French army. On the Sunday following the victory the British army deployed after divine service to fire a *feu-de-joie* in honour of its great success. Tallard and the other officers who had been taken prisoners in the battle were invited to ride out to see the army fire, which, at last, they consented to do, though very reluctantly. When the firing was over, Marlborough asked Tallard how he liked the army. "Oh, well enough," said the other, with a shrug of pretended contempt, "but the troops they defeated—why, those are the best soldiers in the world." "And if that be so," said Marlborough slowly, "*what will the world think of the fellows that thrashed them?*" At Neer-Hespen the 5th Dragoons saved Marlborough's life when he was being suddenly cut off from his own troops, routed the famous Grenadiers of Bavaria, rode down two battalions of infantry, and captured four of the enemy's standards. "Never men fought better," said the Duke, and in his public despatch he uttered this splendid eulogy: "They

acquitted themselves with a bravery surpassing all that could have been hoped—even of them!" In the history of the 5th Dragoons the next great names are those of Blenheim, Malplaquet, and Oudenarde. But they were engaged in scores of minor engagements, any one of which would bring glory to an army at the present time, though most of them are almost forgotten in the world-resounding fame of Marlborough's greater achievements. Antwerp, Dendermond, Lisle, Wynerdale, the Scheldt, Tournay, Douay, Bethune, Aire, St. Venant—these are but a few of the places where the 5th Dragoons marched and fought and leaguered, and stormed their pathway to fame. Ninety years later they were at Tournay again—a part of the all too slender army which held in check the armed hordes which the French were hurling into Holland. Then, after a turn of service in Ireland, they arrived in Spain in time to cover the siege of Badajos and win the battle of Llerena. But their great chance came at Salamanca—a chance like that of the Gordons at Dargai, or that of the 21st Lancers at the battle of Omdurman. The story of their great charge lends one of its most thrilling pages to Sir William Napier's history of the war. Together with the 3rd and 4th Dragoons, they broke through three strong columns of the French army, *one after the other*—and that although they were being raked all the time by a withering fire. They annihilated 1200 men, captured many guns, and took 2000 prisoners of war. Since that day, the proud word "Salamanca" glitters foremost on the colours of the 5th Dragoons; and the staff which their Trumpet-Major carries at all parades is the staff of the 66th French Regiment of the Line, which they smote into nothing on

the field. At Vittoria and Toulouse they nobly sustained the reputation which they gained on the day of Salamanca; and since then, in every corner of the world, they have never failed to justify their proud motto: *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*.

Another most famous regiment now in South Africa is the Border Regiment, which comprises the old 34th and 55th Foot. This regiment is especially interesting to the student of letters because of its literary associations. In 1702 Louis XIV. of France, by skilful engineering, succeeded in placing his grandson, Philip, Duke of Anjou, on the throne of Spain. This union of two great monarchies (as France and Spain then were) was a direct menace to the rest of Europe, and, above all, to Great Britain. Consequently an army was raised to take the field under the great Duke of Marlborough. New regiments were required, and Colonel Lord Lucas raised the 34th Foot, now the 1st Battalion of the Border Regiment. One of Lord Lucas's captains was "Richard Steele, gent.," afterwards Sir Richard, the famous essayist and friend of Addison. Scanning the list of officers thirteen years later, you see among the ensigns the name of Roger Sterne, the father of the author of "Tristram Shandy." Laurence Sterne accompanied the 34th Foot to many a garrison town, and it was in the bustling and various life which he was forced to lead as a boy that he found the rich material of his future work. Thus the Border Regiment, among its other titles to fame, may lay claim to Uncle Toby and to Corporal Trim. Thirty years later, when the battle of Fontenoy was lost through the Dutch failing to second the attack of their English allies, the 34th was part of the stubborn rearguard which kept the advancing French doggedly at bay till retreat was secured. "Francie Macraw, Francie Macraw!" cried Edie Ochiltree; "dinna ye mind Fontenoy, and 'Keep thegither front and rear!' 'Keep thegither front and rear!'"—that was the cry among the privates as they closed up their ranks and withstood the onset of the enemy. There is yet another interesting literary association

connected with the Border Regiment. The veteran soldier of Burns's "Jolly Beggars" was with the 34th Foot in the West Indies "when the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum." But we have anticipated. Ere Fontenoy, the Border Regiment had fought its way through Spain, under the dare-devil Earl of Peterborough; had besieged Barcelona, Douay, Bethune, Aire, St. Venant, and Bouchain; had helped to defend Gibraltar in the terrible siege of 1727; and the year after Fontenoy it was back at Culloden fighting the Young Chevalier. Ere its prime of glory in the Peninsular War, it had also fought in Minorca, in the West Indies, and in North America. But it was under Wellington that it gained its terrible renown. The great names of "Albuhera," "Arroyo dos Molinos," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Orthes," "Nive," "Peninsula," soon glittered on the colours of the Border Regiment; and to these it has since added the names, no less great, of "Alma," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol," and "Lucknow." At Arroyo dos Molinos the English 34th captured the brass drums of the French 34th; and no doubt ere long the Boers will hear a rousing tattoo from drums that were gained on a battlefield of Spain.

The 9th Lancers, who are also in South Africa now, though they fought all through the Peninsula, had not the luck to be engaged on the great battlefields where the Border Regiment won its glory. 'Tis true they were well to the front at the siege of Badajos, and gained no little credit in the short affair at Arzoyo. But their chief work—and most useful work it was—lay in daring minor actions subservient to the main design of Wellington's great campaign. Such were Merida, Polomor, Ribera, Acaña, and Alba de Torres. But if Spain did not present them with the opportunity of great battlefields, India made good their opportunity. Few regiments in any army can show names upon their colours more significant than "Punniar," "Sobraon," "Punjaub," "Chillianwallah," "Goojerat," "Delhi," "Lucknow," "Charasiab," "Kabul," "Kandahar," and "Afghanistan."

Another regiment which rendered signal service in the Peninsular War, without having the luck to be just on the spot when there arose some glorious and terrible occasion, is the 18th Hussars, now (or lately) encamped at Ladysmith, in Natal, and therefore in close touch with the Boer forces. Curiously enough, Ladysmith derives its name from a lovely Spanish lady who, having sought refuge with Wellington's forces, fell in love with and married a young English officer-called Harry Smith. This officer rose to be Sir Harry Smith, the veteran South African warrior and statesman, who defeated the Boers at the battle of Boomplatz. When the town of Ladysmith was founded, it received its present name as a compliment to the Spanish lady, the wife of the distinguished General. That is a curious link in the past between the battlefields of Spain and the present battlefields of South Africa. For their services under Wellington the 18th Hussars are privileged to bear on their colours the words "Peninsula" and "Waterloo": at the latter battle they delivered a most daring and effective charge. Their motto is *Pro rege, pro lege, pro patria conamur*—"We fight for our Sovereign, our country, and our laws"—a motto, it may be remarked, which is especially applicable to their present endeavours in South Africa.

The Liverpool Regiment, which is also in South Africa, was raised, like the 5th Dragoons, to support King James against the invasion of his nephew Monmouth. None the less, it was largely owing to the patriotic conduct of its officers that James, only three years later, was driven from his kingdom. It may be remembered that one of the tricks by which James endeavoured to abet his tyranny was to foist Roman Catholic officers upon English regiments, a proceeding which was then contrary to law. He tried to do this with the Liverpool Regiment, or the Princess of Denmark's, as it was then called. But the Colonel, supported by five of his officers, refused to admit Roman Catholics to the privileges of the regiment, and drew up a memorandum of protest. James ordered his natural son, the Duke of Berwick, to

proceed to Portsmouth, then the headquarters of the regiment, and arrest the offending officers. Immediately the whole country was in an uproar; the officers had acted within their rights, whereas James had gone beyond his. Ballads in honour of the "six Portsmouth captains," as they were called, were sung in every town in England. And so, before the officers could be punished, James was fleeing from his kingdom. It was only natural that the regiment should distinguish itself at the Boyne after its stout defence of liberty at Portsmouth. But it was in the Netherlands that it accomplished its first great feat of war. Its leader was Lord Cutts, nicknamed the Salamander, because where the fire was hottest there Cutts was always in his element. He ordered them to take the fortress of Venloo. It was the worst of strategy—Cutts, though the bravest of the brave, had no head for command—but, as so often in English military history, bad strategy led to magnificent soldiery. Venloo was splendidly fortified and strongly held. "'Tis impossible to take it," cried an eye-witness. Cutts answered by taking it. Over bastion, fausse braye, and raveline—over trench, glacis, and escarpment, he led his dare-devils; the ditches were heaped with the dead till the living walked over them—and the hunted enemy ran upon the farther side. After such a feat, it does not surprise us to hear that the regiment was soon privileged to bear upon its colours the names of the four bloodiest days in the history of war—"Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Malplaquet," and "Oudenarde." Beside these now glitter the names of "Dettingen," "Martinique," "Niagara," "Delhi," "Lucknow," "Peiwar Kotal," "Afghanistan," and "Egypt." In Martinique, Afghanistan, and Egypt the Liverpools had beside them their North-country neighbours, the Manchesters; and now they are once more together at the Cape. The Manchesters are worthy of that great company. On *their* flag you may see the words: "Egmont-op-Zee," "Martinique," "Guadaloupe," "Peninsula," "Alma," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol," "New Zealand," "Afghanistan," and "Egypt."

FAMOUS RAILWAY-STATIONS.

By GEORGE A. WADE.

IN giving to the reader a short account of a few of the most notable of British railway-stations, it seems only fair and proper that we should begin with the largest one. Liverpool Street Station, the

station, having no less than eighteen of them, of which the longest one extends over three hundred yards.

Again, it probably comes first in the number of trains which daily arrive and



Photo. by Pinkington.

WHILE THE WEST-END SLEEPS: ARRIVAL OF AN EARLY TRAIN AT LIVERPOOL STREET.

City terminus of the Great Eastern Railway, is not only the largest station in England, but probably in the world. It covers an area of no less than fifteen and a half acres, which is far ahead of its next rival in England, the station at New Street, Birmingham.

Apart from its immense area, Liverpool Street Station has other most important claims to the first position among railway-stations. It has the most platforms of any

depart, seeing that these total up to the large number of 1013!

Perhaps the best time to see Liverpool Street Station is either between eight and nine in the morning, or five and six at night. Then one should stand just at the entrance and watch the constant stream of passengers arriving or departing. They are nearly all "something in the City," and include men and women, boys and girls, of every age and rank. There is a

noticeable proportion of black silk hats and frock-coats among them, however, for Liverpool Street Station is the most

the North-Eastern line, in East Yorkshire, and Matlock Bath, on the Midland, in Derbyshire. And of the two the palm must certainly go to Brough.



Photo. by Poulton.

BROUGH RAILWAY STATION: GARDEN SIDE.

conveniently situated of all the great termini for men who work in the City, seeing that it is within such a short distance of the Mansion House.

This station now rejoices in the possession of a wonderful electric clock, specially made for it by a famous firm. The design of this clock is very fine, and its mechanism and accuracy probably out-distance anything of the kind before in existence. London is proud of Liverpool Street Station, and there can be no doubt of the popularity of the "blue engine" company with City employees.

After the largest station in England, let us come to the prettiest. There will, no doubt, be many candidates for this honour; but to those who know the country's lines well throughout, probably all would single out two stations as beyond their rivals—namely, Brough, on

succeeded. There is now a flower-garden, most beautifully laid out, and in the season simply one mass of magnificent bloom; there is an excellent little orchard, a well-stocked and very inviting vegetable garden, two fine greenhouses, etc. In the middle of the flower-garden is a pretty fountain and basin, in which some thirty goldfish disport themselves.



RIVERSIDE STATION, LIVERPOOL.

In 1893 a popular London journal offered a prize of £10 to the station-master of any station in the kingdom who

had, on the August Bank Holiday, the finest show of flowers in the garden attached to the station. Brough won the prize. Besides this, it has several times carried off the prize offered by the N.E.R. Co. for the prettiest station on its line.

During his long reign as stationmaster Mr. James has frequently received Royalty at Brough, especially the Prince of Wales on his visits to the late Mr. Christopher Sykes at Brantinghamthorpe. The Princess, too, came here in 1869, and expressed

The Midland Railway Company undoubtedly own one of the finest stations of the kingdom in their well-known terminus at St. Pancras, and for nobility of appearance from the outside, this London station certainly stands absolutely unrivalled. The magnificent hotel belonging to the railway company, with its two noble towers, and the fine clock, makes, indeed, a most imposing picture as one looks at it from the Euston Road.

As large stations go, St. Pancras is not



ST. PANCRAS STATION, LONDON.

Reproduced by the courtesy of the Midland Railway Company.

her delight at the pretty surroundings. The Prince has had a photograph of the station, in which only Mr. James was permitted to appear, taken specially for himself; and H.R.H. kindly presented a copy of it to the station-master, who has also received several other gifts at one time or another from Royal visitors.

After forty years' service as stationmaster at Brough, Mr. James resigned on Oct. 31, 1898, and was presented by the villagers, including such men as Sir James Reckitt, Sir James Woodhouse, etc., with an illuminated address, a splendid clock, and a purse of £80 in gold.

especially noticeable for its area when one gets inside it. It covers a space of 8½ acres, which is little more than half what Liverpool Street Station covers; and there are only seven platforms.

But the glory of St. Pancras is its roof, and this feature it is which makes it one of the most famous stations in the world. For the glass roof of St. Pancras extends right from one side-wall of the station to the other in a wonderful semicircle, with a span of no less than nine hundred feet! And not one single pillar is there to support this marvellous roof. The Illustration accompanying this article gives a

capital view of it, and makes one grasp more fully what St. Pancras has to be proud of—namely, that it has the largest single-span glass roof in the world. Sir Gilbert Scott, who was the architect of it, has made his name memorable by many splendid designs, and not least by this one.

Except for its roof, St. Pancras, inside the station, has not a great claim to our notice. Only about one hundred and twenty-one trains arrive and depart during the twenty-four hours, which is a poor total against the G.E.R.'s 1013. But there is a large and fine clock in St. Pancras Station, which has the merit of being one of the very largest in the kingdom, and whose minute-hand is over 8 ft. long.

No reference to notable railway-stations in England would possibly be complete that omitted to mention the Riverside Station at Liverpool of the Mersey Dock and Harbour Board. It is to this station that the American specials are run with

intending passengers for the States, or to bring arrivals from there to London.

Riverside Station is admirably adapted and situated for the purpose it has to fulfil, as will be seen from the accompanying sketch, taken from a photograph. On one side it has the famous Prince's Dock, and on the other the open Mersey, so deep that the steamers can come right up to the side of the wharf, and thus the embarkation or disembarkation of passengers and goods is much facilitated.

There are probably few stations out of London that are so constantly busy as is Riverside. Almost every day, except Friday, the "ocean greyhounds" of some Transatlantic line are setting out, or arriving, and often there are as many as three steam-ships of the larger companies departing on one day, besides as many coming in. It will be seen, therefore, that this railway-station for the Atlantic traffic is kept well going, and this is



NEW STREET STATION, BIRMINGHAM.

Reproduced by the courtesy of the London and North Western Railway Company.

especially so in the afternoons, for it is then that most Atlantic steamers depart.

Perhaps no provincial town is as proud of its chief railway-station as Birmingham is of the New Street Station, and not without cause. New Street Station has acquired a great reputation far and wide, though it would be somewhat difficult to state exactly why. There are yet some people in England—and the “some” includes a great many—who will persist in

the idea that New Street Station is the only serious rival of Liverpool Street Station, in London, in the matter of size. The absurdity of this widely spread opinion will be seen when I state that the Birmingham station covers an area of about eleven acres, against the one given above of fifteen and a half acres to Liverpool Street. Thus, this former station is scarcely three-quarters the area of the latter one, so where does the rivalry come in?

Yet, New Street Station, a comparatively recent erection on what was formerly a slum district, does Birmingham credit. It has twelve platforms, of which eight are “through,” and it is one of the largest stations out of the London district in this respect. In 1898 no less than 1,540,728 passengers booked from New Street Station, and that alone will give some idea, being at the rate of over 4000 a day, of the immense traffic of which it is the centre.

Some of the platforms here are a quarter of a mile long; and the roof, a semicircular one, is made of glass and corrugated iron, being supported on one side by forty-five

Doric pillars, springing from the station wall, and on the other by iron columns.

The entrance to the station, or rather the front of it, is occupied by the Queen's



ROYAL WAITING-ROOM, WINDSOR STATION.

Hotel, a fine building of the Italian style of architecture. The station is the joint property of the London and North-Western and of the Midland Railway companies, and so in this respect, too, it falls behind Liverpool Street Station, in the Metropolis, which is the sole property of one company.

In one respect New Street Station is behind the times, and that is a strange statement to make of any public place in the capital of the Black Country—it is still lighted by gas! Surely at this time of day the electric light might shine forth in such a famous centre!

Windsor Station has an especial claim to notice in any account of famous railway-stations; for it has seen so many scenes of the greatest importance, politically, historically, and socially, owing to its connection with royalty and the royal borough, that it becomes one of the most interesting stations in England. The Great Western Railway Company—for it is to their station I am now referring—have just replaced the old structure by a large, new, commodious one, more

fitted to cope with the great number of passengers who visit Windsor. This new station consists of five platforms, and has a large span, or covered way, to accommodate a guard of honour for royalty, and all necessary equipages too. This covered way is some eighty-seven feet across, and communicates directly with the Castle. The total cost of this new enterprise was over £87,000.

It was while the old station was being pulled down that a mysterious coffin was found under its foundations, which was supposed by many eminent authorities to contain the remains of King Edward VI., about whose place of burial there had long been doubts.

On the platform at Windsor is the royal waiting-room, which is a very cosy and beautifully furnished suite of apartments, adjoining the covered way already mentioned. The royal waiting-room is

etc., and nicely upholstered; the room is a charming boudoir, right fitted up, and then connected with the third room, used as a lavatory. The rooms are carpeted with thick carpets, have easy-chairs, settees, writing-tables, etc. Only royal pages are ever allowed to use them, very rare exceptions by special command. Not even Ambassadors or the highest English nobility are allowed to go into these apartments when visiting the Queen. The present royal waiting-room, built as a Jubilee memorial, as a table it (vide Illustration) sets forth.

The stationmaster at Windsor, S. F. Johnson, has a special uniform, and personally attends all royalties who visit the Sovereign, as well as upon the Sovereign's Majesty herself. He has received many of them several marks of favour, and he is often consulted



WATERLOO STATION: THE PLATFORM FROM WHICH THE TROOPS DEPART FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

really three separate rooms connected by internal doors. On entering from the platform, one goes into the reception-room, finely decorated with ferns, flowers,

Castle by those in authority with regard to her Majesty's journeys at home and abroad.

One of the most striking scenes at Waterloo Station, the London terminus

the South-Western Railway, is to be seen when there is a great race-meeting in the Thames Valley—and practically there is one almost every week—for the South-Western Line is the direct route to Ascot, Kempton Park, Lingfield Park, Sandown, Hurst Park, Windsor, etc., to say nothing of such places as Epsom and Gatwick! Almost every week-end and every holiday sees a tremendous crowd lining-up in Waterloo Station *en route* for the

races at one of these places, and gay indeed is the scene on a fine summer's morning.

There can be no doubt that the day of days for seeing Waterloo at its best is when the "specials" are returning in the evening from Ascot Races. Ascot is a select assembly, patronised by royalty and nobility rather than by the lower fraternity of racing men. No meeting commands so many of the fair sex as spectators, nor shows such splendid dresses and turn-outs. It is quite a picture on a lovely summer's day to stand and watch the long gay procession of noble ladies, charmingly attired, detraining at Waterloo, and seeking their own vehicle from the long array of private carriages that are awaiting the crowd—an array often extending two deep, for over half a mile!

Waterloo is a very large station, and is ever busy—probably the busiest London station, after Liverpool Street. But, like many other stations in the Metropolis, it suffers from the narrow approach into it along the main lines. It is in the shape, roughly speaking, of a bottle, of which the

station is the body-part; then comes the "neck," through which all trains entering or departing must pass towards or from Vauxhall. Hence there is a constant



Photo. by Pilkington.

"UNTIL THE EVENING": EARLY ARRIVALS LEAVING WATERLOO.

blocking of traffic on busy days, and the man who lives at Putney, Wimbledon, or Richmond knows that his train home is timed to start at 6 o'clock, but feels glad indeed if he gets off in it by 7! Then he says a few strong words about the line, about the Company, and, most of all, about the race-meetings generally!

Without question the finest and prettiest of all large provincial railway-stations is York, which is on the main line of the North-Eastern Company. This beautiful station was two and a half years in re-building, and was opened for traffic in 1877. The area covered by the station roofing is four and a half acres, and the station buildings cover another acre. The uncovered area is rather short of an acre.

The roof is a beautiful structure of iron and glass. It rises 48 ft. above the rails, and has four spans, the largest having a width of 81 ft. That York is a large station will be seen from its number of platforms, which total up to thirteen, and have an aggregate length of 8160 ft. And that York is a very busy station nobody who has seen it needs telling; but the

man who has not, can form some idea from the fact that often in summer no less than 358 trains pass through it daily, while the passengers booked at it average, in summer, 3200 a day.

The staff employed amounts to 333, and there are large and fine subways and bridges for reaching various points. The station is painted white and blue, and as York is by no means a dirty town, there are few large stations ever look so clean and

it, it has an immense local traffic. The station is a regular adornment to Princes Street. But being even now, large as it is, too small for what is required, it is in process of reconstruction.

A few words should also be added in an account like this of our best subterranean station, which is probably that on the Metropolitan and District Railway at Baker Street. Of course, as one would expect, such a station seems dark and



YORK RAILWAY STATION.

Reproduced by the courtesy of the North Eastern Railway Company.

pretty as this one. It is lighted by the electric light at night, and when one stands on the city walls and sees the brilliant illumination, and watches the grand curve of the rails through the station, with the northern expresses, Pullman-cars, and sleeping-cars behind them, dashing along towards Scotland at sixty miles an hour, the scene is one never to be forgotten.

In Scotland the most notable station is the Waverley, in Edinburgh, belonging to the North British Railway Company. Besides having the East Coast and Midland traffic from London to Scotland passing through

dull after those we have been speaking of; but Baker Street is a fine example of its kind, and for being busy and bustling could give points to most of our large stations above ground.

And, lastly, I ought not to omit Clapham Junction, the well-known station of the London and South-Western Company, for Clapham Junction has the distinction of having the most trains pass through it daily of any station in the world. What is to be said of a railway-station where, during many hours of the day, trains go through at the rate of two a minute? Only this, that it is a marvel!

THADY.

By K. L. MONTGOMERY.

MRS. BLAKE, given her knitting and an appreciative audience, would, seated on a low turf wall, descant away the afternoon sunshine over the story of Thady's "quare stratagems." At intervals across the foreground, over which her black-shadowed grey eyes stared unseeingly, a slim little boy's figure would wander, his eyes fixed on the blue distances with the trick of wistful question which Irish eyes at times possess. Then was Mrs. Blake fain to give a discouraged sigh, with the aspiration, "Why at all that wan must be borring the ways av the gulls off av the say, might she know as much as a pig did av ballad-singing!"

Thady heeded as little as he understood her objections. His mother, in a moment of annoyance, might assert that "for anny handiness to be got out av him, he'd as good have his feet on his hands at wanst"; but a small boy's ineptitudes are likely to cease with his tasks. Thady Blake was as a broken reed in the matter of weeding or running errands, but no goat could be nimbler on the grassy downs shelving to the sands, and few fishermen could better him in launching his coracle on the deep-bosomed breakers that thunder greetings out of the West to the Connemara coast.

The coracle was at the beginning and end of Thady's stratagems. To guide the frail construction of skin stretched over laths in and out of the scrolled outline of coast was worth any amount of "miching" from a sphere of dull, if undeniable usefulness. No cowed ascetic of the 9th century, pushing off from the familiar

shores, could have felt the glamour of distance more beckoningly insistent than this little Celt of the 19th. Rudderless, as it were, by "the gleams and glooms" that chased themselves, April-wise, through his small brain, Thady was content to float for hours in his craft, accepting the objurgatory "going-over," administered with return to the maternal hearth, as the inevitable flints that strewed the road to Faërie.

The coracle was riding on long-swelling rollers on a day when its inmate shook his dreams from him to observe the fallow tarnish on a cloud-bank cresting the horizon. It meant wind. Already the squall was upon him, driving the coracle before it, as a collie might herd a stray sheep.

With the self-reliance his waged struggle for independence had taught him, Thady sat still, his small lips setting firmly as he scanned the black rock-comb for which the craft was heading. As she neared it the boat swung round, scraping through a narrow crevice under Thady's skilful handling. Within, the green sea-water lapped the guardian rock-belt in an actual lagoon.

Thady guessed at his geography now. The coracle was floating on St. Bedan's Bowl, and before him lay St. Bedan's Beads, that chain of scattered rocks covered with sparse grass. To the largest of these, where a roofless cabin showed, Thady steered, childhood's passion for adventure quickening his pulses. Beaching the coracle on a bit of silver sand about as large as a bed-quilt, the child strayed upwards, plucking the magenta

knops of sea-pinks about his feet. The intense seriousness of his aspect gave no clue to the value which the trove of a "weeshy quite place," in which one might lie perdu the day long, assumed for him.

But as the king prepared to enter his kingdom of the roofless hut, he gave back at sight of a usurper. Huddled in the farthest corner a gaunt figure was crouching, such as a sculptor might have struck from the marble for the "Death of Hope," so absolute was the cringing despondency in every line.

Even as the boy paused, the figure stirred, trailing its length upon the grass-grown hearthstone of the cabin. The movement revealed a heavily limbed man, but a chill rippled over Thady's backbone as the face turned towards him showed itself hidden under a rudely knotted rag, through which the glittering eyes peered with an effect of awful fascination.

"For the love av Mary, who is it at all?" demanded a voice through the masking handkerchief, the familiar accent restoring some power of locomotion to Thady's trembling little legs. With the wheel of a frightened rabbit, he scampered down the hillside, casting himself into the coracle, as though for assurance that the means of escape were still open.

But curiosity's rowels are sharp. Slowly as any pilgrim of pea-sown shoes, after five palpitating moments, Thady crept up the slope again, nearly retreating in full cry as he saw the mysterious figure standing unsteadily in the cabin door. As he stole nearer an alarming inarticulate howl nailed his feet to the ground.

"Don't budge the len'th av yer fut nearer!" The words sounded through his heart-beatings; he was not sure that the red-banded honey-bees in the ling had not buzzed them to him.

The stranger had sunk down in the doorway, his eyes seeming to devour his visitor.

"What ailed yez, to be comin' in on me whin the dyin's had near got me?" he panted in a carrying whisper. "Sure, blissid Joseph won't be for puttin' me deep in Pnrgathory for the time av it

I've had here! 'Tis bitter bad to have the life in yez waked up agin!"

Thady ventured a step nearer.

"Is it sick y'are?" he inquired, with a sympathetic intonation that seemed to kindle an extra fierceness in his acquaintance.

"Keep out av that wid yersilf!" he reiterated. "Musha! would I see a little gossoon tuk the same as mesilf? Arrah, chil'!" he added, under the apparent pressure of an intolerable pang, "av ye've a bite to ait about yez, give it over for the sake of the Holy Family. Sure, 'tis starvin' wid the hunger I am, an' me thinkin' that was over an' done wid!"

Thady nodded. Here at last was a tangible point for his bewilderment to anchor against—"starvin' wid the hunger" was a malady on which one could base a fellow-feeling. With an Arab hospitality he drew out the cold potatoes bulging his jacket, laying them on the grass in obedience to an imperious gesture.

"There's a sup av wather in the boat beyant. I'll get it, sure," he observed; and ran fleetly to fetch it.

When he came back Thady inclined to think he had missed an opportunity. The potatoes had vanished, but surely in the process some corner of the handkerchief must have been lifted, the face concealed for a second becoming visible. Depositing his bottle on the grass, he watched eagerly, but, clutching it, the man dragged himself inside the cabin before putting it to his lips.

"May ivery hair av yer head be a mould can'le to light yez to glory!" he said hoarsely, reappearing on the doorstep. "Maybe 'twas the saints sint yez to insinse me into howldin' on a bit longer. Sure, wasn't I at the height av dissolution whin ye landed in on me?"

Thady, squatted on the heather opposite, was not unaware of a gratifying tone of equality in the speech of this personage.

"Will I give yez a cast back in the boat?" he suggested, as the stranger seemed to lose himself in reverie.

The man shook his head.

"What call have I there?" he said, with an accent Thady did not know was bitter.

"I'd enough av that over beyant," turning his thumb over his shoulder in vague indication of a purple rampart of mountain. "Didn't thim I'd pass on the road let a bawl out av thim whin I'd bid thim the day? Wasn't me own flesh an' blood for puttin' me up? Sure, 'twas put to it I was to slip off wid mesilf."

His voice sank in a retrospective cadence; the orchestra of bees had fluted an interlude before he spoke again.

"Bejabers, but a man's life sticks close to him like the skins av the big sarpints we did be seein' up the Punjab way! One'd think I'd be glad to get shut av ut, mesilf! But musha, 'tis as strong as iver!"

Metaphysics being latent in this æon of Thady's cosmos, it seemed meet to him to turn the conversation into practical channels.

"What sort did the big sarpints be?" he demanded, the spell of the unknown stirring him deliciously.

The figure moved wearily.

"Th' ould lad that had near got Azizun was the tremenjous big fella," he responded dreamily. "The thickness av me thigh he was, an' glitterin' an' shinin' along th' scales av him fit to put yer eyes out, an' the great ugly head riz up out av himsilf,

starin' the life out av her, an' she crouchin' up in her white *sari* for all the world like her own ghost."

Thady applied a further goad.

"Who was she at all?" he inquired, prudently avoiding any conversational reefs where a more explicit question might have shipwrecked.

"Azizun, is it? She was the greatest

little wife iver a man had, wid the purty tindher ways on her the Queen on her throne c u d n ' t betther av she burst hersilf! She niver held up her head rightly after the little fellas was tuk, but to the las' there'd be a bit av a smile for me—*mari sowami*, she did be callin' me! 'Twas to see the light come in the big eyes av her that I insinced the quare contrarious



Even as the boy paused, the figure stirred.

words into me head; an', after all, she liked best me to larn her me own! The pride av her whin she got her tongue roun' *marourneen*, an' I'd made shift to tell her the sinse av it, me little dote! Be the Body of Jesus, av she's not in Paradise, St. Pether'll want the sthrong arms on him to get houl't av mesilf!"

He dropped his head in his hands with the former despairing gesture, but Thady could not so soon let the conversation lapse.

"Why wouldn't she be in the good place?" he insinuated.

"Faith, why not indade! There's some thinks a bit of a brown face makes all the differ, but I'd be long sorry to give in that Thim above'd sour thataway at the wans They'd had the makin' av."

The feverish energy that had given the wasted form strength was flickering; a longer pause fell before the next words.

"Sure, I'll lie down a bit. Ye'd betther be gettin' off." He interrupted himself, surveying the child with a burning intensity. "Whisper now, ye won't be lettin' on about me to livin' saint or sinner?" he finished hesitatingly.

"Deed an' I won't," Thady reassured him. "Isn't me mother at me day in an' day out, fit to take the skin off av a cat's back, till I'd give her the histh'ry av ivery stitch I'd seen? But 'tis less than little she gets out av me. Women's tongues is made to run a mile a minit, like Barney Brien's pigs, but men'd be the quare fools to go min' them!"

With which happy epitome of national sentiment in a country which has successfully escaped the inoculation of chivalry, Thady departed, casting back lingering glances at the grey-stoned hut.

In obedience to the law of circumstance which ordains that the action of unknown individuals shall have power to affect, indirectly or otherwise, one's personal career, the stranger on St. Bedan's Beads must be considered as inducing Mrs. Blake's helpless astonishment on the morrow, when Thady, "wid the outrageousness av an aigle, up an' bid her go min' th' ould goat hersilf," filling up the measure of his iniquity by vanishing with the griddle-cake just baked. Conscience being largely a product of civilisation, the culprit fared gaily forth, preferring to-day the road over the heather-jewelled bogland to the hazardous passage in his coracle. As he scrambled down the cliff opposite the thread of islands, he perceived the lonely figure already in an attitude of expectancy.

"Ye're the gran' man intirely!" was his greeting, when, with bare little feet

glistening from the wet rocks over which he had waded from the mainland, the child approached; but after the griddle-bread had been presented and discussed, as before, in the cabin twilight, Thady had time to weary of the silence. Various small uneasy manœuvres, as of a puppy twitching under an abstracted hand, had been executed before the man spoke at last—

"Me head's cracked wid the thinkin'!" he began. "Sure, afther me time wid the rigmint was up, an' I foun' what had follyed me from oversays, 'twas mad to ind it all I did be, av I hadn't been set to see th' ould place wanst more, an' little Kathleen and Norah, the slips that'd cried the eyes out av their heads whin the big brother wint soldierin'! I betther have left alone thrampin' there, only to fin' Katty whingein' for 'fraid I'd come near her clutch av childher, an' the little slieven Norah whisperin' 'twas put up I'd a right to be, an' thim drawin' me pay! 'I'd be long sorry ye'd get that much av me, me little ould fox,' says I to mesilf, 'I'd twinty times over it wint back into the Queen's pocket rather than yez should get disposin' av it.' So I lit out av that, thinkin' I'd make out some commojous dissolite place to lie down and die. But I'm renagin' at the notion now; 'tis a cruel big lep, and, maybe, not wid over an' above too firm a take-off ayther!"

He had spoken with a wistful craving for sympathy which vaguely impressed the hearer. Thady possessed the intuitive perceptions of his nation; they were for him as a Rosetta stone to unravel the hieroglyphics of this outpouring.

"Whethen, I'm sorry for yez!" he said. "Look at now, why wouldn't ye stay snug in here, av y' are annyways sick? 'Tis the black quite place, and I'll engage to get the bite an' sup ye'd want, an' not let on to mortal!"

Thady's suggestion, with its lack of perspective that enhances the "long, long thoughts" of youth, was destined to transform the desert of a waning life with the brief brilliance of a mirage. No guardian of a concealed Jesuit could approve himself warier than he in the

conveyance to his protégé of the food for which he quested far and near, his masculine supremacy at home being happily too intercourse between the discharged soldier and the dreamy child. In the days a strange friendship sprang up between the



"In the haythen timple she was . . . an' the ould villain av a sarpint eyein' her."

firmly established to permit of any extra energy of examination as to his whereabouts in those hours of incongruous

two, as though a breath from thymy Thessalian slopes had whispered over gorse-scented Irish hills, germinating the

"white flower" of love in these lovers, not of the Symposium. In this union Jim Daly was the "inspirer," Thady the "hearer," the grey web of hitherto monotonous existence being shot for the boy by a rainbow tissue vivid with Eastern colouring. It was a butterfly-idyll which the long summer nourished, but while it lasted no thought of coming loss troubled the *insouciant* Celtic temperament.

"Begorra, the way ye sit up before me brings Azizun to me mind," remarked Daly one day. "The moral av her way av readin' the words off av me lips 'fore they'd be spoke, y' have."

Thady listened gravely. With the curious acceptance of facts which is one attitude of childhood, he had seemingly acquiesced in his friend's idiosyncrasies of obviating personal contact as completely as the handkerchief obviated personal observation; with the same reserve-respecting faculty he had avoided questions about the mysterious names that on the first day had reeled so glibly from Daly's tongue. But to-day the reiteration of thought had fretted through a certain shrinking from fingering a wound.

"Mornin', noon, an' night is she 'fore me," the man resumed, slipping lower on the wind-swept grass. "Will I iver forgit the day I seen her first?"

"Wid the big sarpint?" Thady supplemented as he paused. Daly's eyes opened with a flash of interest.

"Did I tell yez the way it was? Undher canvas we were, an' the bhoys desartin' be the ton weight, till nothin' would sarve the Colonel but a comp'ny should bate up the Town av the Dead, lyin' not the len'th av grape off us. Musha! 'twas the sight to see the dead corpses, sittin' wid the legs tucked away undher thim at the shop-doors, ar' the *dhubis* stiff as rams' horns kneelin' be the fountains, wid the bits o' clothes they'd been rinsin' out whin the black faver gripped thim." The broken voice trailed away inaudibly. Thady, mentally adjusting his new picture, was relieved when the raconteur suddenly continued—

"Flattin' hersilf up in the haythen temple she was, me heart's core! wid the

jessamine rope, the thickness av her two wrists, at her fut, an' the ould villain av a sarpint eyein' her as bitter as sut. 'Twas I give him the dab on the head which rejuced him to keepin' company wid the corpses, an' mesilf had Azizun out av that while ye'd be clappin' yer han's! *Mo cneibhin cno!* 'twasn't that long 'fore ye got to give me the kin' look out av the tail av yer eye!"

He staggered up, throwing his arms wide in passion.

"Mother av God!" he cried, "what spite at all did ye take agin us? Sure, me girl tuk the flowers to yez in the chapel wan fur wan, wid what she'd bring to the tipples fur ould acquaintance' sake! Hadn't ye a mother's heart fur her whin the two twins lay on her breast, an' she instructin' me to call her the mother av Soma and Harkrishan! Or was it th'ould gods lookin' crooked on us maybe done the mischief?"

"Arrah, Jim, don't be takin' on that fashion!" Thady entreated, his eyes widening with sudden tears. "See here now, me mother's mad to be off to the big pathern av sowls, where there's all manner of contrivances fur slippin' thim that's gone out av Purgathory. Sure, we cud have Azizun out in less than no time."

The unaccustomed name came trippingly from his tongue, but Daly started erect.

"God shelter yer soul in Heaven!" he gasped. "Av I knew she was safe in Paradise I'd die aisy. 'Tis the thought av me colleen skytin' about like a bat betwixt an' betune that's the killin' part!"

"I'll take off wid mesilf at wanst, thin," remarked Thady. "The pathern's on to-morrow, an' 'twill be the great thing to get in wan's word 'fore the saints is moidhered wid the crowd."

Mrs. Blake—intent on a sick pig, reposing for facilities of nursing in the family bed—was stricken with amazement at her son's announcement of accompanying her to the pattern, "an' not a word more out av him," as she remarked resentfully to her female friends. "I declare to goodness," she added, in a spasm of



MR. BEERBOHM TREE,
As Alexandre Dumas' great hero, d'Artagnan.



Thady was apt to pause on a Hail, Mary, in memory of some individual mackerel of prowess.

indignation, "'twould take a tiger all his time to cope wid Thady!"

This zoological Barlow not being available, Thady serenely joined the pilgrims journeying over the fuchsia-hedged roads towards the lap of the mountains, where the pattern was yearly celebrated. As the child woke on the morrow, in the hospitable farmhouse which had received the Blake contingent on the previous night, his eyes fell on nō less a person than his parish priest, master of all spiritual short cuts.

"Come to make your soul, my son?" he remarked approvingly.

Thady seized his chance.

"Would yer Riv'rince be afther tellin' me how to get a sowl out av Purgathory?" he demanded, flinching no whit from the salvoes of laughter around.

"Is it there y' are, Thady? Well, to circuit the holy well on your knees, tellin' the beads the while, holds an indulgence of fifty years each circuit. Will that do ye?" responded Father French with an admirable gravity, equalling that on the small eager face.

As the mountains grew clear under the rising sun, the sienna-tinted glen revealed the pattern already inaugurated. From a rude pulpit in the open, Father French was alternately rallying, chiding, and exhorting the congregation, while within the chapel the feature of the pattern, the priest from Maynooth—report haloed him "as having been as thick as thieves wid the Holy Father in St. Pether's"—was hearing confessions, which the exigencies of "polishing off" would seem to render of a composite nature, a penitent kneeling at each side of the confessional. Beyond, swathes of kneeling worshippers stared raptly at the blue and white Mary set in a wreath of artificial flowers, or prayed the "len' av the can'le" for the soul whose vanished presence had been mistily visible to them in their pilgrimage over the wet heather that morning.

Thady, beads in hand, was already among the green ovals of the brambles growing dankly by the well-arch, under which the agate-clear water slept. His hard little knees were scratched; but telling the beads possessed for him

a certain lightening charm, though of rather a reminiscent than a devotional character, his rosary being, in fact, composed of the eyes of fishes captured by himself. Thady was apt to pause on a Hail, Mary, in memory of some individual mackerel of prowess, and invariably lingered unduly on the fourth Paternoster, represented by the optic of a haddock enshrined in his annals as endued in life with "the mouth av a horse on him!"

This martyr's memorial had been nearly attained on the third circuit, when Thady's recollection was disturbed at sight of a woman stooping, jug in hand, over the well.

"Mesilf's padded from Lenagh," she observed, "fur to git a sup av the wather fur himsilf. 'Tis the gran' good healin' the pattrern gives it entirely."

In the brilliance of a new idea for once the haddock's eye was told unnoted, Thady performing the remaining circuits in a species of trot. Visions of the removal of his friend's mysterious sickness crowded on him as he loaned a *cruiskeen* from a woman fastening a rag commemorative of her petition on a thorn-bush near.

A scrap of his *bawneen* kept the rag company, when, holding the dripping jug to him, he struck out for the blue sea-line with an ardour that the actual miles of road abated little. Something akin to heroism must have animated Thady as he plodded on, browsing on the bunches of crude blackberries, thirsty, but loyally abstaining from decreasing his precious jugful by a drop.

The air was palpitating in a sunset rose when the child reached the cliff below which his coracle lay bedded in the sand. At the sight, a new courage kindled the limbs too weary to-night for the overland route. The coracle swam out towards the sunset.

Thady sat, mortally tired, but exultant. The rocks screening St. Bedan's Beads were in sight; the exile behind them guessed nothing of what the coracle's buoyant dance was bringing him.

The rock-comb loomed before the boat, she dived through the cleft; but the hands guiding the oar were unreliable from

excitement or fatigue; the stroke under which the coracle should have fled forward fouled; a tusk of rock ripped her. The wavering sunset crimson-stained the sea like blood.

"Jim!"

As Thady plunged into the smoothly lapping water, Daly was on his feet with

marred remnant—for Thady, drowning not ten yards from him, and he stood and saw him die.

"Jim!"

For the third time the appeal sounded. A second, Daly still stood; then, with a cry such as burst from the "unhusbanded" Achilles over dead Patroclus, he tore the



Already he was waist-deep in the waves.

the fierce charge of some jungle-beast rushing to a wounded cub. Already he was waist-deep in the waves, when a Medusa-thought struck him into stone. He stood still.

"Jim!"

The water, beaten by small drowning hands, rippled round the man, a very frenzy of love keeping him motionless. He would have given his life—poor,

masking rag from him, scanning the empty sea wildly.

"Och, Thady, sure Jim's wid yez!" he shouted, as once more the water gurgled sentiently. The hands which Daly had feared held a doom for the child he loved caught at Death's vanishing garment, and prevailed.

For Death had no shrinking from the touch of a leper.

RELICS OF OLD WARS

AND OTHER INTERESTING THINGS.

By HELEN C. GORDON.

SO many and varied are the sources of information and amusement in this great capital, and so often is the quaint handiwork of a bygone age and of other countries presented to the public



DERVISH BLACK FLAG AND STANDARDS FROM OMDURMAN.

notice in temporary exhibitions, that the lesser treasure-houses, which are always in our midst, are apt to be elbowed out of recollection by more novel and better advertised shows.

When the nation celebrated Kitchener's brilliant successes in Egypt, and fêted the

hero of the fight, the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall suddenly became a centre of attraction, and within its walls may still be seen many trophies of the victory at Khartoum. Objects of especial interest are the battered dome of the Mahdi's Tomb, shelled by the 37th Field Battery of the Royal Artillery, originally surmounted by a brass ornament, and a wooden panel painted blue with yellow devices, from that portion of the monument in which rests the body of the Nubian carpenter's son. Near by are the helmet and shirt of chain mail worn by a Dervish Emir, and the Soudanese horse's headguard which belonged to Emir Zakhi Osman, who escaped to Omdurman after the battle of Atbara. The "jibbahs," or Dervish body-garments, of which several specimens are on view, are mostly of cream cotton cloth patterned with blue, very similar in texture and colouring to the captured standards, excepting one of the noted "black flags," which in reality is of a dark shade of green ornamented with black devices. These relics, and many others of famous fights by sea and land, are exhibited in the Banqueting House of Whitehall Palace, which is in itself full of historical interest, and was the scene of many a gay revel and masque when England was ruled by the Stuarts. The upper hall is connected with a dark page in the annals of that dynasty. Through it Charles I. passed on his way to the scaffold erected outside one of the centre windows, clad in that "sky-coloured silken veste," purchased not long since at a public auction for the sum of two hundred guineas. Here also Cromwell

refused "to undertake this Government with that title of King" when urged by a party of his adherents to assume the crown. The Protector's sword occupies a conspicuous position in a case set apart for relics of the Great Rebellion, and which contains as well a Covenanter's Bible and a pair of large buff gauntlets, that essential complement to the costume of a Cavalier.



THE BATTERED DOME OF THE MAHDI'S TOMB.

with his own eyes which way the wind blew—in favour of the Papist allies from Ireland, or the Protestant Prince from the Netherlands. On Dec. 23 the vane pointed so determinedly to the east that James took his departure without further hesitation to France, lest the political gale should prove too strong for him. His successor turned the Hall into a Royal Chapel, in which

On the end of the Banqueting House still stands the weathercock placed there by order of James II., that he might see

took place the annual ceremonies connected with the distribution of the Maunday doles by the Lord High Almoner on



Lord Raglan's Field-Marshal's Baton.
Desk of Sir John Moore

Garter and Handkerchiefs of the Duke of Wellington.
Pocket Field-Glass used by Napoleon at Waterloo. Napoleon's Razor.

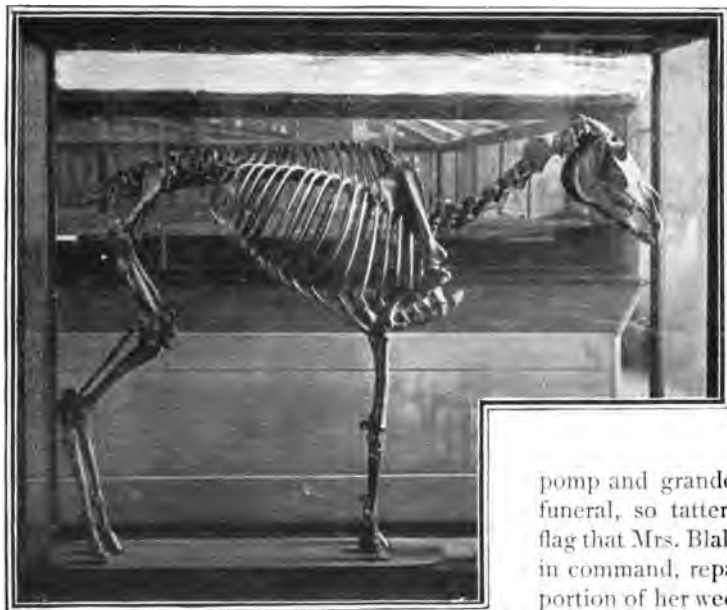
the Thursday of Holy Week. Though never consecrated, the building was utilised for religious purposes until some eight years since, when her Majesty was pleased to grant the use of the Banqueting Hall for a museum.

A large collection of decorations conferred "for valour" testifies to the bravery of our soldiers and bluejackets. One silver medal is particularly interesting, from the fact that it was specially struck to commemorate the courage of one private soldier, John Skinner, of the 1st Foot Guards, in the Waleheren Expedition of 1809. Twelve of the French cannon were found spiked at Fort de Bath, and the plucky Grenadier obtained permission from his Colonel to attempt the difficult feat of unspiking them. Though in the midst of a heavy fire, he succeeded in his object by using a tool he had

named Hardy, brothers by kinship as well as in arms. Sacred memorials of the same campaign are the officers' sashes used at that solemn midnight burial to lower the body of Sir John Moore into his unmarked grave ere the British troops set sail for England and "left him alone with his glory."

Orders both English and foreign are placed with other personal relics of the great Generals and commanders on whom they were bestowed, and not least among them is the Garter worn by the Iron Duke. The same case contains two handkerchiefs finely embroidered with the initial "W" and a coronet; and a small pocket-glass used by Napoleon on the field of Waterloo, together with his shaving-brush and razor. The skeleton of his favourite charger, Marengo, occupies a conspicuous position, and beside it is the saddle used

by Blücher in the same memorable campaign. Above these relics of both victors and vanquished hang the colours of the old 33rd Foot, now the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment. Sent up to London when the "Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports" was borne to his rest with all the



NAPOLEON'S FAVOURITE CHARGER, "MARENGO."

ingeniously manufactured for himself with the assistance of some sand.

Among the medals presented by Colonel the Hon. H. Eaton are three of the Peninsular War, one of which boasts fourteen clasps and the other two thirteen each. These belonged originally to a sergeant and two privates of the 7th Foot,

pomp and grandeur of a great military funeral, so tattered was the good old flag that Mrs. Blake, wife of the Colonel in command, repaired it herself with a portion of her wedding-gown. A model of Waterloo, "that first and last of fields, king-making victory," built and exhibited by private enterprise, was bought for the nation by universal desire in 1851, and presented to this Museum. The Duke himself had naturally taken a great interest in the work, and was one of the first visitors to inspect it when completed. Meeting a lady on the staircase on his way out of the

building where the model was originally shown, he addressed her, saying, "Madam, are you going to see the model of Waterloo? I can tell you it's excellent. I was there, you know." Opposite to it is a representation of a great naval victory, the battle of Trafalgar, with the ships, both French and English, drawn up in line of battle. Much has been heard lately of Nelson's relics, and here are a goodly number; among them the Admiral's silver drinking-cup and a small ivory toothpick - case, with a lock of Lady Hamilton's hair inserted in the lid under glass, and always carried in his waistcoat-pocket. Interesting memorials of his operations in Corsica, when Captain of H.M.S. *Agamemnon*, are five of the earliest French colours known to be in existence, captured at Rastia and Calvi.

Somewhat of a mystery surrounds the two provisional standards taken in 1812 from the same courageous foe at Salamanca. So rudely are they constructed that it is supposed they were fashioned by the soldiers themselves, and were carried by battalions which had either already lost their eagles or not yet won them, and who felt the absolute necessity of some rallying-point.

Present at this and other great actions of the Peninsular War was another hero, Lord Raglan, who, forty-two years afterwards, by the sanguinary battle of Inkerman, won the bâton of a Field-Marshal.

The perils of the deep in time of peace as well as war are exemplified in various ways, and the power of the narwhal or swordfish is not the least among them. A solid piece of oak is exhibited, originally a portion of H.M.S. *Fame*, 2½ in. of which had been penetrated by the tusk of this sea-monster, which vary in length from six to ten feet. So great is the force of such an attack, that the crew of the *Black Prince* felt their good ship vibrate from stem to stern when assailed in like fashion whilst cruising in the South Seas. H.M.S. *Revenge* had a narrow escape from destruction through a rat's nest, the blackened fragments of which are carefully preserved in the Museum. The old rat discovered an

apparent treasure in a lucifer match, which, not being a "patent safety," ignited as it was dragged into the nest, kindled the rubbish of which it was composed, and destroyed the young. The ship's crew, though speedily apprised



COLOURS OF THE OLD 33RD FOOT, WITH EARLIEST FRENCH COLOURS AND PROVISIONAL STANDARDS.

Reproduced by the courtesy of Lieut.-Col. Holder.

of their danger by the strong smell of burning which pervaded the vessel, were puzzled to locate it. A general hunt was instituted for the cause of the fire, which resulted in the blazing nest being dragged out from behind the cable-tier.

A shark, that much-dreaded denizen of tropical waters, once did good service by swallowing the ship's papers of the brig *Nancy*, one of a fleet of forty vessels employed by Messrs. Deverhagen, Grover, and Co., of Baltimore, ostensibly for the delivery of merchandise. The *Nancy* left Baltimore one July morning in 1799 bound for Curaçoa, but en route she put in at

Aruba, a port which afforded safe shelter to ships of war of all nations. There she disembarked a cargo of arms and

another prize. A claim was put into the court at Kingston by the owners of the brig for the dismissal of Mr. Wylie's



Sir Francis Drake's Snuff-Box.
Nelson's Toothpick Case.

Admiral Rodney's Shoe-Buckle.
Captain Cook's Punch-Bowl.

RELICS OF FAMOUS SAILORS.

ammunition, and her skipper performed the remainder of his prescribed voyage in a small coasting-vessel. On her way back to Baltimore the brig was captured by Lieutenant Hugh Wylie, of H.M.S. *Sparrow*, off the Isle de Vâche, and sent into Port Royal with

salvage suit, which alleged that the vessel was an "enemy of our Sovereign Lord and King," and was therefore "good and lawful prize in the high seas." While the case was being tried, Lieutenant Michael Fitton, commanding a tender of H.M.S. *Abergavenny*, killed a shark off San



MODEL OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Domingo, in the maw of which were found the real ship's papers of the *Nancy*, of a decidedly different nature



PORTION OF H.M.S. "FAME," SOLID OAK,
PIERCED BY HORN OF SWORDFISH.

from those handed into court and sworn to by the skipper. A rigorous search of the brig itself brought to light further documents of a thoroughly incriminating character in the captain's cabin, "so hard drove in that it was with difficulty they could be taken out, and in a cask of salt pork."

A charmingly pretty souvenir of a circumnavigator is an old china punch-bowl, in which Captain Cook mixed his grog while exploring the southern hemisphere; and an appropriate memorial of the dangers of the North-West Passage is a snow-rake which belonged to Franklin, found on Beechy Island, his first winter quarters. It was presented by Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommaney, by whom it was picked up when, as Captain Ommaney, he commanded the *Assistance* in one of the many expeditions that sailed in search of the great explorer.

In the crypt of the Banqueting House are stored models of almost every known craft that has been launched on the ocean,

together with specimens of boat-tackles, capstans, messengers, and naval gunnery, interesting only to the professional seaman. The upper hall also contains several ships in miniature, some of which were made by the French prisoners from the meat-bones supplied with their rations. One tiny frigate of pith, with all sails set, is quite remarkable from the ingenuity and daintiness of its construction. The finished fragments of the model were inserted piece by piece into a wide-mouthed bottle of quaint old-fashioned shape, bought by Commander Cole in Peterborough Market and given to the prisoner.

A large model of H.M.S. *Cornwallis* is noteworthy, not only from its construction, but also from the fact that the vessel itself, filled with stones, was sunk to form the foundation of Sheerness Jetty.

The Museum also contains a number of weapons, both offensive and defensive, some of which are of historical antiquity, some curious in shape and construction.



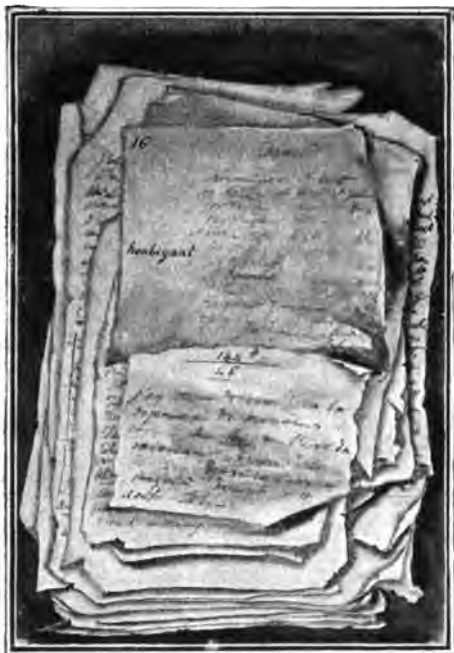
FRAGMENTS OF A RAT'S NEST THAT NEARLY CAUSED THE DESTRUCTION
THROUGH FIRE OF H.M.S. "REVENGE."

and many which illustrate by certain technical details the gradual improvement in the manufacture of arms.

In 1734, when making excavations for the piers of Westminster Bridge, a sword was dug up from the bed of the Thames supposed to be old Roman from its form and workmanship, and which, notwithstanding its long interment in a watery

supposed to be the finest specimen extant.

Noteworthy amongst weapons from the East is the war-quoit peculiar to the Akālī sect of Sikhs. For "extravagance of fanaticism" these Ishmaelites of India are probably unrivalled, though they may be compared to a similarly murderous and better known religious fraternity, the Thugs, or "people who use the noose." In obedience to their founder, these Akālī warriors wear only dark blue linen and steel, and their imposing conical turbans are made over a substructure of cane encircled with quoits gradually diminishing in size as they reach the top, and into which are thrust crescents, small knives, and tiger-claws of steel. So skilful are they in hurling this circular weapon that at a distance of eighty paces they can make sure of their victim. Twirling the sharp-edged metal ring round the first



SHIP'S PAPERS OF THE BRIG "NANCY," FOUND
IN THE MAW OF A SHARK.

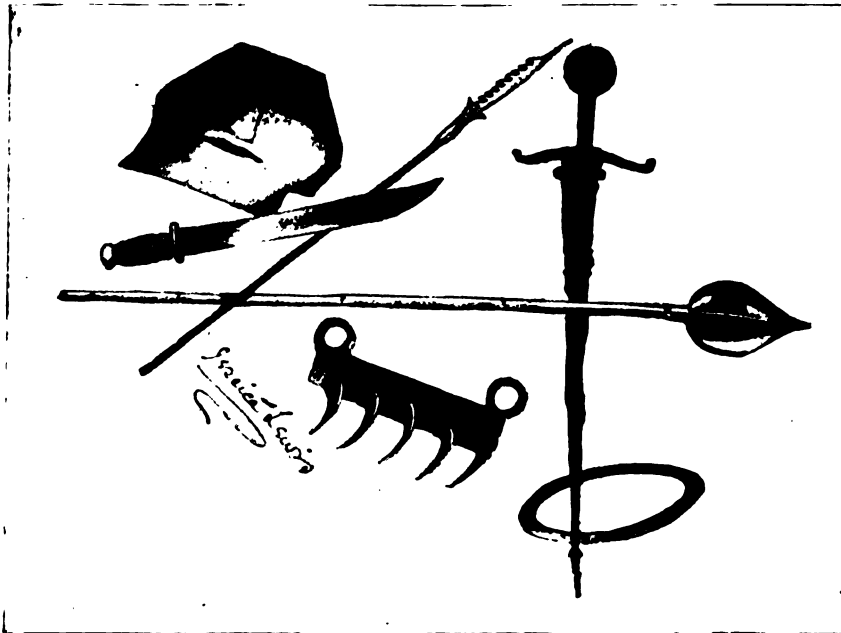
grave, is in a wonderfully good state of preservation. Of swords rendered famous by the great men who wore and used them to such purpose, the authenticity of one which belonged to General Wolfe has been hotly disputed by American possessors of another weapon, picked up in close proximity to the spot where the hero lay wounded in the hour of victory. As many another sword must have fallen from dead hands on that memorable September day in 1759, not much attention need be paid to a claim based upon so inadequate a foundation. Formidable claymores, wielded "lang syne" by sturdy Highlanders in border foray or more serious combat, contrast with delicate yet not less deadly rapiers, one of which, from Toledo, valued at 400 guineas, is



AKĀLĪ TURBAN.

finger, and suddenly raising the hand, they launch it at him with deadly aim.

A Dervish was found using a curiously shaped implement against another black at Omdurman; and when the Mahratta



Chinese War-Mask.
Chinese Executioner's Sword.

Dervish Weapons.
Tiger-Claw used by Mahratta Tribe.

War-Quoit of the Akali.

CURIOUS WEAPONS.

power was broken in 1843, a steel claw was picked up which had been held by the thumb and first finger of a human tiger. None of these weapons, however, can approximate in horrible effect at close quarters to the steel hand fastened to the wrist by a bracelet which is a memorial of the siege of Lucknow.

An interesting souvenir of the conquest of our Indian

Empire is the dress worn by Tippoo Sultan of Mysore during the siege of Seringapatam in 1799. The exterior is

simply of cotton cloth, but so thickly wadded with leather that, though anything but war-like in its appearance, the garment is actually sabre-proof throughout. A low-crowned hat of green velveteen, with broad brim of deep rose-colour, and foot-gear of similarly artistic hue and material, complete the costume of this Oriental potentate.



MODEL SHIP, MADE OF MEAT-BONES BY FRENCH PRISONERS IN ENGLAND.

Many an anxious bronzed visage must have been reflected in the cracked little looking-glass which once belonged to

Private Grundy, one of the beleaguered garrison at Etshowe during the Zulu War of '79. At the end of January about seven hundred men, under the command of Colonel Pearson, were surrounded by the enemy, with only a sufficiency of supplies to stand a six weeks' siege if served at half rations. A strong force marched to their relief with Lord

Chelmsford at its head, and when within twenty-five miles of Etshowe, was able to

set up a communication with the imprisoned troops by means of sunlight-flashing mirrors. Desperate indeed were the signals sent in this wise from the high

banks of the Tugela River—150 sick, fifty wounded, provisions well-nigh exhausted; but at length, after more than nine weeks of weary waiting, Colonel Pearson and his officers were able to flash their congratulations to their rescuers on the decisive victory they had witnessed, which threw open for them the gates of their prison.

A lasting record of great and gallant deeds, this Museum, of the glorious dead,



DERVISH WEAPON FROM OMDURMAN.



WEAPON USED AT CLOSE QUARTERS AS A CLAW, FROM THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.



HELMET OF TIPPOO SULTAN.

"feared by their breed and famous by their birth," who, unsurpassed by any nation in their stirring spirit of adventure and devotion to their cause and country, have sprung from this "blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England!"

THE MAN WHO NEVER CAME.

By GEORGE GAMBLE.

Author of "A Farrago of Folly," etc.

"I WONDER if he'll come to-day, Grandfather?"

"He may, my lass—he may. Who knows?"

Every morning, after the first year, the old man and the young girl exchanged these same remarks. And every morning during that following period they strolled down to a little wooden landing-stage built beside the sea, and with longing eyes gazed far out over the unalterable, ever-changing waters—watching the distant passing ships, wondering which of them would make for the harbour, and waiting for a man who to them was all the world. But watch and wait and wonder who would, he made no sign—he neither came nor sent. . . .

Some time in the year 1760, Peter Thornton, a big-hearted young sailor, fell deeply in love. In due season, his love being returned, he married. For a while he was happy—very happy. One fine morning, however, his loving wife presented him with two sons; avoiding all trouble of rearing them by the simple expedient of dying. In the course of time these sons grew up, and, like their father, went down to the sea in ships. Also like their father, they afterwards married. The wife of one became the mother of a boy—christened Charlie; the wife of the other became the mother of a girl—christened Mary. The twin-brothers shared a fishing-smack; and for many years they followed their calling without undue accident.

But one tempestuous night, when was heard "thunder of storm on the sands and wailing of wives on the shore," they were both summoned to the deep. The mother of Charlie never recovered from the sudden

loss of her husband; and she oftentimes bitterly reviled the ocean for stealing him from her. Born and bred in a little village some forty miles inland, and not being so habit-hardened as were the other women, she was unable to bear her cross so stoutly. Not long afterwards she gave up bearing it at all. When that occurred, the mother of Mary took Charlie under her lee, and for some time managed to keep things floating. One quiet night, however, just at the turn of the tide, she herself suddenly sank. What would have happened to the boy and girl—now aged twelve and eleven respectively—if their grandfather had not come to the rescue, the gossips of the village didn't know, they didn't; and, not knowing, they pursued the usual policy of telling everybody.

Peter Thornton had ploughed the ocean for fifty-two years—thirty-eight of them as captain. But, now, the truth had been forced upon him that it was "time to be old—to take in sail. The God of Bounds, who sets to seas a shore," had ordained that the aged, storm-beaten mariner should cast anchor, and await the inevitable signal in well-won peace. Accordingly, he bore up for his native village—Barcombe, on the coast, about twelve miles west of Plymouth; and, with the hard-earned savings of a lifetime, he provided a pleasant harbourage for himself and his orphan grandchildren.

Four years elapsed. Then, Charlie, fired by tales of daring deeds seen and done by the old man, yearned to go and do likewise. One day he went.

He was expected to be back in six months. The expectation was not realised.

Twelve months passed. Two years passed—three—four—five. Still he came not. Six years dragged their slow lengths along—six years, bringing with them the births, deaths, weddings, christenings, funerals, and all other minor details of change and chance, growth and decay, incidental to such a period—but no Charlie.

waters — watching the distant passing ships, wondering which of them would make for the harbour, and waiting for a man who to them was all the world. But watch and wait and wonder who would, he made no sign—he neither came nor sent.

The power of Peter's hope was astounding. Indeed, as the years passed, and he



Mary would once more pray to God that the lad she loved might be permitted to return.

"I wonder if he'll come to-day, Grandfather."

"He may, my lass—he may. Who knows?"

Every morning, after the first year, the old man and the young girl exchanged these same remarks. And every morning during that following period they strolled down to a little wooden landing-stage built beside the sea, and with longing eyes gazed far out over the unalterable, ever-changing

consequently grew older and older, his optimism became almost childish. "The sea is just," he used to say. "And although it took my sons and many another brave fellow I've known, it won't take him. It won't take our Charlie. We—me and you, lass—want him too much." On the one subject, at least, he did not allow his experience to interfere with his hope: in which, perhaps, he was wisely foolish. The great dream of his life was to live

till the boy came back—the boy whom he yearned to look upon once again—the boy whom, in the course of time, he had come to idolise. In *his* estimation, with Charlie none could compare. Charlie was “the finest fellow that ever broke a

by the old man’s incessant praising of him—she grew to love him in earnest. He became her idol; at his shrine she daily worshipped. Others might be as tall and as strong, and perhaps even as handsome; but none was so loyal, so



Peter and Mary were seated at tea in their cottage.

sailor’s biscuit!” One day he would return—a great man, a famous man. And then his fellow villagers would see his worth, and, seeing, would admire.

Mary had been her cousin’s sweetheart before he went out over the seas. Certainly, they were only boy and girl; but their vows had not been all in play. And during his absence—her imagination fired

brave, so noble. Was he not constant to her when their schoolfellow, Maggie Lee, set her cap at him? Did he not save Bob Mears from drowning? Would he not——? Yes, her grandfather was right! There was nobody like Charlie—nobody! One day he would return, as he had promised, and then——

Even when her own hope failed (God

knows how often that agony was borne!) and she gave up her sweetheart for lost, she still encouraged the old man in *his* belief. He had been, and was yet, so kind to her, so loving, that she determined to strengthen, by every means in her power, the one hope that brightened his declining days. This did good in another way. By getting others to believe, one sometimes believes oneself. And thus it chanced with Mary. That her lover would return, became with her—owing to her constant assertions—a matter of little doubt. And by the end of the sixth year of her deprivation, Mary had thought and talked herself into accepting Charlie's home-coming as a thing of certainty.

In the days when Peter and Mary waited for news, communication was so indefinite, especially with a small off-the-map place like Barcombe, that no letter or traveller could be expected till actually arrived. Therefore, Peter and Mary were not so convinced of the death of their absent man as would people in these latter days be by such hope-killing silence. Indeed, they were not convinced at all. By constant tending, the belief that Charlie would return became so firmly planted in their minds, and flourished so exceedingly strong, that nothing could uproot it.

"Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other." Still the much-longed-for man came not. But, although again and again these patient watchers felt the anguish of a heart hungering for sight of a loved one, and although again and again they tasted the bitterness of hope deferred, they never despaired. Each continued to cheer and beguile the other into believing that their idol would return.

"He'll come yet," Peter would say. "He'll come yet, I tell thee. He must come! Although the others were drowned—good men, too—he can't be. It wouldn't be fair. He's so loyal, my lass—so brave! Yes, he'll come some day—a great man. And then, I know, he'll marry thee!"

And the girl would laugh, and say that Grandfather it was who wanted Charlie, Grandfather it was who deserved Charlie, Grandfather it was who would be granted

Charlie. And then, with all the implicit faith of her simple soul, with all the tender fondness of her kindly heart, Mary would once more pray to God that the lad she loved might be permitted to return, might be permitted to comfort and console—Grandfather!

It was the end of a rainy summer afternoon. Peter and Mary were seated at tea in their cottage. They were talking of their lost man.

"I wonder if he'll come to-day, Grandfather?"

"He may, my lass—he may. Who knows?"

Just then the rain ceased, the clouds opened, and the sun shone forth in all its majesty; while, shortly afterwards, across the sky stretched with glorious brilliance a beautiful rainbow.

"Look!" cried the old man, pointing through the casement. "There's God's sign that the world will never again be drowned! You know, my lass, as the parson told us the other day. Perhaps we may take it that our Charlie——"

While he was speaking, there came from outside a shuffling sound of footsteps, followed by a disquieting thud upon the door—as of a body lurching heavily against it.

Was this someone being carried? Was this the dead returned? Was this a drowned man's feet thrusting stiffly at the door?

"Come in!" faltered Mary.

Following several ineffectual attempts, the latch was lifted and the door flung open. Into the centre of the room staggered, rather than walked, a young man. He was hollow-cheeked, apparently through privation. His clothes were old and torn, and soaked with rain; his boots were burst at the seams and covered with mud. His hair was uncombed; his face and hands were unwashed. His whole aspect was that of a man who had tramped for miles with little food and less shelter. But if he had not had much food, he had had much drink—too much drink. And strong drink at that. He appeared to know it: for he tried to steady himself by clutching at the table. In so doing he swept on to

the floor some of the tea-things. Standing, or rather swaying, among the fragments, he eyed the expectant onlookers with a drunken leer. Then he muttered—"Well—old, old man (hic!), don'tsch know me?"

Know him? Of course! Or why make towards him, and pat him lovingly on the shoulder, and laugh, and shout, and cry,

heard always so bepraised, the man she has learnt to admire and to love! Tall he is; and, were he but clean, handsome he is. But drunk—her Charlie drunk! Oh, the shame of it!

"He's come, my lass!" shouted old Peter, wild with delight. "He's come back! Our Charlie's come back! I always said he would! The sea couldn't



He tried to steady himself by clutching at the table. In so doing he swept on to the floor some of the tea-things.

and call him "Charlie! My Charlie! Our Charlie! Good Charlie!" Know him? Of course! The idol has come at last!

Mary, who had risen when the door had been so rudely flung open, now stood watching the two men with staring eyes and whitened cheeks. . . . Surely her grandfather must be mistaken! Surely, the miserable object that he is caressing is not Charlie! Charlie, the man she has

take him. . . . You'll find he's a bit strange—after being away so long. But it'll soon pass off. He's only been goin' in for a little merry-makin'—with his ship-mates—on account of his comin' back you know, my lass—on account of his comin' back. . . . Charlie's all right, I tell you. Charlie's all right."

Just then the idol seemed to be doing his best to contradict that statement. Full though he was, he could no more stand

upright, than can an empty sack. Accordingly, he watched for the sofa to come round to him. When it did, he clutched it as firmly as he could, lest it should escape him. And with a growl of contentment he dropped on to it, clumsily and heavily.

"Well, Mary, girl," he murmured. "I've come back 't last. Been roun' corner—to see time—at Jolly (hic!) Tar. Six minutes past—six minutes past! No, six years past! Hee, hee, hee! Six years past! Rath'r late. . . . Bett'r late—than *too* late! Hic! . . . Oh, dear me! What Manners! Tell y'll 'bout (hic!) morrer! Hic! Manners, Charlie, manners! Hic! Hic!"

With a dull stare and multiplying vision born of strong drink, he looked helplessly around the room. Getting tired of counting the number of old women and young men—no, young men and old women—no—and getting tired of endeavouring to determine how many twisted legs the lop-sided table really had got, he shortly afterwards fell into a heavy sleep.

This, then, thought poor disillusioned Mary—only she was far too troubled to put her thoughts into words—this, then, was the reality of the ideal personage that her girlish imagination, stimulated by the old man's reiterated praises, had up-conjured and glorified. This, then, was—Ah, dear God! Her beautiful idol had fallen from its pedestal, and, now, was as the cups that were lying upon the floor. But there! It was not entirely Charlie's fault that she had been so sorely disappointed. He had never made professions of sainthood; he had never promised to come back great and glorious. He had only promised to come back—just himself. And, therefore, Charlie was not to blame.

Peter felt not nearly so concerned as did his granddaughter about the condition of his newly returned grandson. Peter was only glad that he had got him back at all. Of course, he would have much preferred him to have re-entered his native village with sounding of trumpets and waving of banners, instead of crawling back as he had done, like an

outcast or a wounded animal. And, equally of course, he would have preferred him sober to drunk. Still, he had really got him back. He could see him, he could touch him! He had really got him back—after so many empty years of weary watching, waiting, and wondering! And for that he was more than grateful.

For a while Peter and Mary sat and discussed Charlie's probable adventures, as they had done so many times before. But, now, with what different imaginings! Then Peter suggested that Mary should go to bed, while he himself sat and watched by the side of the sofa, on which, with mouth wide open, and breathing stertorously, lay Charlie, still sleeping off his drink.

"Don't thee fret, my lass; don't thee fret. He'll be all right to-morrow. I'll take care of him."

But Peter did not take the care he wished. In the night, worn out with excitement, he fell asleep. When he awoke, the day was breaking. Rising briskly from his chair, he hobbled to the window and threw back the shutter. Over the sea rose a pink blush of dawn, with all its promise of sorrow ended and of happier things to be. As Peter gazed, his heart was filled with joy. Thousands of times had he accepted a similar promise; thousands of times had he been cheated. But this time all would be really well. Turning to the sofa, he found that Charlie was still slumbering—slumbering very peacefully—slumbering as he had left him—breast downwards, face turned to the wall.

Later, he tried to awaken him. So did Mary. So did the village doctor.

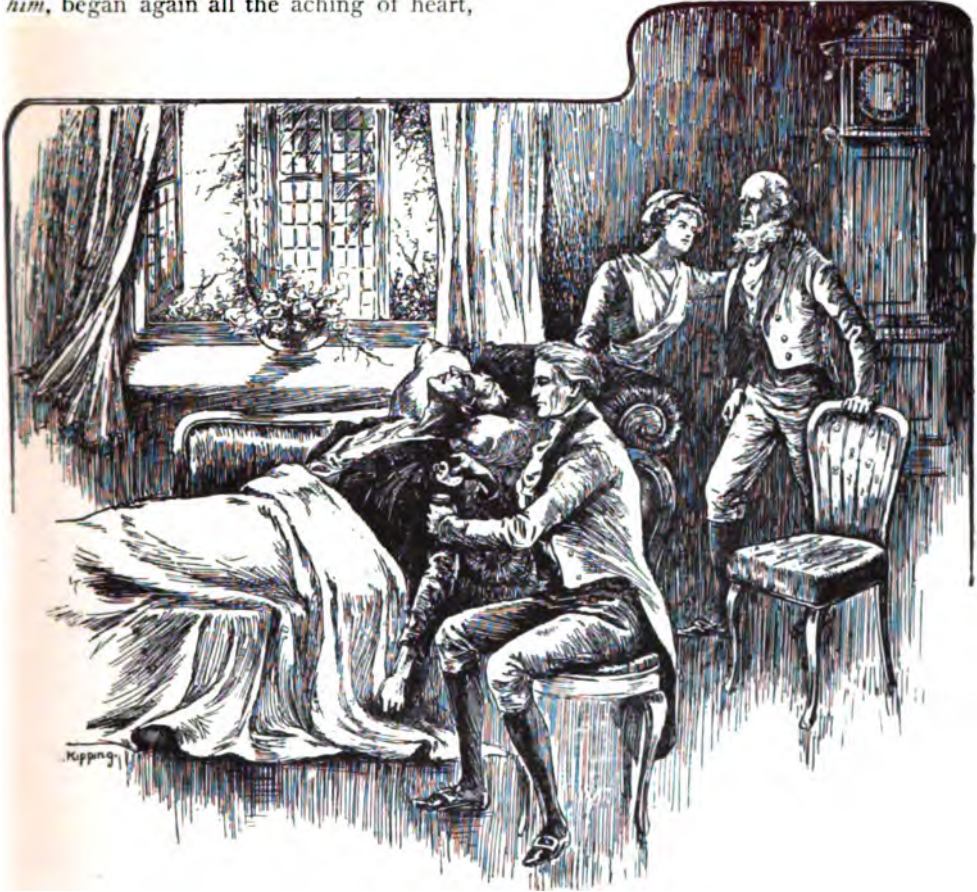
The last-named said that it was alcoholic poisoning, accelerated by exposure and want of food; and that deceased must have died in his sleep, quite quietly and without pain.

Smitten old Peter bore the agony of his loss fairly well till the funeral. But when, standing beside the grave, he heard the clods of clay strike upon the coffin-lid, the full consciousness of what had happened came strong upon him. Then he broke down. He was led home

whimpering like a child—a child that has been deprived of a cherished possession. Afterwards his memory, as far as concerned Charlie's strange and brief reappearance, became a blank. Forgetting that his grandsor: was lying quietly in the churchyard beneath the waving grass, he persisted in watching beside the rolling sea, as in the years ago. Then, for *him*, began again all the aching of heart,

long while ago, though—a long while. And he's not come yet. Why do they keep him from me? . . . And he's not come yet, he's not come yet!"

Nobody ever undeceived him. And he was right, after all. Though Charlie came, the man—the *ideal* man—for whom



The village doctor said that it was alcoholic poisoning.

the restless, unsatisfied longing. And to everyone whom he chanced to meet he told the story—as *he* knew it—of his lost man.

"A fine fellow—a noble fellow. He promised to be back in six months. But he has never come. I shall see him one day, I suppose. Ah, waiting is weary work—weary work! . . . In six months, he said—a fine fellow, too. That's a

Peter and Mary had waited so long, so patiently, so hopefully, never, never came.

And her lost idol, Mary wanted always till the day she died. And that, perhaps, was why she was able to maintain the kindly duping of broken Peter. . . .

"I wonder if he'll come to-day, my lass?"

"He may, Grandfather—he may. Who knows?"

A WEST AFRICAN TRIBE AND ITS SECRET SOCIETIES.

By H. P. FITZ-GERALD MARRIOTT.

[Mr. FitzGerald Marriott is the author of a work entitled, "Facts About Pompei," and is a member of the Royal Archaeological Institute. He has published numerous articles on Pompei, Vesuvius, and the neighbourhood of the Bay of Naples, and has written on Primigenial Skeletons, the Flood, and the Glacial Period. He has travelled in Canada and in West Africa, for three months in the Gold Coast, and, even previous to going to Africa, he made a special study of West African secret societies, which he has come to the conclusion are tribal. On this subject he read a paper in 1898 before the British Association, succeeded by another on March 14 before the Anthropological Institute, and again before a crowded but private audience of learned gentlemen in London on May 5, 1899.]

WEST AFRICAN secret societies having been referred to for some years throughout the Press, it will probably interest the public to know something really authentic about them; and for our examples we will choose the societies of a tribe in the Niger Coast Protectorate that have been specially studied by two friends of mine of long residence in Africa, Mr. Eveleigh Smith and the late Mr. Van de Poel. The report, in the *Athenæum* of March 25, of my paper before the Anthropological Institute, shows my connection with these two gentlemen; to both am I indebted for the idols and masks shown in the present Illustrations; for it is only through men who live on the spot and are regarded in confidence by the natives that one is able to obtain the rarer class of secret society clothing, disguise, token, or other not usually common object. Nevertheless these curious things are of very little interest unless the person who has obtained them has got, as well, all the information concerning them.

The Ibibio tribe, situated about three-quarters of the way down the Kwa Ibo River, and separated from the sea only by the small Ibeno tribe, has two tribal

secret societies, the lower of which is the Egbo, the other being the Idioñ, which is all-powerful. Now it must be distinctly understood, to begin with, that all these societies, though called secret, are only so in the rites of their initiation and higher ceremonies, for they not only appear in public, but are acknowledged as the guiding lights and mainstay of the people. In most West African districts you will find that the boys of the better classes are taken away at a certain age—between ten or fourteen—to prepare them for the responsibilities of manhood. They are placed in the charge of those elders of the tribe who direct the initiation ceremonies of the secret society. These are much the same in every part of West Africa.* The boys are kept in a portion of the forest sacred to the society, where none dare go but the members—

Where black men rule with secret rites,
And tribal wrongs dispose,
Raise in the forest solemn sights
That none may dare disclose.

In Sierra Leone, for instance, this is known in pidgin English as the Pörö "bush," the Pörö there being the tribal society. Similarly, in the Niger Coast Protectorate districts it should be known as the Egbo "bush." Here the lads are kept for a period varying, according to the place, from several weeks to a year. They are taught tribal dances and a secret language, which they afterwards frequently forget. Whenever they leave the sacred bush with the rest of the procession they

* The ancient rite of circumcision is widely practised throughout West Africa, and this ceremony takes place in the initiation stage of the tribal society.

are disguised in their initiation dresses, such as the one in our Illustration. This belonged to the Egbo of the Ibibio tribe; it is composed of twisted fibre of the Raffia palm closely knitted together, a pattern being produced by some of the threads being dyed red and others black. Together with its hood, it is all made in one piece, and you slip into it through a hole at the chest. The hands and feet are hidden in a thick fringe of grass, and falling over the shoulders and mask is a mane of the same herb. The wooden masks that these initiates wear are either white or coloured, but not pure black all over; the latter are only worn by the full Egbo members. One of the white masks is seen worn by the boy in the initiation dress.

The black masks of the full Egbo grades are shown in our next Illustrations. It

will be seen that they have raised spots on either side of the face and on the forehead: these represent the tribal marks with which the natives are adorned; but I expect that they also denote the different grades within the society, or have some special signification to members of the society, learned as it is in the lore of the

tribe; and very probably, in countries where the secret society is strongly developed, the tribal marks and grade marks are the same thing. The dress of the "big" Egbo is much more elaborate



INITIATION DRESS OF THE EGBO SECRET SOCIETY OF THE IBIBIO TRIBE.

than that of the initiates. It is covered with long grass, and is altogether a very showy disguise. Some of the members wear masks with curved horns; in others, these projections rise straight up like two cones, while others have the horns varied with a white or red band. In all of them the teeth are carved, and in the more

ordinary kinds the tongue also is depicted; but in some which can open their mouths there appears a great row of white pointed teeth in the upper jaw. On the heads of these latter is carved a representation of



LOWEST TYPE OF BLACK MASK WORN BY
MEMBERS OF THE EGBO SOCIETY.

the symbol of the higher society, the *Idion*, about which I shall have more to say.

A few years ago a friend of mine lost his guns in the ordinary way that those useful accessories will disappear when there are amiable natives who want them. At first he applied to the chief of the neighbouring village, but that personage could afford him no clue. Then, like a true Englishman, he appealed to the Vice-Consul of the district, but this worthy had neither the facilities nor influence to find the whereabouts of the missing weapons. Finally, he bethought him of the Egbo, and sending for a chief — a friend of his, whom he knew to belong to the fraternity—he laid the matter before him,

and, after a short palaver, for a comparatively small consideration, the Egbo chief promised to find the lost property. It was said that some of their idols, two of which are shown here, were invoked to disclose all that had taken place. Be that as it may, in a few days the Egbo man had caught the thieves and brought back the guns, whereupon so pleased was my friend that he gave him another "dash," which is what we call a tip in West Africa. Some of these useful idols move their mouths by means of an internal piece of fibrous stick, which can be pushed up and down. Those represented here have tin eyes nailed into the eye-slits, and that, with the benevolent snarl on their features, adds greatly to their charm. They are said also to be able to disclose many other important matters, such as might be evoked by a husband's jealousies concerning his wives.

Little children are often adopted into the protection of the Egbo, before the age of initiation, and then when the procession goes through the town or village these are allowed to run about and wear small childish masks, dyed red and very simple in appearance; one of them is here depicted. It is probable that these children are the sons of deceased Egbo men.

When the society is out, dancing along disguised in its grass dresses and masks, some of the members hold wooden rattles, which make a fine noise; I expect that this is partly to frighten away snakes. Of those I show here, one is curiously carved in facets, and both have a couple of wooden clappers at each end, which are tied in the centre and emit a remarkably clear note. No woman or ordinary child is permitted to be in the street when the procession passes, and they are not allowed even to look at the black masks, for the wearers are in some way supposed to represent powerful spirits. At these times the disguised fraternity alter the sound of their voices, and utter squeaking tones, even using a different dialect. Curiously enough, masqueraders in the Carnivals of the South of Europe speak in falsetto voices, and raise a peculiar cry, well known to those who have taken part in such festivities.

I have referred to the Idioñ society. Should the Egbo man wish to rise to a place of higher influence in the nation in the Ibibio tribe, he joins the Idioñ. He first has to pass through an initiation or probationary stage, but the only decoration which distinguishes him is a thin circlet of fibre, made from the Raffia palm; this is left unpainted and quite plain, and is worn on the head. But when he passes to the full Idioñ degree he exchanges this for a wider circlet, about half an inch thick, also made of Raffia palm, covered with goat-skin and painted black. It is absolutely the only emblem of Idioñ, for there are no dresses and other ostentatious paraphernalia as in the lower society of the Egbo. One of these circlets is shown in our next photograph. In the Idioñ society there are, as usual, many offices or ranks. These are typified by raised knobs on the circlets, and by their increased thickness. The chief of the district Idioñ has a far thicker circlet, while that of the King (or High Priest) of the whole of Idioñ is over two inches thick. Each group of Idioñ men has a spirit-doctor among them; he is an Idioñ, and not independent in the tribe as is the case elsewhere: his circlet is again different from that of the others.

Now suppose an Idioñ man wants to join his old Egbo procession, he must disguise himself as they do, but he distinguishes himself by the circle carved round the forehead at the top of the wooden mask. If he is only an Idioñ probationer, this is lightly dyed or left uncoloured; if he is full Idioñ it is painted black, and if there are also horns to the mask they are often variegated. The accompanying Illustration shows one with the probationary Idioñ ring, which, instead of being painted black, has been merely stained a light red-brown; the tips of the horns have been painted white; while the rest of the mask is the usual deep glossy black, except for the mouth, with its teeth, and the tongue, which is coloured brown.

The laws of Idioñ demand that a member must never steal, lie, commit adultery, or do anything wrong; and Mr. Eveleigh Smith's informant, an Ibibio man, has told him that these highly

moral laws are religiously kept. The members have complete power in the tribe, and are like a species of omnipotent Privy Council. All political, religious, and civil palavers are settled by the society. If the High Priest (or King) of Idioñ acts as judge, the decision is final; for he generally has more power than the ordinary civil king or chief of the district, who, of course, is but the life manager of the tribal property.

A European travelling, if accompanied by a friendly Idioñ man, could pass through any part of the Ibibio tribe with perfect safety, even if under certain



BLACK MASK WORN BY MEMBERS OF THE
EGBO SOCIETY.

circumstances it would have been otherwise dangerous for him to do so. Thus a severe scuffle at Impòk, the capital of the Okòt district, was stopped solely by an

Idioñ man who knew Mr Eveleigh Smith. The latter, with a Vice-Consul, had made a sudden and unexpected entry into the town when, in the festivities of the month of September, they were engaged in a human sacrifice, which, I must say, is a rare occurrence just there, though not among some of the neighbouring tribes, such as the Ibo. The people were first alarmed at their entry, thinking that an armed body of men was behind them. But when they saw that the two white men were alone, they returned and attacked them. The victim, a young boy, had just been decapitated. In the struggle that ensued, the Vice-Consul was seriously injured on the knee, and Mr. Eveleigh Smith received a nasty cut on the head. However, at that moment, evidently aroused by the sudden noise, an Idioñ man came out of a house, and recognising Mr. Eveleigh, rushed between the natives and their visitors; at the same time, taking the

the two make their escape from what might have been their death.

The existence of the Egbo and Idioñ societies was utilised in more ways than one by the late Mr Van de Poel. He easily obtained labourers on the plantation, for the young men were willing to work in order to gain money to enable them to buy themselves tribal society degrees or rank; otherwise, as is too well known in other parts of West Africa, the laziness of the people, coupled with the natural productiveness of the soil, is a great hindrance to their willingness. Mr. Van de Poel also used to give them coffee to plant in their own gardens, so that they might take an active and intelligent interest in the growth of the trees on the plantation. Mr. Eveleigh Smith told me that once he had been much surprised at a native chief, for whom he has great respect, having joined the mission church and professing Christianity, denouncing



Photo. by Russell and Sons.

IMAGES AND TYPICAL MASK OF THE EGBO SOCIETY OF THE IBIBIO TRIBE.

These are the two images (vulgarly called idols) mentioned on page 572.

ring off his head, he waved it to and fro before the people, who not daring to pass him or the magic line thus formed, contented themselves by howling and watching

fetish and all such superstitions, and having married one woman and put away his superfluous wives, still belonging to the Egbo, and still taking a leading part

in the society. On asking the chief whether the laws and rules of Egbo did not clash with his views of Christianity, the latter replied with an emphatic

West Africa there exist men whom we should describe in Europe as Anarchists, and whom the natives and tribal secret societies regard with an equal amount of



MASKS OF THE EGBO SOCIETY OF THE IBIBIO TRIBE.

These masks show the raised tattoo marks and the movable jaws with carved teeth, also the representation of the Idion ring carved on their heads.

"No!" and said that Egbo was most essential for the welfare of his town, and that through it he hoped to make his people wiser and better. He acknowledged that foolish and bad customs certainly did exist in Egbo, but that good ones were there too, and he trusted in time to do away with the bad ones, keeping only the good. *Verbum sapienti.*

Natives in West Africa, and for the matter of that elsewhere too, are so fond of inventing horrors, or not properly explaining them and other recondite matters, for the edification of Crown Colony judges and magistrates, that very often the effects of private enmity or tales of the murderous Leopard societies get mixed up with the name of Secret Society in the minds of those worthies. Now, in many parts of

horror and detestation. These brigands band themselves together to attack and destroy wayfarers. They are either disguised in leopard-skins with sharp knives for claws, or else, in the neighbourhood of rivers, are hidden within a couple of well-caulked canoes, the uppermost of which is carved and painted to resemble an alligator; hence these fraternities are known as Alligator or Leopard societies. In the Ibibio tribe there is one of the latter; its members only go about at night, and their peculiar cry may then sometimes be heard, mimicking that of the night-owl; but even the Idion are afraid to take advantage of this to hunt down and destroy them. Yet, if one of these were ever to be caught in the daytime, he would be judged and killed,

according to native custom, as a danger to the public, and, I consider, quite rightly too. Alas! there has been an official elsewhere who, without knowing the cause of the terrible execution, has interfered, saved the villain, and given to the community again a robber and murderer of innocent people.



MASK WORN BY CHILDREN UNDER PROTECTION OF THE EGBO SOCIETY.

See page 572.

Among the societies in the Bight of Biafra town companies, or probably grades or subdivisions in Ibibio or neighbouring Egbo, are some, described to Mr. Van de Poel by a native, which visited the towns at night, and collected the debts owing to the deceased parents of orphans (the children of medicine men and women or of members of their society) by

intimidating the debtors at night. They are a species of occasional night-watchman, and are called Aiyaka. For the fun of the thing they will wall up people's doors—at least, those of offenders, they will listen to what people are saying and then threaten them with exposure if they do not pay a fine at once. They reprimand thieves who injure people's houses by stealing grass-thatch, or bamboo or palm-leaf, from the overhanging roof. I may as well give the rest of this account in the more or less pidgin-English language of his native wife, from whom Mr. Van de Poel took it down in writing. It forms a nice African hotch-potch, and if you can make it out without a little extra thought, though I have already paraphrased the most complicated passages, I advise you to go in for West African investigation at once—

“Aiyaka talks to a cocoa-nut tree, and all the fruit all falls down, when they eat the contents without injuring the nuts. A man from another tribe tried to see them, and hid himself in his grass mats at night when he heard Aiyaka's cry. They entered the town, and when passing the heap began to smell around like dogs, saying they smelt juju—find juju. (*I.e.*, they pretended to be looking for a fetish.) They pulled all the bundles away, came to middle, and found man, whom they seized and carried to all the rivers and streams in the country, ducking and half-drowning him in each, at last leaving him buried up to the neck in mud; where he was found by his family next morning and taken home, but remained deprived of speech for two weeks, and was two months before he got better, was able to walk about again, but he had become a leper. Aiyaka only comes out at night, not known how they dress, as none sees them and lives. No woman knows anything about these people. They mourn the dead, and allow fires to burn in houses of mourning. If the person who gave me this information was known he would be impaled, unless he gave a slave substitute. (*I.e.*, my friend's native wife says this of the man who gave her, a woman, even this small amount of information.) They

are supposed to live in the sacred groves, where twins are thrown away, and leper people who die of smallpox, people who are born deformed, and children who die before they cut their teeth, are buried. If any women go to cut firewood in some of the forests, they are driven away" Ayaka is apparently another society. To continue the same series, it "calls the society to meeting in the bush outside town, when they cry all those who do not belong to the societies, close their houses, and put out their fires. They name any man they meet to all the other societies,



RATTLES USED IN PUBLIC PROCESSIONS BY THE EGBÓ SOCIETY.

who all meet, and the man has to provide a slave, who is taken to cross-roads and killed, and tell him night Ayaka come and meet him Warn women and friends of impending danger."

From these abstracts of special investigation it will be seen that some of these societies act as detectives and police, and occasionally have the effect of a curfew-bell. Similarly on the Slave Coast is a



CIRCLET FOR THE HEAD—SOLE EMBLEM OF THE IDION SECRET SOCIETY.

society called Zan-gbe-to, which, indeed, is very like a night police: its members have to see that no one is out after nine o'clock at night, and I expect that they rather enjoy the fun of playing hide-and-seek with the population of a pleasure-seeking village.

These and many other excellent societies throughout West Africa, as numerous as are the tribes, and stretching probably across the continent to the societies of the Giryama on the East Coast, described by the Rev. W. E. Taylor, S.P.C.K., are of the utmost importance to that degree of civilisation in which the tribes at present find themselves. They act as judges and setters-right of various matters, from petty larceny and slander to adultery, witchcraft, and murder. They have their own way of doing it—it is the West African—and it suits them, they *understand* it. It is these natural means which the British Government would do well to employ.

A QUESTION OF POLICY.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

THE Climax Tea-Rooms were doing an excellent trade—the hour being six o'clock, p.m.—and young Mrs. Bell, the proprietress, bustled up and down between the two rows of oblong marble tables, hurrying the two moon-faced young women who assisted her, temporising with waiting customers, and welcoming new arrivals. The window facing East India Dock Road bore strips of paper plastered upon it, giving the suggestion that it had been in a fight and had got rather the worst of it, closer inspection proved that these bore enticing notices. "A Fourpenny Tea for Twopence! Good Manners and Good Food! We Invite a Trial!" Waiting customers found the journals which are still called comic to inspect; others, who had been served, propped an evening paper against their metal teapot to read an alluring inquest case, the while they blew at the contents of their cup and sipped noisily. A clean-shaven brown-faced man, with an undecided chin, came in between the swing-doors and sat cautiously on a vacant seat near the window. He concealed himself in ambush behind a *Star*.

"Good evening, Sir!" said young Mrs. Bell. "Lovely weather for the time of the year, isn't it?" Mrs. Bell held a plate of thick toast which she was conveying to another customer. "Cup of tea? Anything else?"

"Yes," said the clean-shaven man in a hoarse whisper.

"What like, Sir?"

"You!" he said, glancing suddenly over the edge of the *Star*.

"Robert!" she exclaimed. The toast

slipped from the plate to the floor. "What—what's made you come back?"

"Fact of the matter is——" he began

"'Ush!" she said with great concern. She stooped to pick up the pieces of toast.

"All right," he said obediently, "I'll 'ush, then, Louiser."

The two assistants came up to him at intervals when the stress of customers relaxed, and brought newspapers. Mrs. Bell, trembling, glanced frequently in his direction, and the cups and saucers that she handled rattled and chinked. The elder round-faced assistant stood by his table and, sweeping imaginary crumbs from it, inspected him curiously.

"Seafarin' gentleman?" she asked.

"Pardon?"

"I say," repeated the waitress, "are you a seafaring"—she glanced at his hands—"person?"

"To a certain extent," he said with reserve, "I am."

"Must be very nice and open to be sailin' on the ocean wave. What I mean is, it can't be nearly so stuffy, you sec, as being cooped up in a place like this with the gas going all day. The sea, now, must be so different."

"It's got its drawbacks," said the man.

"After all, though," remarked the waitress, "I expect you're glad to get back to London again." She smiled at him. "Nice to get back, you see, to your wife."

"WHAT?" roared the man.

"Ain't you married?" she asked.

"Look 'ere," he said with asperity. "D'ye know what you are talkin' about?"

"Keroline!" called her mistress from the counter.

"Yes'm."

"Come 'ere this instant, and help wash up."

When the tea-rooms were nearly free

place; the clatter and rattle and bang of traffic outside helped to prevent the conversation from being heard.

"Whatever possessed you?" demanded Mrs. Bell. "If there's anything foolish to be done, *you* must be at it."



"Robert!" *she* exclaimed.

of patrons, Mrs. Bell came slowly down the gangway to the customer. He was still there, behind the evening paper, and she spoke to him in a low voice as she looked out at East India Dock Road and at the people hurrying homeward to Bow. The two young assistants were clearing off traces of the struggle that had just taken

"Why," he expostulated, "ain't I your 'usband? After all——"

"I told you I'd send for you when it was safe for you to come back. And 'ere you come blunderin' into the place——"

"I come in like a gentleman."

"And you'd better go out like one,"

she said. "Sooner you get away from here the better."

"Better for who?"

"Better for you," she said meaningly; "better for everybody."

"I like the way you talk," said Mr. Bell with satire. "Anybody'd think I hadn't any business 'ere."

"More you 'aven't. This is *my* business. I bought it with the money as I wrote and told you that come to me over your insurance policy. When I'm ready to pay it back, I'll let you know. At present you're supposed to be dead."

"Supposed to be," he admitted. "But," he added with spirit, "I ain't."

"You'll look silly if you come to life now, Robert," said his wife.

"I shall look sillier if I don't. How long d'you think I'm going to keep playin' in this blooming farce, Louiser?" he asked, tapping at the marble table.

"Leave off knockin' that table, and listen to me. Do you know what'll 'appen if you're recognised?"

"Bah!" said Mr. Bell uneasily. "Who'd recognise me without me beard and mestache? Who'd be likely to come all the way from Rotherhithe and——"

"Once you're recognised," said Mrs. Bell solemnly, "you'll find yourself in the 'ands of the law. And d'you know what the law'll say to you? I've made it my business to find out, Robert. For pretendin' to be dead, and wrong information being sent 'ome by others to your widow, and her thereby getting a matter of two 'undred pounds out of an insurance company, the penalty is——"

She turned, and bent down to whisper.

"Go on with you!" said Mr. Bell with great concern. "Who's been filling your silly young 'ead with that nonsense? The lor can see a joke as well as anyone. Besides, it wasn't my fault that they thought I was done for."

"If you don't believe me, ask someone else. 'Ere's a sergeant going along outside now. Shall I call him in, and——?"

"Don't you go being a stupid young stupid," begged Mr. Bell, wiping his forehead with a scarlet handkerchief.

"Can't you see that you'd get into trouble as well?"

"Pardon me," she said. "I simply acted on the letter and the certificate what come to me. And if you think I'm going to pay back the two 'undred this week just for the sake of you——"

"Yes, but—— Look 'ere, Louiser. Try to unnerstand. You, being a fond and, I may say, affectionate wife, you naturally want your 'usband to be here with you and give a 'and with business. Don't you now?"

"I can manage the shop by meself," said Mrs. Bell.

"Granted, granted," he said anxiously. "A better business-woman never lived. All the same, you naturally want me to stay on and make meself generally useful."

"Do I, indeed?"

"As you very properly argue, a 'wife has got a perfect right to expect that her 'usband shall make his 'ome under the same roof as her, and not to go voyaging about on a cargo-vessel that doesn't keep in the same position for two seconds together. And, mind you, I think you're right."

"I'm gettin' along," declared Mrs. Bell, "very well as I am, Robert, and I don't want no interference either from you or anyone else. I'm a widow woman with a character to keep up in Poplar, and——"

"How can you talk like that when I'm your lorful married 'usband sitting 'ere and drinkin' cold coffee?"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Bell with a sigh, "it'd be different, of course, if you was still alive."

"I'm as live as ever I was."

"You dare to go and tell that to the insurance company!"

There was a pause. Mr. Bell rose, found his new bowler hat, and first punched a dent in it and then punched out the dent.

"For aggravatingness," he said strenuously, "for want of logic, and for general wrong-'eadedness, commend me to a woman."

"Good evening, Sir," she said loudly as she opened the door for him, "and thank you!"

Mr. Robert Bell walked home to his lodgings in Pekin Street, Poplar, a moody and a solitary man. He had been back in England but twenty-four hours, and it seemed to him that although life on a sailing-vessel had many grievous drawbacks, a sailing-vessel was ahead of London for comfort. There, at any rate, he had always been able to console himself with the thought of a cordial welcome at some distant date; by endeavouring to anticipate that joy he had, it appeared, only succeeded in giving it indefinite postponement. He had assumed the name of Merryweather on his return, and this name he had given to his new landlady, together with erroneous information to the effect that he had relatives in the neighbourhood whose address he had forgotten.

"I've found 'em!" said his landlady exultantly, as he stumbled into the narrow, dimly lighted passage. She turned up the little oil-lamp standing on the bracket, and the oil-lamp, annoyed, began to smoke furiously. "I've found 'em, Mr. Merryweather, and glad enough I am to 'ave been of some service to you." She was a vivacious old lady in a beaded cap, with a lively knowledge of the affairs of other people, and just now keenly interested in the new occupant of her bed-sitting-room. "And you mustn't thank me, because I'm only too pleased to bring friends and relatives together."

"Now what are you cacklin' about, Ma'am?" he asked politely.

"Ah," replied the old lady cheerfully, "you'll soon know. We shan't be long now. It'll be as good as a play to see you two meet." She wept and rubbed her eyes. "People may say what they like, but there's nothing in all this wide world to be compared to two lovin' 'earts."

"Let me 'ave my supper," he said patiently, "and then leave me be. I want to 'ave a smoke and a think."

"You won't do much thinking," remarked the landlady knowingly, "when you 'ear the news I've got for you. You said your name was Merryweather, didn't you?"

"I don't deny it."

"And you said you'd got friends near 'ere—you'd forgot the address."

"I might have let fall a casual remark," said Mr. Bell carefully, as he held the handle of his door, "or state-

ment to that effect. Whatever I said I'll stick to."

"I knew that," replied the old landlady. "I 'ope I can tell a gentleman from a mere common person. Some people look down on sailors and such-like, but I'm not one of that sort. As I often say, where would Old England be without 'em!"

"Urry up with that supper," said Mr. Bell.

"Shall I lay for two, Mr. Merryweather?" asked the old lady.



"I've found 'em!" said his landlady exultantly.

"Course not! I'm only one."

"But the lady?"

"What lady?"

"Why," she said, "your wife!" Mr. Bell pulled the handle from the door and stood looking at her blankly. The landlady gave a gesture of self-reproval. "That's me all over. I forget what I've said and I forget what I'ven't said. What I ought to've told you before blurting it out like that was that I've discovered your wife, Mrs. Merryweather, in Grundy Street; that she's simply overjoyed to 'ear of you, and I've asked her to come 'ere this evening."

"Then," said Mr. Bell solemnly, and shaking the white door-handle in the old lady's face, "you jest listen to me. You've asked her to come 'ere; you can jest jolly well ask her to go away again. I'm not goin' to see her."

"Well, well, *well*," said the amazed landlady, "'ere's a pretty how-d'ye-do! And she talked so affectionate about you, too, and she says, 'Oh!' she says, 'I do so long to look on my sweet one's face again.' I had the least drop of spirits with her, and we drank your very good 'ealth."

"Very kind of you," said Mr. Bell doggedly, "but that don't affect my position. When she comes, you get rid of her, and, in future, don't you go potterin' about and mixing yourself up in my affairs, because I won't 'ave it. See? I've got plenty to worry about," added Mr. Bell fiercely—"more than you think for—and I don't want no interferin' old cat——"

"When you've quite done using language," interrupted the old lady, bridling, "p'raps you'll kindly put back that door-handle where you found it. Letting you my ground-floor front for a paltry four and six a-week don't entitle you to walk about with bits of it in your 'ands. So there, now!" She went towards the kitchen, soliloquising. "Interferin' old cat, indeed. *I'll* learn him!"

It was an hour later that Mr. Bell, by dint of staring hard at a model of H.M.S. *Temeraire* weathering a gale on a furious sea of blue linen, came to the decision

that there were no means known to civilisation by which he could compel the proprietress of the Climax Tea-Rooms to recognise his rights. He pitied himself sincerely, and, indeed, that seemed the only action that he could take without incurring some risk. She was, he knew, an obstinate young woman.

"You might as well argue," muttered Mr. Bell disconsolately, "with a brick wall."

He would have to find a berth and live on as a bachelor, contenting himself with an occasional cup of tea at the rooms and the opportunity of listening to her. He would have to comport himself, too, with respect, or she might forbid him to enter the doors even as a customer. Mr. Bell had returned to the table and was thoughtfully finishing the remainder of his supper when a knock came at the door. His landlady shuffled through the passage to answer. He rose quickly, and opening the door, took off the handle, closed the door again, and listened anxiously.

"Is my long-lost 'usband in?" asked a high strident voice. "I've left me glasses at 'ome, but no doubt I shall recognise him."

"Come inside, Ma'am," said the landlady in injured tones, "and let me shut the door. Your 'usband, I'm sorry to say, has got a 'asty temper."

"I'll temper him," said the loud-voiced lady, "if he comes any of his cheek with me. He's been away from me for six year, and the least he can do now he has come 'ome is to apologise."

"Spoke like a true woman, Ma'am," remarked the landlady applaudingly. She tapped at the door. "Mr. Merryweather! Mr. Merryweather! Opin the door. 'Ere's your wife come to see you."

"Go away," shouted Mr. Bell, "and don't be a silly juggins."

"That voice!" exclaimed the new arrival ecstatically. "Oh, I could swear to it amongst a thousin'!"

"Come, Mr. Merryweather," called the landlady in appealing tones, "open the door like a man."

"I ain't her 'usband at all," bawled Mr. Bell. "Tell her to be off 'ome again, and leave me be."

"Oh," cried the lady pathetically, "he disowns me! Oh, that it should have come to this! Oh, that I should 'ave lived to see this day! Oh, that—oh, that——"

"She's faintin'!" screamed the landlady. "If you are a man, and not a block of wood, opin the door, Mr. Merryweather, and lend me a 'and!"

Thus appealed to, Mr. Bell opened the door. His landlady was endeavouring to support a very large woman, whose eyes were half closed; she carried a small shiny bag, from which a cork peeped shyly. Mr. Bell assisted to drag her into his room, and his landlady, with an adroitness that did her credit, found a flat bottle in the visitor's shiny bag, and, extracting the cork, first sampled the contents herself and then pressed them upon their owner. That lady, after taking a long sip, sat up limply on the chair and looked around vacantly.

"Where am I?" she asked feebly. "Has there bin a accident?"

"No, dear," replied the landlady; "there ain't bin no accident; it's only your nerves that 'ave give way."

"You'll be as right as rain," said Mr. Bell, "when you've rested a bit."

"That voice again," said the lady dreamily. "Can I be awake?"

"She identifies you," remarked the landlady with a triumphant air.

"Shut up *your* nonsense," begged Mr. Bell uneasily. The recovering woman's eyes wandered round the room slowly. "You're jumpin' at conclusions, you are, and it's only makin' her worse."

"Walter!" cried the lady, starting up. "Oh, Walter! Has the sea give up its dead?"

"No," said Mr. Bell, struggling to escape from the large woman's embrace; "it ain't."

"You're altered, loved one," said the large woman pathetically, "sadly altered; but I knowed you at once. Oh, how thankful we ought to be for this precious moment!"

"'Ere!" protested Mr. Bell, "take your arms away from my neck!"

"Never, Merryweather!" she cried. "Never so long as life's left in me!"

"Make her leego," cried Mr. Bell. "She's strangling of me."

"And who," she said, releasing him, "who, Merryweather, has a better right?"

"Lot of use putting on clean collars," grumbled Mr. Bell, adjusting his necktie. "Now have a good look at me, and tell the truth, and put a end to all this misunderstanding."

"That was always his amusing way," explained Mrs. Merryweather to the



"Oh," cried the lady pathetically, "He disowns me!"

landlady. "I don't suppose there was ever his equal for a joke—not this side of Aldgate, at any rate."

"Joke or no joke," said the landlady, "I'm amply repaid for all my trouble by seeing you two brought together again. And as I daresay you've a lot to talk about, I'll leave you alone for a bit."

"If you go from this room," declared Mr. Bell aggressively, "I shall jump out of the window."

"He's overcome with joy, I expect," whispered the landlady. "He don't know whether he's on his 'ead or his 'eels. I've seen 'em took that way before now. He'll calm down presently, I shouldn't wonder."

"There'll be precious little calm about," cried Mr. Bell furiously, "if you two women don't get out of my room. 'Ere am I worried 'alf out of me senses about another—another affair, and you come 'ere jawin' and cacklin' and faintin'—"

"Merryweather!" said the large lady impressively, "look me in the face."

"Whaffor!"

"Look me in the face and answer me true. I can bear it. We women are used to suffering—"

"I'm sure!" murmured the landlady, sniffing.

"And I only want to know the worst. Tell me the truth, and I'll leave you in peace."

"I'll tell you anything if you'll only do that."

"'Ave you," asked Mrs. Merryweather formally, "'ave you got yourself mixed up with Another?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bell, "I 'ave."

"Lead me to the front door, Mrs. What-is-it," requested the large lady in a pained voice. "My 'eart is full of woe and bitterness against the world. To think that I 'ave found him only to lose him again! My grief is more than I can bear. Never, never, *never* in this world shall I be seen to smile again! Is there anything left in the bottle?"

The landlady found the flat bottle, and Mrs. Merryweather sipped it, making a

wry face, as though it contained the most repugnant and displeasing of restoratives.

"Lean on my shoulder, Mem," said the sympathetic landlady. "Shows you what men are."

"But don't you fancy," cried Mrs. Merryweather at the doorway, with a sudden outburst of fury, "don't you imagine for one single moment, my fine fellow, that you're going to get off scot-free. Don't you let me leave you with the idea that you're going to 'ave it *all* your own way. I'll keep my eyes on you—such as they are—and I'll never let you 'ave one moment's peace."

"'Earcar!" said the landlady.

"You shall never be free from me. I'll track you, if needs be, to the uttermost ends of the earth. I'll put the County Council on you. I'll watch you and foller you, and denounce you night and day. I'll give up the rest of my life to showing you up in your true colours. I'll—I'll—"

"Go on," said the landlady in an encouraging way, "let him have it hot."

"No," said the large Mrs. Merryweather tearfully, "I can't say no more. I'm but a poor, weak woman, and I love him in spite of all."

"Bye-bye," said Mr. Bell, with a fine affectation of indifference. "Mind the mat."

Mr. Bell, after a sleepless night, rose early and succeeded in finding work at an engineer's in Canning Town. The long sea-voyage had aided the change in his features by tanning his complexion, and when at the shop he met a man with whom he had once worked in Rotherhithe, and this man, so far from recognising, gave him a history of old acquaintances whom he called "softs"—a gallery of foolish gentlemen in which Mr. Bell was at once hurt and gratified to find that he himself figured—then he no longer feared detection. After work he went home and washed and apparelled himself with care, and slipped away quietly without another encounter with his landlady, who, however, put her head out of the first-floor window and called after him.

"'Ound!" screamed the landlady.

At the Climax Tea-Rooms he took his seat near to the door, jerking his head carelessly in acknowledgment of his wife's business-like smile. He ordered tea and a poached egg from the head assistant, noting the while furtively that his wife behind the counter was watching them both.

"Nice row I got into over you," whispered Caroline, as she brought the metal teapot. "Don't look at her, or else she'll think we're talking about her, you see."

"What's the trouble now?"

"Oh!" said the young woman confidentially, "it was all about last evenin'. After you was gone, you see, I appened to say in course of conversation, you see, what a nice face you had, and— Don't you go getting conceited, mind!"

"I'll take care," promised Mr. Bell, interested. "Go on!"

"And so I was talking about you, you see, and quite by chance, I remarked that if you come in again, you see, I should set my cap at you."

"Very 'armless remark."

"Upon which," whispered Caroline tragically, "upon which she flies into a passion, you see—calls me everything but a lady. I answers back, you see, and end of it all was I give her a week's notice, you see."

"I'm sorry there's been this upset," said Mr. Bell with a gratified air, "all on my account."

"Oh, it's nothing!" said Caroline lightly. "Plenty of places open for a good worker like me."

"Do you mind doing me a great favour and earning at the same time a pair of kid gloves?"

"Seven and a half," remarked Caroline, beaming.

"Mind talking to me in rather a friendly way while I'm 'ere this evening?"

"Give her the needle, won't it?" said the girl sportively.

"That's what I mean," said Mr. Bell. "It'll learn her a lesson."

"Keroline," called her mistress sharply, "come 'ere this minute."

Caroline obeyed, but soon found an opportunity to make her way again in the direction of the doorway, where she gave Mr. Bell two violets to place in the button-hole of his coat, and made several remarks in a tone of voice that managed to reach the burning, indignant ears of young Mrs. Bell. Such as: "Oh, you are a tease!" and "If you say I'm nice-lookin' again I shall slap your face!" and "I expect you've said all that to a lot of gels before," and other phrases of similar import. When Mrs. Bell could endure this no longer she came from behind the counter and ordered Caroline to take her place, saying that she herself would look after the tables.

"Good evening, Ma'am," said Mr. Bell.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Bell, "good evening."

"Been a nice, bright day."

"Thought it seemed rather miserable."

There was a pause. Mr. Bell, under cover of an evening paper, reached out and touched her hand. She did not reprove him, and he pressed her hand; whereupon she seemed to realise the situation, and moved it away quickly.

"Busy, Louiser?"

"Are you comfortable where you're lodging?" she asked sharply.

Mr. Bell drank deeply from his thick cup before answering.

"I don't think," he said, "I do *not* think, that I knew what comfort was before I went there. I'm waited on hand and foot; the landlady couldn't be more attentive if I was one of the family. I think I'm very fortunate in 'aving hit on such a 'appy 'ome."

"Is she young?"

"Depends on what you call young," said Mr. Bell evasively. "Anyhow, I promised her I wouldn't be late back this evening; so, with your permission, Ma'am, I'll pay up and take my departure. Will you call the good-looking gel that waited on me?"

"No!" said young Mrs. Bell. "You needn't pay for what you've had."

"Pardon me," he replied with laborious politeness, "I prefer to pay as I go. There's sixpence; and that'll be a penny for Caroline."

"If you don't take it up at once," she said heatedly, "I'll throw it out into the road."

"That's your look-out, Ma'am. Where did I put my hat?"

"You needn't be in such a hurry," urged Mrs. Bell, fingering her pinafore-bands nervously. "I've been thinking that I could afford to pay back that money soon, and so, if you returned to England in a few years' time——"

"My landlady's waiting."

"Let her wait," cried the young woman. "What right's she got to expect you to be at her beck and call? Why don't you be independent?"

"How can I?" asked Mr. Bell, "when I'm dead?"

She moved her slippered foot agitatedly on the floor and bit her lips. Mr. Bell found his hat and rose. She glanced at him, but he preserved his stolid expression and commenced to hum a sea-song. From outside the swing-doors there came the sibilant whisper of women's voices, changing to louder tones as the two doors pressed open. Large Mrs. Merryweather entered first and looked around in a short-sighted manner, as she fumbled with her spectacle-case.

"My 'usband 'ere?" she asked loudly.

"Your husband," replied Mrs. Bell, "is not here."

"A lie!" exclaimed Mr. Bell's landlady, following in; "nothing more nor less than a low lie. There he stands, a-shrinking and a-cowering like the 'ound he is!"

"I ain't a-shrinking," declared Mr. Bell valiantly, "and I ain't a-cowerin'."

"Merryweather!" said the large lady, "one last appeal I make to you. Before I call upon the lor to help me, give in to the promptings of the heart and return to your 'ome. If it's a hot supper you want, you shall 'ave it. If it's your pipe you want, you can smoke it now all over the 'ouse. If ever I was 'arsh with you in the old days, we'll let bygones be bygones, and begin afresh."

"You'll excuse me," said Mrs. Bell, trembling, "but will you kindly let me

know what you're jolly well talking about?"

"Come 'ere," said the landlady to Mrs. Bell privately. "I'll explain it all in two words."

"Don't *you* interfere."

"It's a case," persisted the landlady, "of man and wife meeting after what you may term years of absence, him being seeposed to be dead, and her thinkin' she was a widow. And it's me that's brought 'em together."

"Do you mean," said Mrs. Bell, pushing the old landlady aside, "to look me in the face and tell me that this is your 'usband?"

"Isn't his name Merryweather?" inquired the large lady.

"Never you mind what his name is. You put on your glasses"—here Mrs. Bell with a trembling hand turned up the gas until it whistled madly—"and look at him well, and then tell me the truth—if you can," she added.

"I had them in me bag last night," said Mrs. Merryweather as she fixed her spectacles, "only they'd got underneath the bottle." Mr. Bell put on the serious air of a man about to be photographed. "Now let's see."

"This'll prove it," said the landlady with confidence. "This is the last act, this is."

"Mrs. What-is-it!" exclaimed Mrs. Merryweather feebly.

"Yes, deer!"

"There's some 'orrid error. This ain't my 'usband at all."

"Nonsense!" said the landlady. "Take another look."

"I don't want to take no more looks," said the large lady tearfully. "My dream of joy is o'er. Take me away, take me away! How far is it to the Eastern Hotel?"

"Now," said Mrs. Bell to the landlady, "*now*, perhaps, you're satisfied, Ma'am!"

"Far from it," declared the exasperated old woman as she piloted her charge to the door. "Far from it, Ma'am. He may chuckle and he may sneer and he may crow, but he's somebody's

'usband, and I don't spare trouble, breath, *nor* time until I find out whose."

"I must be getting along," said Mr. Bell.

"Wait a bit, Robert," commanded young Mrs. Bell. "Before you two ladies go on to the public-house to have your——"

"Medicine," moaned Mrs. Merryweather.

"Allow me to inform you that this

gentleman is *my* 'usband; and that anybody that goes interferin' with him has got *me* to reckon with."

"Jest my luck," said the old landlady gloomily as she went out. "I'm always losing lodgers."

"And I s'pose I'd better move along 'ome, Louiser," remarked Mr. Bell when the two ladies had gone.

"Don't be so foolish," said Mrs. Bell, patting his cheek. "You're at 'ome now."



"Allow me to inform you that this gentleman is my 'usband."

FLASHES FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE LLOYDS.

MISS FLORENCE LLOYD is undoubtedly the most real-looking boy on our stage now. that Miss May Yohe has buried herself in Burke's Peerage. That was very apparent when at Christmas she figured as principal boy at the Garrick. Her sister Violet has made a place for herself at the Gaiety, Miss Ellaline Terriss

Florence made her hit in "The J.P.," in which she showed us that she is equally at home in trousers and trimmings. Her merry smile alone puts an audience in rare good-humour.

A RETURN TO THE GAIETY.

Mr. E. J. Lonnen, who has returned to the Gaiety after many years' absence, is a



Photo. by Hana.

MISS FLORENCE LLOYD AS A GIRL.



Photo. by Laniado and Bell.

MISS VIOLET LLOYD.

having transferred herself elsewhere. The pair are no relation to the Sisters Lloyd of music-hall fame (though they are sisters with a little "s"). The fact that they are the cousins of Lydia Thompson and Violet Cameron alone indicates their instinct for acting. Violet learned her art as a child with the Kendals, but it was not till she toured America and Canada in "The Geisha" that she made her name. She appeared last year in "The Topsy-Turvy Hotel," and became a Gaiety favourite.

very old play-actor, though his years are but seven-and-thirty, for he appeared first on the stage as a two-year-old in a company captained by his father, William Champion. But he began in earnest just twenty-one years ago in Charles Dillon's comedy troupe. After that he had a series of curious experiences with his father and mother, who practised the "fit-up" business—that is to say, they stayed two days at a pitch and then shifted their tent twenty miles farther on. He found his

métier, however, when he appeared in "Falka," at the Avenue, fifteen years ago, after which he joined the Gaiety, where he became famous by singing "Killaloe" and other similar rollicking ditties.

MR. MACKINDER.

Once more he is at the Gaiety, where the disappearance of Mr. Seymour Hicks makes way for him. He was originally an electrical engineer, made money in the country with the fascinating "Water Babes," and fame on the stage as a first-rate dancer and singer at the Gaiety. He has the lightest foot and the merriest way of singing a good song. His wife, Gracie Leigh, has played with him a good deal recently.

MARIE
TEMPEST'S
SUCCESSOR.

A tempest in a tea-cup—over a question of costume; and Miss Florence Collingbourn has at a bound stepped into the leading lady's shoes at Daly's, where she adds very much to the strength of "San Toy." She is, as she looks, very young. Players did not recognise her charm till she came on in "The Topsy-Turvy Hotel," where she sang a delightful duet with Mr. Maurice Farkoa. Then Mr. Edwardes, who had lent her, took her back, and she appeared in the revival of "A Gaiety Girl." She has a pretty

voice, and a pretty wit, and a pretty face—a rare combination. Hence her instant success.

ERIC LEWIS AS LOUIS VII.

The circumstances of his appearing as the mythical King of Arcacia were altogether appropriate, not merely on account of the names (Lewis and Louis), nor

of the theatre (the Court), but also because few other actors could have lent such a touch of airy lightness to his fabulous and fussy Royal Highness. He was an "entertainer" before he stormed the stage as he did in a comic opera at the Haymarket in 1881. Since then his light touch has proved invaluable at many a theatre—the Savoy, the Royalty (with Willie Edouin), the Vaudeville, the Comedy (Mr. Hawtrey believes in him), the Gaiety (his Duke of Duffshire was excellent), and Daly's

(you remember his Sir Lewis Grey). He made his first appearance at the Court Theatre when Mrs. John Wood inaugurated her management there in September 1888. He has some curious mannerisms—notably a unique and pretty way of pronouncing the language, and a delicate turn of the right wrist. Refinement is the note of whatever he does. He treasures a certain ring, which he believes has brought him luck.



Photo. by Hans.

MISS FLORENCE LLOYD AS A BOY.

JESSIE MACKAYE.

I have dealt with Miss Jessie Mackaye before now; but I cannot resist the temptation to give her portrait again in



Photo. by Downey.

ERIC LEWIS AS LOUIS VII.

"The Mystical Miss," which followed "The Belle of New York" at the Shaftesbury, for she is a welcome addition to the ranks of those who amuse us. Has she ever a dull hour? You would not think so if you saw her on the stage—jaunty, jolly, jesting, intensely interested in her work, with two sparkling eyes, that "speak for her," as Vivien's did to poor old Merlin. Yet yesterday she was a little girl in a demure American convent

BOY OR GIRL—AS YOU WILL.

When Mr. Arthur Collins stepped in front of the curtain at Drury Lane on Boxing Night and announced that a severe cold prevented Miss Nellie Stewart's appearing as Jack (who climbed the Beanstalk), the audience felt as dismal as the fog outside. But they very quickly regained their spirits when Miss Mollie Lowell, who was down to play Marjorie (in petticoats), bounced on to the stage in Jack's fleshings, and demonstrated that she can be as bright a principal boy as a girl. Her success that night was typical of her career, for she made a hit the moment she first faced the London footlights as maid-of-honour to Princess Petula in "Her Royal

Highness," at the Vaudeville Theatre on Sept. 3, 1898. Till then, the provinces had claimed her—first, the Carl Rosa Company, and then Mr. George Edwardes' troupes in "The Geisha" and "A Greek Slave." Two years ago she was principal girl in Mr. Wyndham's pantomime at Edinburgh. Drury Lane, the goal of all pantomimists, was bound to come; and it came soon. Miss Lowell, who is very handsome, was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne, but she comes of Irish folk—which accounts for her vivacity and vigour. She sings well, and has a real sense of elocution.

DRURY LANE'S PRINCIPAL BOY.

Free trade is the inalienable practice of the London stage; and Miss Nellie Stewart, the principal boy at the Lane



Photo. by Pach, New York.

JESSIE MACKAYE AS KATRINKA.



Photo. by Ellis and Watery.

MISS MOLLIE LOWELL OF DRURY LANE.

this year, again is the proof of it. Like Miss Pattie Browne, she is an Australian. Her father was a theatre-manager in Melbourne, and she has been familiar with the footlights all her life. Some years ago she came to town to support Mr. Arthur Roberts. Then she returned home, but

Australia, where she is a *persona gratissima* among playgoing folk.

THE SNOW MAN.

Mr. James Welch, who impersonated the Snow Man at the Lyceum, has made remarkable progress as an actor—because

he has got brains. Born in Liverpool (like his brother-in-law, Mr. Le Gallienne) in 1865, he was introduced to the stage (of the Globe Theatre) by Mr. Wilson Barrett in 1887. He has been a very hard worker, and has slowly made his mark, improving with almost every new play. His sense of comedy has a fine touch of pathos in it at all times; and his make-ups are always admirable—witness his ostler in "Rosemary" and his old gentleman in "The Dovecot." He recently went to America on a business mission for Mr. George Edwardes. He is keen on cricket; and lives in Gray's Inn. His wife (who is very pretty) is to be seen at most first nights.



MR. JAMES WELCH.

Photo. by Ellis.

London missed her, and so she returned to play in "The Scarlet Feather," put on by her friends Messrs. Musgrove and Williamson, at the Shaftesbury, which proved such a gold-mine to them with the enormous run of "The Belle" (April 1898 to Dec. 1899). Miss Stewart is a keen first-nighter when she is "resting." She sometimes takes a run home to her beloved

By an unfortunate omission the coloured picture of Mrs. Brown Potter which we published as a Supplement to our Christmas Number was credited to the London Stereoscopic Company instead of to Madame Lallie Garet Charles, of Titchfield Street. The photograph was the work of Madame Garet-Charles, the colouring alone being due to the London Stereoscopic Company.



MISS NELLIE STEWART, DRURY LANE'S PRINCIPAL BOY.

Photo. by Ellis and Walery.

MY MUSEUM.

THE extravagances of fashion are immortal—from the days of the Lady of Banbury Cross, who had bells on

centre and sometimes becomes blended. Around this are arranged slender prismatic crystals, which extend from the nucleus to the circumference, the whole having a radiated columnar structure.



Photo. by Hall, New York.

AN "EAR"-RINGED HAND.

her toes, to the lady whose hand is shown here. She is called Titenia, and is (of course) an American. Her left hand finger-nails are pierced, and from each dangles a diamond. Titenia is a dancer, and, of course, her hand simply glistens when she raises it in the glare of the electric-light.

Kettle Point, Lake Huron, Ontario, is so called because it is surrounded by stones that look like inverted kettles. These stones, which vary from three inches to three or four feet in diameter, are formed of brown crystalline carbonate of lime, which is confusedly aggregated in the

On a recent occasion I dealt in these pages with the ancient art of the silhouette. Quite lately there has been a revival of the art in a modernised form. Mr. Leslie Wilson has done some very clever work of this kind, imposing black silhouetted figures against a coloured background. Caran d'Ache has developed something of the same sort, notably in his illustrations to the sketch of the great Duke of Marlborough, which Miss Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief's daughter, wrote. Last of all, a young English artist, Miss Ruby Williams, has tried her hand in a curious form of silhouette illustrated here. It relies for its effects on its attempt to differentiate the shadows in the white figures, and is likely to become popular.



THE LATEST FORM OF SILHOUETTE
BY MISS RUBY WILLIAMS.

THE MOOR OF "THE FULHAMS."

By PERCY WHITE,

Author of "King's Diary," "Mr. Bailey-Martin," "A Millionaire's Daughter," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS never certain where Mustapha came from, but I fancy it was either from the coast of Morocco or Algiers. I met him first in the Fulham Road, striding proudly along in a red turban, a blue Zouave jacket, loose trousers, and a pair of common elastic-side boots with most prominent tags. A small crowd of little boys was following. "He's a Turk," they informed one another; the humorist of the party added, "'Ere comes his Majesty the Shah!" But a policeman dispersed the throng, and the dark, picturesque figure disappeared from my eyes in the murky atmosphere, leaving a very vivid impression on my mind, and the suggestion of two possible pictures.

A few weeks later I moved into one of the studios which cluster like rabbit-warrens in picture-producing South Kensington. Mine had been lately occupied by a foreign artist, who, I learnt, had left suddenly without paying his rent,

an evasion of duty offering distinct temptations in these days of over-production and debased taste on the part of art patrons.

My bed-room was in an adjoining street, and on the second morning of my tenancy, about ten o'clock, on opening my studio-door, I discovered the Oriental personage whom I had passed recently in the Fulham Road quietly stretched on the floor asleep.

The chill March sunshine streamed over him, lighting up his gaunt face and weather-stained finery, from which the former splendour had departed.

Suddenly, under the weight of my inquiring gaze, he awoke, and, glancing up with a mild inscrutable eye, whose meaning I could not read, he rose to his feet and greeted me with a dignified salaam, as though welcoming a guest to his own tents.

"Well, Sir," said I, "who are you?"

But he was unable to inform me.

"No talkee English?"

He shook his head.



Striding proudly along in a red turban, a blue Zouave jacket, and loose trousers.

"Parlez-vous Français?" I inquired.

He denied the accomplishment with a tranquil sign.

Here my linguistic capabilities failed me, and so we continued to look at each other in quest of a vehicle for the exchange of information. His intelligence first broke the barrier. Looking round at the canvases on the wall, and taking up a long brush from the table, he waved it after the manner of a painter, and then, pointing to



I discovered the Oriental personage quietly stretched on the floor.

his own face, smiled, showing a glorious set of white teeth.

"You want me to paint you?"

I think he understood me this time.

Finally, a prolonged course of experimental signalling conveyed the information that he had found his way in by the door in the usual manner.

The unexpected always fascinates me more than past disappointments should permit. I began to hope that I was on the fringe of a real mystery.

The little settlement of squatting artist-folk possesses a common doorkeeper—at that moment a fresh arrival, known by the pun-suggesting name of Pantin. This guardian of the precincts cleared up first part of the problem.

"The Turk" had presented himself at the studios and induced Pantin to believe that I desired the strange visitor to occupy my studio for the night.

"I guessed he was one o' these poor model fellers, so I let 'im in with my key."

"But why did he select my studio?"

"Might 'a been a friend o' the foreign gent who forgot to pay the rent," he suggested.

Further inquiry proved this to be true. The foreign artist had imported Mustapha, but, in the vicissitudes of a troubled career, lost him either accidentally or purposely. Abandoned at Charing Cross Station, knowing no one and no English, after devious wanderings, instinct had brought him back to the Fulham studio.

Mustapha was of the build, colouring, and size of the attendants who give dignity to the suite of Eastern potentates on Western visits.

But what on earth was I to do with him?

After the porter, at my request, had given him some breakfast, Mustapha returned and sat down on my floor in the warmth of the stove, watching me with an air of proprietorship. Evidently he had decided to adopt me. The silent presence of the long-limbed Moor grew irksome. Occasionally he cleared his throat and spat on the floor with the untutored frankness of incomplete civilisation, otherwise he watched me struggling with a "black and white" drawing like a benevolent Sphinx, heedless of the flight of time and the flutter and stir of contemporary existence.

Thus Mustapha took up his residence among us, and in due course came to be known as "The Moor of the Fulham Studios," to distinguish him from the Moor of Tragedy, Othello, whom, we decided, he resembled.

CHAPTER II.

Mustapha had hit upon the only Western profession for which he was suited. A dark, picturesque, Sphinx-eyed person, his face entered, I think, into most of the Eastern pictures painted during the brief period of his success. He appeared on the walls of the same Academy as "One of the Magi," in scenes from "Othello" as a Janissary, as the principal figure in Topper's "Flight into Egypt"; while I painted him as "Ben Hassan" and "The Arab by his Well," both of which the Royal Academy were stupid enough to reject for works of quite minor importance.

Between us at the "Fulham Studios" we set Mustapha up in business. At first he slept rent free in a loft "on the premises." In return, he occasionally discharged Pantin's duties as a janitor. Gradually he picked up a little English of a somewhat childish type, thanks principally to the infantile language we employed in conversing with him, under the impression we were more easily intelligible.

Soon his "All right, Saire," became a familiar and cheerful sound about the long, draughty passages intersecting the clustering painting-sheds. Ere long, Mustapha's popularity as a model increased. His almost superhuman capacity for motionless quiescence in cramped positions made him invaluable as a sitter to elementary "life-classes." This quality led him to the Academy schools, thence to the patronage of famous R.A.s, and the "Fulhams" saw him only occasionally. He even adopted Western clothing when "off duty," when he became an insignificant, ungainly dark-complexioned man in consequence.

But although Mustapha prospered he did not forget old friends, and I think my poor studio was his favourite resort, in

spite of counter-attractions and wealthier employers.

But with growing prosperity new ambitions took possession of our model.



I met him walking arm-in-arm with a stalwart young woman.

One Sunday I met him walking arm-in-arm with a stalwart young woman in a big feathered hat and a red plush mantle. They were an incongruous pair, and the passers-by turned to stare after them, while I wondered what strange fatality had brought together these remote human atoms, whose orbits ought never to have crossed.

"I saw you on Sunday, Mustapha," said I, when we next met. "You were with a young woman."

"Sally," said he smiling. "Me and Sally walk on Sunday."

"Who is she?"

"Sally flower - girl," he explained. "Sally pretty girl. Sally mally me. I want wife like oder men."

"But you are a Mohammedan, and Sally should be a Christian."

"Me never mind. Me good man; Sally good girl. Makee lots money, sell flowers."

"Aren't you afraid of the experiment?"

But he missed my meaning.

"Sally and you fight?" I said, relapsing to baby talk.

He shook his head.

"Sally beat you?"

"Nebber."

"You beat Sally?"

"No, no! Sally good."

Mustapha's strange courtship became a subject of much interest at the studios. "He'll have to smother her," we said, "to keep up his character."

But the marriage which Mustapha had assured us was imminent did not take place. Some obstacle which did not meet the casual eye delayed it.

"Sally not quite ready?" I asked, when I next saw him.

"Save more money; buy nice t'ings," said Mustapha, in explanation.

He was then sitting to me for "The Arab at the Well." The glossy dark-blooded content which had glowed in his tawny cheek had become less vivid. His power of absolute quiescence had also diminished under the spur of a restless thought. But he assured me that he was "Quite nicely, t'ank you, Sir," so I let the faint change pass without notice.

A few days later I happened to pass the Metropolitan station before whose doors Sally sold flowers.

She was sitting before a basket of wall-flowers, lilac, and large purple tulips in the warm sun of the May afternoon. Standing in the throng, waiting for the two lines of omnibuses, unobserved, I watched Sally. No doubt her tousled fair fringe, large expressionless blue eyes, and fat pink cheeks had charms for Mustapha. With draperies and other accessories Sally would have made quite a suitable model for "The Light of the Harem" or "Zuleika before the Sultan." But what strange perversity

of taste could have induced her to accept Mustapha as a prospective husband? Sally lolled, with her back against the wall, lazily enjoying the sunshine, taking apparently a secondary interest in her business, when suddenly a look of eagerness came into her face, and, following her glance I perceived a short, thick-set, young labouring man approaching.

"Hullo, Bill?" she said.

"Well, Sal, ole girl," he asked, "'ow's Blackie? Seen him to-day?"

"Jus' you leave Mustie alone," she answered. "He never did you no 'arm."

"I ain't so sure o' that. It's a rum go, your taking up with a black, anyway."

"Go along. He ain't black."

"Not so black as your boots," retorted the young man.

"He's very well be'aved an' steady," retorted Sally. "Don't 'ave to fetch 'im out o' public-houses. He wouldn't beat a pore woman."

"There's no need o' that in Blackie's country. You'll find 'e's got two or three other wives at 'ome, my girl," said the young man satirically, "like the Shah o' Persia or the Sultan o' Turkey. Mustie'll take yer back to his 'ome and shut yer up with the others in a sort o' cage, as a third wife, where you won't even be allowed to see so much as a missionary."

"Go along, 'e 'asn't got another wife."

"'E's a dozen for what you know."

The disputants had grown somewhat red and excited, and their voices were rising menacingly, when, at this unfortunate moment, Mustapha, in an ill-fitting suit of blue serge and an unbecoming hard round hat, appeared.

"Wot d'you think Bill's been sayin' about you?" cried Sally. "'E says you've two or three wives at 'ome in your own country already."

Mustapha for a moment looked bewildered, scarcely grasping the meaning of the charge.

"So you 'ave, mate," said Bill insolently, "an' a dozen o' little black kids, too, I'll be bound. You're marrying into a nice fam'ly, Sal, my gal. Jes' take my tip an' 'ave nothing to do with the choc'late bloke."

But Mustapha understood this insult, and his eyes looked wicked.

"Me no choc'late bloke," he said, in an odd guttural voice.

"Now, then, Mustie, don't let's 'ave a row," said Sally. "Never you mind what Bill says."

"I've jes' been telling Sal 'ow you're agoin' to lock her up in a' 'arum with the other ladies," said Bill.

"Bad man tell [something] lie!" said Mustapha, using an ugly epithet from the vocabulary of the street.

"D'yer call me a — liar?" cried the now enraged Bill.

"Pig, dog, thief, and — liar!" cried Mustapha, his lips curling up like an angry dog's.

And then, in presence of the gathering crowd, the two men sprang at one another. Mustapha's sinewy brown fingers tried to clutch Bill's brawny throat, but Bill's big fist struck him full in the face and staggered him.

Sally and I tried to separate them, but they were too strong for us, and flew at each other in reckless savagery. Bill's fist rained blow after blow on Mustapha's head and face.

"Leave 'em alone," cried the excited crowd, enjoying the fight, as we tried to stop them. "Buck up, Blackie, let 'im 'ave it. My! there 's one for his knob."

But at last I flung my arms round my model, and Sal seized Bill in her embrace,

and a policeman, forcing his way through the crowd, restored outward peace.

Bill had no desire to proceed to the station, and Mustapha had lost the power of English speech in the storm of passion that had swept over him. The constable placed a big body between the combatants and said, "Now, then, no more o' this, or you 'll both be locked up."

I led Mustapha away in one direction, whilst Bill disappeared with some alacrity in the other.

"I gave the black bloke 'wot for,'" said he as he departed; but Mustapha said nothing. His eyes were fixed strangely, and a thin stream of blood trickled from his nostrils.

I gave him my handkerchief, and then he spoke, softly and simply:

"Ver' good; den I kill Bill."

"Nonsense!" said I.

"Oh, yes," he returned. "Bill box me: I kill Bill."

But Mustapha had been so gentle a being since I had

known him that I regarded his threat merely as a mode of relieving his feelings; and having an engagement, I left him.

A few hours later, just as I was locking up my studio, I heard an excited female voice clamouring for me in the long corridor.

It was Sally.

"Oh, Sir—please, Sir!" she exclaimed, "Mustie has taken a knife to do for Bill."



A thin stream of blood trickles from his nostrils.

The woman was in an almost hysterical state of alarm. She knew Bill's address, and we took a cab and drove to a little street in Chelsea, haunted by the smell of fried fish, to warn him.

We found the door open and a child

Then the landlord, who had a duplicate key, arrived.

We entered.

Bill was lying dead, but still warm, stabbed to the heart, in a great pool of blood. The room, which the woman's shrieks filled with horror, smelt like the shambles.

Two hours later Mustapha was arrested.

"Yes," he said, "Bill box me : me kill Bill."

In his pocket they found the blood-stained clasp-knife. Mustapha was in due course sentenced to death; but the sentence was commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

Poor Mustapha was sent to Dartmoor, where the bleak air brought on an attack of pneumonia, which proved fatal, and thus the most popular, amiable, and submissive convict died peacefully in the prison hospital—the chaplain said "as a true Christian," but of this I have my doubts.

Poor Mustapha! All who knew him pitied him. He was an upright man, according to his lights, and would have made Sally a good husband.

She married a "pal" of Bill's, who, as she says, "knocks her about when on the drink."

She still sells flowers outside the station. Sometimes I stay, and we

chat of "Mustie," as she calls him.

"'E were a good chap," she says, "but 'orrible revengeful, as is the nature o' blacks."

As for me, I shall never have so interesting a model again, and never one so grateful or kindly. For, in his way, Mustapha was a gentleman with a halo of Eastern romance still round his picturesque head.



Bill was lying dead, stabbed to the heart.

of five sitting in the twilight on the dirty step. Bill, he told us, was upstairs in the top back bed-room.

We hurried up. His door was locked.

I looked through the keyhole. In the gloom I could see a dark figure lying on the ground. Terror clutched my heart.

"He's lying on the floor," I said.

"'Elp, 'elp, p'lice!" screamed Sally.

"SHADOWS BEFORE."

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

I DO not disbelieve in ghosts, nor, on the other hand, do I believe in them; although I always endeavour to do the latter, on the principle that, as the improbable is generally the most likely to be true in things relating to this world, it may apply equally to those concerning the next. While not wholly under the thrall of superstition, I confess to a sympathy with presentiments and omens, a hankering after horse-shoes, and an interest, that is well under control, in the mysterious and inexplicable.

And I simply revel in coincidences.

It was a week before Christmas, and I had come to the last of a three-days shopping in town, which was to provide me with appropriate Christmas presents for everyone, from my husband down to the gardener's and gamekeeper's youngest children. We were to return to Uplands on the following day, and the day after that our visitors were to arrive. It would be our first large Christmas house-party since our marriage, and I had made up my mind it should be a success. Uplands was noted in the county for its hospitality, and I did not want the new Lady Wytcherley to spoil the records of her predecessors.

"Don't worry yourself, Nancy!" Frank said to me that morning, when I showed him my list and consulted him about some of my proposed purchases; "it will all come right, and if they don't like it they can—do the other thing."

And with the callous light-heartedness of husbands, he went off gaily to his club, and left me to wrestle single-handed with the problems of presents and provisions.

I had decided to take Bond Street and Regent Street first, finishing up with the

novelties of High Street, Kensington, and I had just emerged from Parkin's with the proud satisfaction of having chosen something beyond criticism for my mother-in-law, when I saw, a few yards off, a man whose figure was familiar to me. His back was towards me, and he was looking intently into a shop-window. "Humphrey Carleton!" was my mental exclamation, and my impulse was to move towards him. I had reached his side, and some words of greeting were hovering on my lips, when he turned sharply and we met face to face. What could I have been thinking of? The man was a total stranger, and the resemblance to Humphrey was in my imagination only. I recoiled in some slight confusion, and went on my way with the feeling that he was looking after me in amused surprise. This chance reminder of a friend who was seldom in my thoughts, and had been absent from my eyes for two years at least, set me thinking about him, and I recalled the unsatisfactory conclusion to my last meeting with Humphrey, and the blank that the cessation of our friendship had left for some time in my life. My affection for him, though it did not reach the point which he desired, had been very true and tender, and I had grown accustomed to a companionship which to me was devoid of care or pain.

"Humphrey, can't we be friends—still?" I asked tearfully on that last day after the passionate avowal from him that had startled me and had failed to find a responsive echo in my heart.

But he disregarded my outstretched hands, and turned to go.

"I can't do without you," I continued. "I shall have no one to ride with, no one

to dance with, no one to argue with," I ended, with an appealing smile.

"It's no good, Nancy," Humphrey answered. "It's pleasure to you, dear, but it's death to me. I'll come back when I can bear it better."

But the days grew to weeks, the weeks to months, and Humphrey never came ;



"It's no good, Nancy. I'll come back when I can bear it better."

and so in time I learnt to do without him. I had heard of him once only from a fellow-barrister when on circuit, and I concluded that he was successful in his profession, and that the wound had healed. For aught I knew, he might by this time be as happily married as I was.

The distraction of my thoughts from the business of the day did not absorb me for long ; before I reached the end of Bond Street I was once more intent wholly on shopping, and when I met one of Frank's married sisters, and she asked me to come and lunch with her in Piccadilly, I consented gaily, feeling that my labours were almost done. After lunch we strolled towards the Park, and she walked with me

almost as far as the Albert Gate, where we parted.

As I traversed the few yards that lay between me and the gate I had to pass a seat, on which a man was sitting in a dejected attitude, a forlorn and weary-looking creature, shabby and poor. His head was resting on his arm, which lay along the back of the seat, and I could only see the profile of his lips and chin.

Something indescribable about his whole appearance arrested my attention and made me stop short, while I said to myself deliberately, "This man, shabby and wretched-looking as he is, exactly resembles Humphrey Carleton ; nevertheless I will not let myself be carried away by a mistaken impulse again."

I approached him slowly and cautiously ; each step bringing more absolute conviction to my heart.

The set of the shoulders, the squareness of the resolute chin with its deep cleft, the wave of the dark, grey-flecked hair where it swept away from the ear, all these were Humphrey's ; and, indeed, the very attitude reminded me of him as I had last seen him.

He was in trouble, no doubt—ill, perhaps. I could not pass him by—I must speak to him.

"Humphrey," I said softly, pausing beside him ; and, receiving no answer, I gently touched his arm. The man started and sprang to his feet, looking about him in a bewildered, almost dazed manner.

It was not Humphrey.

The eyes were different, the whole features were different, now that I saw his full face.

"What is it ?" he said roughly. "Who the——"

I felt the colour mounting into my cheeks ; I could hardly speak for vexation. A passer-by was loitering and staring.

"I beg your pardon," I stammered ; "I—I thought you were a friend of mine."

The man's expression changed to one of amazement ; but before he could answer I hurried on and turned out of the Park, looking eagerly for a hansom.

"Surely," I thought to myself, "my brain must be going. There must be

something the matter with me. What a fool I am!"

It was some minutes before I saw a hansom, and then two empty ones came towards me together, and I signalled one of them with my umbrella.

They both drew up at the kerb, and I advanced to the one in front, and was preparing to step in, when a voice behind me, evidently addressing the second cabman, said: "The nearest post-office, and look sharp."

I stopped, transfixed with a sensation that was akin to terror.

Either I had become a raving lunatic on the subject of Humphrey Carleton or the voice was his.

It was quite mechanically, and with a sense of utter involition, if one may coin a word, that in reply to my cabman's question, "Where to?" I said, "The nearest post-office, and be quick, please."

The other hansom passed us as we turned, and kept just ahead of us till we reached Knightsbridge Post-office. Its occupant jumped out—a tall, dark man, of whom I caught an indistinct view, and hurried in.

I hurried after him, without the vaguest idea of what I was going to do, or why.

He was standing at one of the telegraph counters, consulting a Directory; I could not even now see his face.

I took the nearest vacant partition and began scribbling on a telegraph-form.

In a moment, when he had finished with the Directory, I would ask him for it; then I should see him, and lay this phantom of a voice that was possessing me.

As he closed the book I was at his side. "Will you kindly pass it to me, please?" I said.

He looked up.

"Certainly," he said, and handed it to me with ready politeness.

Neither the voice nor the face was Humphrey's! I carried the book back to my partition, and turned the pages over as though seeking for an address, but my mind was in reality entirely occupied with one thought: "What on earth is the matter with me—have I suddenly taken leave of my senses? And if not, what is the meaning of it all?"

Suddenly, with a flash of inspiration, the solution of the problem occurred to me.

I ran my finger down the list of Carletons in the Court column till I came to Carleton, Humphrey, 10, Main Court; and then I hesitated no longer.

I would carry this thing through, and have an end to it of one kind or the other.

I re-entered the hansom, and gave the



His head was resting on his arm, and I could only see the profile of his lips and chin.

direction, 10, Main Court, all with the same involuntary sensation of obedience to some unseen force.

I wondered idly what Humphrey would think at my sudden appearance, and what

I should say to him in explanation, and I had still not made up my mind when I arrived at his chambers and demanded to know if he was in.

To my dismay, the man who opened the door told me that Mr. Carleton had left there more than a year ago—and that he did not know his present address.

I was moving away crestfallen and non-plussed, when a feminine voice called after me, "I did hear once as Mr. Carleton was living in Slade Street, Westminster, and was in very poor circumstances; I don't know if you would like to try there, Ma'am."

"Can you tell me the number?" I asked, greatly relieved.

"I think it was 3," she answered. And I told the cabman to drive me to 3, Slade Street.

All thought of finishing my shopping had vanished from my mind; my one desire was to find Humphrey and to learn for myself whether there was any reason why his personality should obtrude itself upon me in this persistent and irritating fashion.

There are some dingy by-streets in the purlieus of Westminster that are, to say the least of them, unattractive; and it was in one of the dulllest and dirtiest and poorest of these that my cab pulled up and landed me at the open door of 3, Slade Street.

Down a vista of narrow, dark passage I discovered the form of an untidy and dishevelled female, who, with her arms akimbo, surveyed me in suspicious silence.

"Does Mr. Carleton live here, please?" I asked timidly. "Can I see him?"

Her glance made me realise suddenly the incongruity of my appearance with the atmosphere of poverty into which I had penetrated—I felt ashamed of my velvet and furs.

"Yes, he lives here," she answered slowly; "I don't know if he's in or out."

"Perhaps——" I began diffidently, but she cut me short.

"You can go up if you like; third floor front," she said brusquely, and turning her back, disappeared into a dark embrasure, whence I was certain she emerged when I began my ascent of the stairs, and watched, and listened to me.

The horrible squalor of the house smote me to the heart as I went up, catching on my way glimpses of rooms where dirt and disorder reigned supreme and unchecked.

My visit seemed suddenly a far greater intrusion, and I racked my brain to think of some good excuse to offer for my advent uninvited—unexpected.

I could think of nothing till I reached the last flight, and then I remembered that Frank had been looking out for a man who would do some literary work for him at Uplands.

We had unearthed just lately some curious old documents relating to the Wytcherley family and estates, and Frank wanted them deciphered, filed, and arranged in consecutive order under his own supervision by someone with sufficient education to do it capably, and with enough leisure to devote the necessary time to it.

I could, perhaps, ask Humphrey to undertake the work.

I knocked at the door of the third floor front, and getting no answer, walked in.

The room was small and was rendered smaller by a semi-partition, shutting off the sleeping-part of it.

The part I stood in was furnished by a strip of carpet, a bookcase, a chair, and a table, in the open drawer of which lay a small dark-blue bottle with an orange label. The bookcase was empty, and Humphrey used to love his books. There was no semblance of a fire in the dusty, unused grate, no sign of food anywhere. I read the whole story of failure and destitution in one swift glance round the bare, comfortless room. At the sound of my entrance someone moved and coughed behind the partition—such a hollow, dreary cough! And I said: "May I speak to you, Mr. Carleton?"

Ah, Humphrey! That we should have parted that day two years ago to meet like this!

He was dressed in an old shabby suit, that hung in folds on his stooping, emaciated figure; his face was grey, his hair was almost white. In his sunken eyes there burnt a fire of feverish despair, of sombre pain, of starvation.

He tried to speak, but the surprise had been too much for him.



Neither the voice nor the face was Humphrey's!

We looked at each other in silence, while I steadied myself by grasping the back of the chair. Then I forced myself to break the spell that seemed to have fallen on us.

"Humphrey," I said, "I have come to ask a favour of you. Don't refuse me!"

"Lady Wytcherley!" he replied; and then his voice broke.

I couldn't bear it any longer. I sat

down on the chair, bent my head upon the table, and burst into tears.

I felt his hands trembling on my shoulders; and then he knelt at my side and begged me brokenly to stop.

As I lifted my head I saw him glance at the open drawer, and he put out his hand to close it.

But I intercepted him. I took out the

had been wondering whether the twenty pounds in my pocket would finish out my Christmas presents satisfactorily without having to bother Frank for more!

It was a long time before I could persuade him to do all I wished, but my tears gained the day at last, as a woman's tears always should by right and privilege. We went away together after pacifying the landlady's objections with the softening influence of a month's rent, and by the time we reached Mount Street Humphrey was decently clothed and fed.

"Hallo, Nancy!" said Frank; "where have you been all this time? I thought I should have to hunt you out of Russell and Allen's at closing-time."

"I've brought you a Christmas present, dear," I said; "just the very man you have been wanting to entrust your precious documents to. Mr. Carleton is my oldest friend, and he is coming down with us to-morrow."

* * *

The documents are filed now, and Humphrey has gone back to his old quarters in Main Court, and, we hear, is working hard at a good case.

He took both my hands once and held them, and he said to me, "Nancy, I wonder if you know what a wonderful

thing it was, your finding me out that day. Everything had been going from bad to worse with me for some time, and I was at a very low ebb indeed. I had been thinking of you, dear, and wishing I could see you just once more, and—and it was touch-and-go with me, Nancy."

"I know," I said; "don't let us speak of that room, Humphrey; it gives me the creeps. It was a lucky chance for all of us."

But was it a chance, or a coincidence, or what?



I sat down on the chair, bent my head upon the table, and burst into tears.

little phial, with its label, "Poison," and shut the drawer myself.

And then I told him my errand.

He would hear nothing of it at first; he was ill, broken down, he said, unfit to associate with me or my friends—finally, with a gesture more eloquent than any words, he indicated the barrier that stood between him and the society of his equals, a barrier as insurmountable as civilisation itself.

Oh, the pitifulness of it! To think that Humphrey should be in rags, when I

IN THE GUARD'S VAN.

THERE was a desperate crush at Baker Street; even a first-class ticket could not charm one to a seat in any of the statutory three compartments, so there was no help for the traveller but to assume his most cosmopolitan indifference to surroundings, and surrender himself to the friendly hands of an official, who half pushed, half dragged his charge towards the only resort—the guard's van. Even that haven of refuge was already crowded; its single cheerless bench had long received its full complement, and the floor was occupied to the last available inch of standing-room. But better that than be left behind; besides, might there not be abundance of droll incident, or, at least, some quiet humour? So I endured, and became the last herring in the barrel.

"First stop at Kilburn!" The warning went down the line of carriages, there was a jerk, and the train dashed into darkness relieved only by such light as could assert itself from the van lamp. For the first moment or two everyone jostled his neighbour fiercely; for riding next the engine is apt to engender a deal of unintentional assault and battery, but at length we got our sea-legs, so to speak, and it became possible to observe and reflect. The guard was in a state of good-humoured despair, and with many apologies, set himself to sort out the luggage from among the intruders' legs. He gave us to understand that he would have been delighted to see us all, had he only been allowed to arrange the luggage first; as it was, his plight was not enviable, but he set himself heroically to make things ship-shape—the nautical metaphor is insistent.

His benevolent efforts, however, were interrupted by an old gentleman, who had hitherto stood in patient silence. He must have been a very deaf, or a very oblivious, or a very untravelled old thane, for the warning—"First stop at Kilburn," had been shouted not once, but fifty times along the platform; yet here was the venerable man inquiring for Marlborough Road. "Dear, dear," said the guard with sublime commiseration; "first stop at Kilburn; you'll have to go back, Sir." The elder thereafter observed a discreet and discomfited silence; for thrice pitiable the man detected by his fellow-passengers in the heinous offence of travelling by the wrong train. He feels that he has no business to be where he is, that he is the secret amusement of the young and the indignation of the old, and when he is taxing already overtaxed accommodation, above all, in the guard's sanctum, he is indeed a sorrowful wight. But our grandsire was wise; he refrained from futile comment and still more futile explanation, and so gradually regained a measure of esteem.

We hurried onward. The guard "played Ercles rarely" and cleansed his flying Augean stable right masterly, though he wearied us a little with his assurances of how pleasant it would all have been had he only been allowed to arrange—and so forth. But in so genial a soul a little redundancy could be readily forgiven, even though we differed from the lecturer in some degree regarding the possibility of pleasure. Even when the luggage was arranged things were hardly comfortable, and the vile tobacco a little apple-faced sporting man burned in a stumpy clay

mingled with the still viler incense exhaled from a cigar, so called, did not lessen the stuffiness. But if the cigar was uninteresting, the youth who smoked it was not. There must have been some strain of the gipsy in him, remote no doubt, but undeniable. The aquiline features, jet-black elf locks, keen restless eyes, *négligé* attire, and barbaric splendour alike of necktie and of the thick brass ring that adorned his little finger, seemed to bespeak Romany ancestry of some sort, though the strain was far from pure. Something furtive, too, in those black eyes made at least one of all that rout bestow tender care on watch and breeches pocket, lest haply— But, nay, charity hopeth all things.

At Kilburn the mistaken old gentleman descended in silence, and, as far as we knew, none but properly bestowed passengers remained. It was useless to think of changing carriages now; besides the van discovered a growing interest, though it sadly lacked the chiefest—so the traveller was obliged to restrict himself to the proper study of mankind. Our company contained a youth of great civility, who became uneasy at his long occupancy of the bench that he held with perfect right, on the ancient principle of first come best served. Certain minds seem to regard it as criminal to occupy a seat while later comers stand, as, indeed, late comers deserve to do, unless they be women or old men; but this civil youth, detecting haply something elderly, we do not say effeminate, in our aspect, or being merely of the uneasy sort, was very desirous to surrender his seat in our favour. Thanking him, we averred (Heaven forgive us!) that we much preferred to stand, a falsehood quickly avenged; for at that moment a more vigorous lurch than usual pitched us into the lap of a mild young man who sat warily on the corner of a tin trunk. Our ignominy was our punishment, but the gods are scarce just, for that meek youth had done nothing to deserve the

accentuation of sharp edge our fall must have cost him. Yet he smiled, and professed to like it. Perhaps he was punished in advance for such hypocrisy, which may have been a habit with him. In that case the gods *are*, after all, more just than the superficial would aver.

At last, when pleasant meadow-land began to smile around us, and grimy London was left far behind, a seat or two fell vacant. The uneasy youth again begged my acceptance of his place, and as he merely “slid along one,” and had not to stand for my sake, I graciously acquiesced. Then appeared some clue to my benefactor's eagerness to yield up his place. Before me stood a perambulator (empty, of course), unsecured by cord or strap, and free to play its own merry jinks as the erratic motion of the van inspired it. Backwards and forwards swung the unhappy symbol of happy increase, butting me softly now on the knees, now on the toes, and when the train drew up sharply the perambulator planted its handle with cunning and violent precision squarely on my throat. Thereafter, despite my agonies, I respected that youth as a deep diplomat, and would not for the paltry release have quitted the seat, lest so great a master of policy should fancy we thought lightly of his generosity. Men of that sort are generally, as Mr. Chuckster said of Kit Nubbles, “either precious green or precious deep.” There is no *via media*.

So we rattled on into the country. A breeze, redolent of bursting buds and new-turned earth, drifted into the van and swept it clear of tunnel-damp and evil tobacco. The passengers awoke to interest in the landscape. One by one they were set down at their destinations, and hastened away to rural business or pastime. Then my own turn came and I too alighted, to rejoice in brief liberty of air and sky, all the pleasanter, perhaps, that it had been reached in a conveyance so comfortless, yet so diverting.—J. D. S.

BELINDA AND THE BOY.

By MELICENT COOPER.

"AND it's my belief as he's seen a lot of trouble, young as he is." And Sarah shook her head sadly, being of a sentimental, tender nature, that loves to weep with the weeping.

"Nonsense! There never was a trouble yet that a man couldn't cure with a bottle of whisky and a pack of cards." Belinda, from much study of single male lodgers, took a pessimistic view of human nature.

"And those are his boots, poor young man!"

Belinda snorted.

"Yes, here are his boots, though why *poor* young man I don't see." Sarah feebly pointed to the worn soles, frayed tops, and general decrepit appearance of the said boots.

"Well, these ain't the only ones he's got! Maybe he has corns, and likes 'em easy."

"Ah, Belinda! you're hard on him, you are; and he so nice-looking, and speaking so polite like."

"Hard on him? Stuff! Boots must be cleaned, no matter how old they are. There goes the first-floor's bell; wants his dinner sharp, I suppose; let's hope he'll get it. *You'd* better hurry up."

And Belinda whisked off, carrying the despoiled boots.

The single gentlemen who resided at 16, Baliol Street, had a wholesome dread of Belinda, for, though small in person, she was perilously sharp with her tongue. Woe betide the foolish man who tried conclusions with her; he was bound to retire ignominiously before a flood of caustic London wit. The landlady knew and respected her value. Sarah, her fellow-servant, admired but feared her

bristling, managing ways. So Belinda carried all before her, and ruled despotically at 16, Baliol Street, to her own satisfaction and the comfort of the lodgers. Dinner was generally at six, and it took all Belinda's and Sarah's time to cater for the various appetites. But when all were fairly settled, Belinda carried up a small tray to the third-floor back, and no other person ever dared to interfere. The fare was simple, but the chop was done to a turn; a neat cloth covered the tray, the knife and fork were bright as elbow-grease could make them. Evidently this particular meal was for some person especially favoured by the astute Belinda. She had even taken some pains to improve her personal appearance; her face, though small, contrived to collect an astonishing quantity of smuts, but these were not wasted, being carefully smoothed into corners, where they served to accentuate the lines put there by Nature.

Carrying the tray with care, she tapped at the door, and, on a genial permission being given, entered. The room looked mean and shabby, for furniture deteriorates as it mounts in lodging-houses. American cloth of a shiny, slippery appearance covered chairs and table; the window had a single curtain draped scantily across, the effect being better from the outside view. But in Belinda's eyes the occupant glorified all these petty details, and yet he was only a *boy*—a brown-faced, bright-eyed boy.

He was standing by the empty fireplace reading a note which seemed to cause him no little perplexity.

Belinda proceeded to arrange the table quickly, fearing that her cookery might

get cold; and the Boy seated himself with evident appreciation of the food.

Belinda lingered, watching him wistfully. He had placed the note beside him, and, while eating his dinner, often glanced at it.

"Was this brought by hand, Belinda?" indicating the disturbing piece of paper.

"Rather! Young man brought it, all buttons. I don't hold with them buttony fellows." And Belinda frowned. Something was evidently worrying her favourite, and she resented it accordingly.

"Belinda, where are my boots?" The question was apprehensive.

"I'm just shining them up a bit, Sir. Do you want them?"

"No, I'm in no hurry. The fact is, Belinda, I'm in a fix."

Again Belinda frowned.

"I've just received an invitation. I should so much like to accept—but, Belinda, it's the boots."

Belinda shook her head dolefully—the boots were certainly in a bad way.

"My other things are fairly good, but a man can't go out to dinner in shabby boots."

He looked appealingly at Belinda's sharp face.

"Ain't you got any of them shiny, sticking-plaster things?" she said.

The Boy laughed.

"Patents? No, Belinda, I can't run to patents. What can I do, I wonder?" and he went on eating thoughtfully.

"You couldn't buy a pair?" The question was hesitatingly put. Belinda feared to offend.

"Buy a pair? No, indeed! I'm utterly stony-broke."

"Well, I've overdrawn my account at the bank myself," said Belinda, with a wink. "Can't you borrow?"

"Who'd lend? No, Belinda. Friends and empty pockets have a natural antipathy to each other."

"It's odd how it takes people," moralised Belinda. "Since I gave up keeping my kerridge, it's curious how the swells look shy at me. But there's another way, Mr. Lennox."

"Another way?"

"Yes, I could manage it," and Belinda blushed scarlet. "If there was anything," she said rapidly, "just a something you didn't happen to want just now, such as"—and her eye, wandering round, lighted on a coat hanging upon a nail. The Boy also looked at the coat, then at Belinda.

"It's getting warmer," he said, staring at his empty plate. "One doesn't exactly want that kind of coat in the summer, and I shall get some money in a week or so." Again he looked at Belinda. She nodded.

"All right, Sir, you leave it to me; you shall have the shoes, no fear!"

"Then I shall accept," he said joyfully. "Belinda, you can clear away; I'll write a note and post it at once."

Belinda gathered up the tray slowly; this was her one pleasure in the day, and must not be hurried. Her sharp tongue was tipped with honey in the shabby little room. The bright, sunny-faced lad, in her eyes, was the incorporation of everything that was heroic and manly; he never knew how much extra comfort he owed to her admiration. At last, having no possible excuse for prolonging her stay, she found herself obliged to retire downstairs to her numerous duties. In time the coat disappeared, and a pair of patent shoes took its place. Belinda was in a state of suppressed excitement. She brushed the dress-coat until it was in danger of absolute destruction. She threatened the frowsy laundress with untold pains if the shirt was not as stiff as the heart of man could desire; the collar and tie were new. And when the Boy appeared arrayed in these spotless garments, beaming with satisfaction, she could only gaze in speechless delight.

"Now, don't you hurry home, Mr. Lennox," she said, giving a final polish to the patents. "Bless you, I'll sit up! Just you have a good time."

As those who inhabited the upper rooms at 16, Baliol Street, were not all provided with latch-keys, this offer of Belinda's was not to be despised. So the Boy departed in a pleasant fever of anticipation. Had Belinda been so inclined, she might have had good reason to repent her good



She took it up and surveyed it critically. It was a girl's face, and a most beautiful one.

nature, as the neighbouring clocks struck two before she heard the modest ring at the bell. If the Boy looked happy before going, he was positively radiant when he returned, and Belinda retired to her much-needed rest well satisfied that her favourite had had a good time. It was the beginning of many such; the new patents had a lot of work during the next three or four weeks. The Boy, so long a stranger in the vast city, was making friends.

The hot July sun was bleaching the dusty roads when Belinda made a great discovery. She was dusting the third-floor back sitting-room, and came upon a photograph in a frame. The sight made her frown. She took it up and surveyed it critically. It was a girl's face, and a most beautiful one; but there was about it an indescribable something that defied Belinda's scrutiny; the great, solemn eyes, shaded by the long lashes, had a curious, appealing, warning look that haunted her; they would follow her about the room until, in sheer desperation, she would throw something over the frame to avoid looking at them. She fancied all sorts of things about the face, and would even talk to it, as if the slightly stern lips could reply. One day she was caught by the Boy, who was much amused with her scared face and stammered apology.

"You may well admire her, Belinda," he said. "She is my most particular friend and cousin, Catherine Lennox."

Belinda felt aggressive—she did not approve of particular friends; but the Boy looked so happy that her momentary vexation vanished.

"Yes," he said, taking the picture up tenderly, "we are cousins, and—but this is a great secret, Belinda, only her own people know of it—we are engaged."

Belinda gasped. This was more than she bargained for; friendship was bad enough—but—

"Of course," he went on, not noticing her look of dismay, "we must wait until I can get on better, but her father is going to help me. Do you remember those patent shoes, Belinda? Well, that was what did it. When my poor old father failed and died, I came to London, to find

that all my relations seemed to have dropped me, and I had a hard time of it; in fact, at times, Belinda, if it had not been for you, I should have given up in despair. But, one day, I saw my cousin Catherine driving in the park; we had been such good friends as children that she stopped the carriage and spoke to me. It was she who made her mother send that invitation, which I could not have accepted but for *you*. And, oh Belinda! you can't think how happy I am; her people are so nice about it, and so kind! Is she not a beauty?"

Belinda felt stupefied. The Boy had always been her particular property; she had waited on him, and in many ways been able to make things comfortable, she being a power in the house. The picture now had a greater fascination than ever. She, in her mind's eye, mounted the beautiful face on a queenly figure, haughty and proud. She doubled her attentions to the Boy, as if hoping by these means to retain her hold over him, and if Sarah even dared to cross the threshold of his room, her wrath was terrible to encounter.

"Belinda!" cried the Boy, almost dancing into the room; "oh, Belinda! she's coming here to see me—she's coming to tea to-day!"

Belinda stared. Coming to tea! How shabby the little room looked! What would so grand a lady think? The Boy was too excited to notice her discomfiture.

"You will see to the tea being nice, won't you, Belinda?—and I'll get some flowers." Here he glanced round, and a shade came over his face. Belinda was up in arms at once.

"You leave it all to me, Sir," she said; "I'll have a tea fit for Queen Victoria. Don't you bother about it. You'll see!"

The next set of rooms were empty, so Belinda contrived to remove into the third-floor back sundry articles of furniture, with various nicknacks and wonderful antimacassars. In her eyes the room looked a dream of beauty: the table was arranged with fruit and flowers and cake, the chairs placed stiffly at regular intervals, and Belinda stood at the door trying to imagine herself beautiful Catherine

Lennox, wondering what would be the effect of all this splendour on a stranger.

"Stuck-up, proud thing!" she muttered, altering the table for the twentieth time;

the visitor arrived, escorted by the Boy. But when the bell rang, not in the weak, hesitating manner that generally belonged to the third-floor back, but in quite an



They were sitting hand-in-hand, talking quietly.

"I daresay it won't be good enough for her. If she goes and makes him unhappy, I'll——" And Belinda shook her fist at the picture which surveyed the room with solemn, watchful eyes. Belinda's duties did not permit her to be on the spot when

assertive peal, it was with a fast-beating heart that she entered the room, and found herself face to face with the reality of the portrait. Such a lovely face—more beautiful than Belinda had thought it possible! But—where was the tall, queenly

figure? Seated in the most comfortable chair was a little misshapen dwarf, the face of an angel on the body of a gnome. Belinda felt faint—the shock was overpowering, but a great flood of pity seemed to paralyse her ready tongue.

"This is Belinda, Kathie," said the Boy. "You know, I have told you about her. Belinda, will you bring some more hot water?"

The great, sad, solemn eyes were fixed on Belinda's face—she understood that look now—but the lips smiled cheerfully.

"How nice your room looks, Godfrey!" she said. "That is Belinda's doing, is it not?"

Belinda blushed, stammered, seized the jug, and bolted; but she had to sit down on the stairs to recover her presence of mind before encountering Sarah's eager questioning.

This was by no means the only time that Catherine Lennox came to her cousin's rooms, sometimes with her sisters, more often alone. To one so terribly afflicted, the conventionalities of Society were unnecessary; and Belinda began to look for her coming, and even to neglect the other lodgers, so that she could talk of her Mr. Lennox to one who so dearly loved to listen, for Catherine never wearied of hearing his praises sung, of looking at his few belongings, but always with a face so sad that Belinda would slip away to the hidden recesses of the scullery and have a sharp, indignant cry all to herself. There was no sadness about the Boy, however. Before him Catherine's face would brighten, and they would laugh and talk and make impossible plans for the future by the hour together; then, when the carriage came to take her home, how tenderly he helped her down the steep stairs, and how carefully he wrapped the rug around her chilly little person!

What a contrast they made—he, in his well-grown, athletic youth, to her stunted frailty! Yet he seemed never to notice the difference; and she—who knows the secret anguish, the hours of night spent in tears and prayers that somehow his eyes might be opened to the hopelessness of it all, that the blow might not be dealt by her hands?

Never was man more truly loved than Godfrey Lennox by his cousin Catherine! But the pity of it! So the summer passed, and autumn came, with fogs and damp that threatened the health of the poor little dwarf. At once the pet and care of her family, she was to be taken away into the sunshine. Poor Godfrey! All the brightness of life seemed going. As usual, he confided his trouble to Belinda, who did her best to cheer him up. She, too, would miss the pathetic little figure, the endless talks on the one absorbing topic. One afternoon, Catherine came to pay her farewell visit. The Boy had not come in; Belinda drew the easy-chair up to the window, so that she could watch for his return. Things had improved financially with the Boy; he had even changed his rooms, coming down a floor lower; he was more particular about his dress, invested in little luxuries—all which signs of affluence filled Belinda's heart with joy. Catherine sat at the window, staring down the street, while Belinda fussed about, hoping to coax her to speak.

"I suppose you know I am going away, Belinda?"

"Yes, Miss. It won't be for long, will it?"

"I hope not. You will look after my cousin, Belinda?"

"Look after him? Of course I will! Don't I always look after him?" Belinda's voice was sharp and acid; the bare idea of possible neglect was an insult.

"Yes, indeed you do! but I fear he will miss *me*."

"Well, you wouldn't like him *not* to miss you, would you?" Belinda's tone was not intentionally disrespectful, so Catherine laughed.

"You are right, Belinda. I should not, certainly"; then under her breath she added, "Oh, my poor boy, my poor boy!"

Belinda stared.

"Now don't you take on about him, Miss—he'll be all right; and there, why the time will just fly like winking!"

Catherine sighed, then turned eagerly to the door, for up the stairs came the Boy, three at a time.

Belinda slipped out of the room; she

MY MUSEUM.

THE extravagances of fashion are immortal—from the days of the Lady of Banbury Cross, who had bells on

centre and sometimes becomes blent. Around this are arranged slender prismatic crystals, which extend from the nucleus to the circumference, the whole having a radiated columnar structure.



Photo. by Hall, New York.

AN "EAR"-RINGED HAND.

her toes, to the lady whose hand is shown here. She is called Titenia, and is (of course) an American. Her left hand finger-nails are pierced, and from each dangles a diamond. Titenia is a dancer, and, of course, her hand simply glistens when she raises it in the glare of the electric-light.

Kettle Point, Lake Huron, Ontario, is so called because it is surrounded by stones that look like inverted kettles. These stones, which vary from three inches to three or four feet in diameter, are formed of brown crystalline carbonate of lime, which is confusedly aggregated in the

On a recent occasion I dealt in the pages with the ancient art of the silhouette. Quite lately there has been a revival of the art in a modernised form. Mr. L. Wilson has done some very clever work of this kind, imposing black silhouette figures against a coloured background. Caran d'Ache has developed something of the same sort, notably in his illustration to the sketch of the great Duke of Marlborough, which Miss Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief's daughter, wrote. Of all, a young English artist, Miss Ruby Williams, has tried her hand in a new form of silhouette illustrated here. It relies for its effects on its attempt to differentiate the shadows in the white figures, and is likely to become popular.



THE LATEST FORM OF SILHOUETTE
BY MISS RUBY WILLIAMS.